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january

1987

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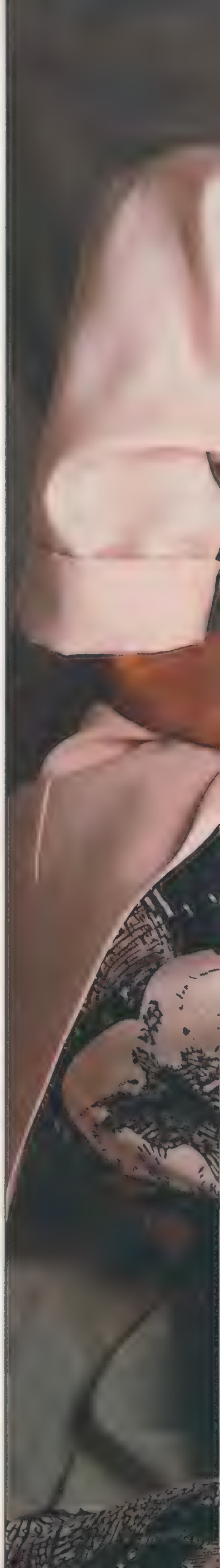

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BEAUTY NOW

Modern makeup that works . . . skin: facing the cold . . . cosmetics: practical advantage

CHANGES . . . in women's lives, in the numbers of women now working have redefined not only our needs but our images of ourselves, our sense of well-being (more on this, a six-page report on skin in the workplace, page 156) . . . Reflected here and on our cover, on model Cindy Crawford, the modern ideal of attractiveness: uncomplicated makeup, polished hair, an uncluttered approach to dressing. Starting point for a look like this: attention to basics—cared-for skin, a haircut that needs little "styling." After that, minimal makeup: matte, powder-y face color, a well-defined mouth. Specifics, from Elizabeth Arden: Sheer Fantasy powder, Clear Shine over Cappucino Luxury Lipstick. Giorgio Armani navy wool gabardine jacket; Agnes B. classic cotton shirt. Earrings, Mikimoto NY. Hair, Garren, NY; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Photograph by Avedon.

OUTDOOR SKIN TIPS

Outdoor activity in winter poses specific hazards to skin health, appearance. Here, simple preventive steps from Ellen Gendler, M.D., clinical instructor, dermatology, NYU Medical Center, who spoke at a recent conference sponsored by Gillette:

- **Don't use hot water to cleanse your face, especially if you've just come in from outdoors. The "shock" of hot water against cold-sensitized skin increases the risk of developing "broken" (in reality, swollen) capillaries.**
- **Wear sunscreen, ultraviolet-screening sunglasses. In winter, sun reflected off snow can break down skin's elastic fibers, possibly damage eyes.**
- **Exfoliate less often. If you use a scrub or sponge to remove skin flakiness, limit the frequency to half that of other times of year. If irritation develops, put off exfoliating until skin heals.**
- **Don't sit too near a fireplace. Not only does it contribute to skin dryness but, over time, intense heat can cause permanent vascular damage, producing mottled—i.e., red—areas on face, hands. Controversial: whether heat can also intensify sun damage.**

FINDS: PRACTICAL DIFFERENCES *every woman can appreciate—makeup that is not only attractive but offers something extra. Latest: slimmer eye pencils for portability, with color on one end, a sponge (for smudging) at the other (from Cover Girl) . . . Lipsticks with a hint of shine, none of the heaviness of frosted color (Maybelline's Colorfresh collection) . . . . And, for women who love the scent of Poison, a new way to wear it: perfumed body lotion . . . . Welcome advice: a booklet of two step-by-step makeup "faces" (from Trucco by Sebastian; call 1-800-424-7288).*

MAKEUP THAT WORKS Today, that means makeup that goes on fast, needs minimal "touching up," always looks appropriate—in the office, out to lunch, at night—the kind of look created by makeup artist Lydia Snyder, *below* and on pages 144-155, this issue.

How to get your makeup down to a system? Says Snyder: by making careful choices, beginning with a skin-flattering color palette, such as the warm browns, soft coppers, rusts used here. "Keep color matte, powder-y; it will look 'fresh' longer. Most important is that color isn't obvious, overpowering, that it's blended, taken down to a translucent stain."

Other elements of the modern look, *below*: brushed brows; "unmade-up" cheeks, eyes (earthy brown powder is the only color used); a matte copper mouth. Mascara? "I don't use it except at night, on top lashes only," says Snyder. "There's nothing less attractive than mascara smudged under a woman's eyes."

DO BREAST-FIRMING CREAMS REALLY WORK? While experts say no cream is likely to firm or tone breasts, moisturizers can make sensitive breast skin softer, suppler, smoother . . . so, why not? (Biotherm's Bio-Buste is one to try.)

Photo right, WAYNE MASER

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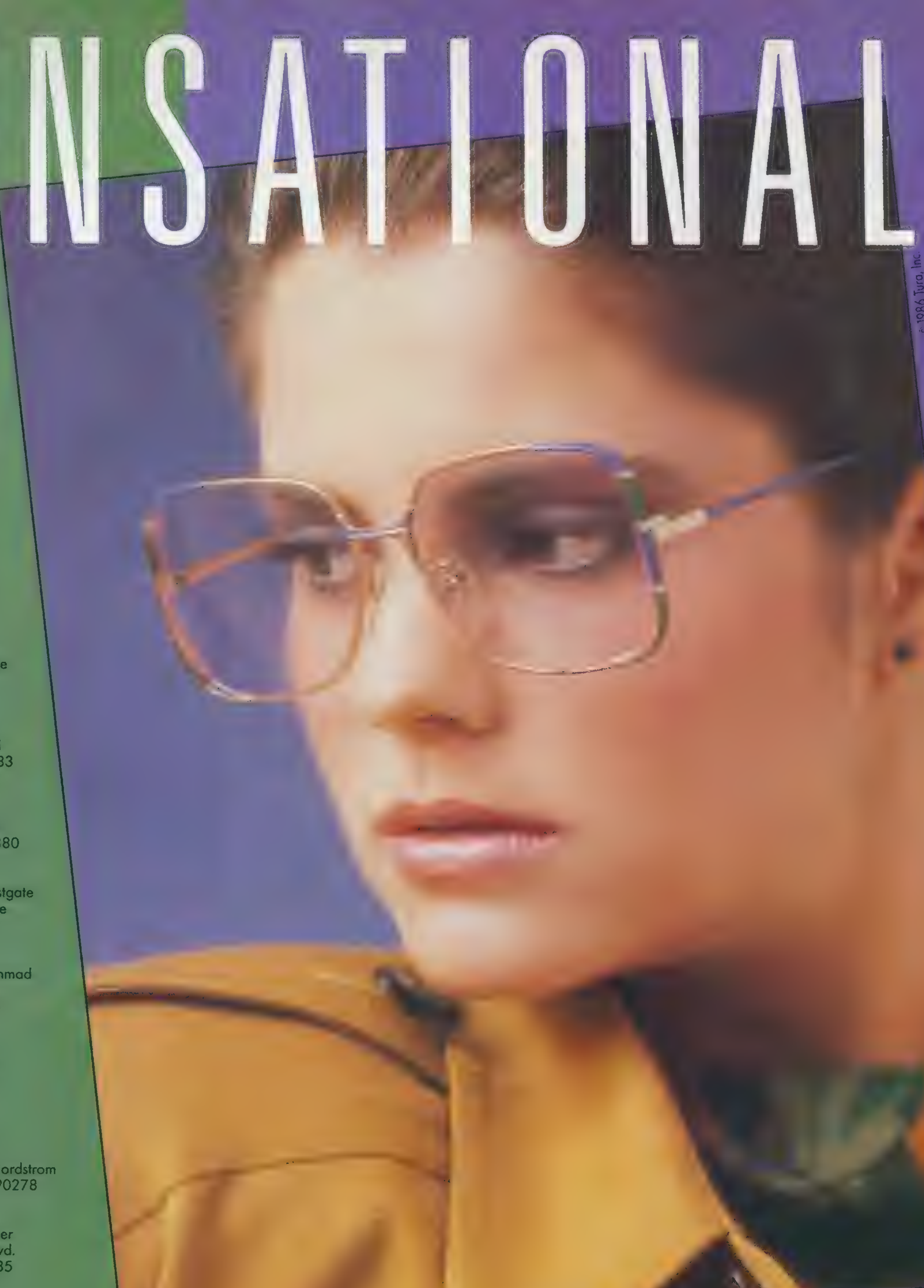

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reader letters

Melanoma alert

I can never thank Laura Flynn McCarthy enough for her informative October 1986 article, "Skin & Sun." While reading, my eyes kept reverting to the melanoma pictures. I unbuttoned my blouse and compared what I thought was a mole growing amongst the freckles on my breast. Immediately, I called a dermatologist. The 6mm. melanoma was painlessly removed at the doctor's office and sent to a lab for a biopsy. You may well imagine my mixed emotions when the doctor called to inform me of the malignancy. Although I now face additional surgery to remove a safety margin of skin, your feature prompted the examination and hence the quick diagnosis and arrest of a fatal disease; I may already be cured.

Had I not read Ms. McCarthy's article and seen the pictures I might have gone on indefinitely without the needed surgery.

My heartfelt thanks. Jadzia Borenstein
Ocean, NJ

I was pleased to read Laura Flynn McCarthy's article "Skin & Sun" (October 1986). As a recent victim of melanoma, I felt I had to write about my experience.

My own experience cannot be said to be directly related to sun exposure. However, after having read lots of material about different cancers, your statement that "there is no such thing as a 'good' tan" is more true than you know....

The first time I heard that skin cancer can be related to tanning was on television. This scared me as I realized that my mole had all the danger signals described in the program. I went to a hospital which was offering a free skin screening program and was told to see a dermatologist. After about fourteen years of having and ignoring this mole, I decided to remove it. I'm glad because later I was told that had I had the mole for five more years I would have been incurable and in ten years, I would have been dead.

I had the mole removed, then after a biopsy the melanoma was diagnosed. I immediately went into the hospital for a week and had another larger section of skin removed....It will be at least five years before I can receive a clean bill of health.

Please save yourself the mental and physical trauma of what I went through the past three months and what I will go through in the next five years. Use a good sunblock—better still, avoid the sun altogether and if you have a suspicion about a mole, see a dermatologist immediately. Don't let fashion in the form of suntanning ruin your health and good looks.

Lynne Terry
Atlanta, GA

Sensitive semantics of alcoholism

I found Margaret Hamburg's article, "The Nature of Craving" (August 1986), quite interesting. After reading her intelligent discussion of addiction, however, I was quite taken aback at her use of the term "reformed alcoholics." It seems to me that anyone with Dr. Hamburg's understanding of the complex physiological components of addictive disorders should steer clear of the moralistic overtones inherent in that description. A less punitive term is the currently favored "recovering alcoholics." Page Tolbert
NYC, NY

Posture and potential

As a massage therapist and instructor at the North Olympic School of Natural Therapeutics, one of the nation's oldest and best schools of massage and hydrotherapy, I was glad to see the article on postural alignment in the "Fitness Now" column of the September 1986 issue. I see many otherwise beautiful bodies in my practice and work hard to correct these posture problems. Thank you for raising awareness and helping people assume responsibility for achieving their potential perfect health. Victoria Eaton
Port Angeles, WA

What's so funny about modern morality(?)

The article entitled "Fran Lebowitz on Sin" (November 1986) was the most honest, straightforward, and amusing piece I've read anywhere in years. I thought I was alone in noting many of Ms. Lebowitz's observations about modern American life and morality—of course, only she can put the thoughts and images together with such style. She packed volumes of modern philosophy into four pages. Left me begging for more.

Patricia Clayton
Linden, NJ

I was very surprised to see your interview with Fran Lebowitz in the November 1986 issue. Ms. Lebowitz is a humorist, although somewhat overrated. If her responses to Ann Arensberg had been humorous, I would have understood the rationale behind the piece. However, she pontificates ever so seriously about such issues as child abuse, responsibility, sex, divorce, and fails miserably, since her perceptions have about as much depth as a California snowfall. In the same issue, you have an entirely qualified interviewer, Jacqueline Albert Simon, interview an entirely qualified source, Tom Gervasi, on an equally serious subject. This piece worked well...

Carol Page
Boston MA

Thank you for Jacqueline Albert Simon's interview with Tom Gervasi "Nuclear Macho" in the November 1986 issue. The arms race and the nuclear threat are the most pressing problems facing the world today. I hope Vogue will continue to discuss these issues and especially the practical options of non-violent conflict resolutions and mutual arms reductions. Helga Hardy
Lexington MA

Correction: *In an interview in our November 1986 issue by Jacqueline A. Simon with Tom Gervasi, a last-minute cut distorted one point concerning SALT II and the MX missile. The original sentence read: "It seems we plan to violate SALT II in the future; we are building an MX and we're planning to build a Minuteman missile at the same time. That's two missiles, and the treaty allows only one."*

Te Kanawa—native New Zealander

....I chanced on a review concerning the remake of the musical *South Pacific* in the October 1986 issue. In it the writer refers to Dame Kiri Te Kanawa's "hefty Australian accent." Shame on you for allowing such an error. New Zealand is no more Australia than Alabama is New York.... V.L. Webb
Monterey, CA

The world of design

Bravo! Bravo! G.Y. Dryansky's "Behind the Label" in the October 1986 issue is a gilded piece of information to all young designers. From Paris, New York, Rome, London, Milan, and Munich, not a single point of detailed information is left out. It covers everything from the financial history of these designers to current sales and manufacturing. This is by far the best article about the fashion industry I have ever read.

Indeed fashion design is more than a vocational skill. It is a creative, progressive, and often intense applied art. Fashion designers create images, styles, and eventually worldwide solid empires. Designers drape fabric, illustrate, investigate textiles, interpret designs, draft patterns, target market, determine finance, marketing and cost. Young designers like myself put in hours of artistic as well as marketing creativity everyday. Domestic and European Vogues are our future destiny. We read these magazines over and over again, almost like a Bible, and articles like "Behind the Label" are deeply appreciated....

By the way, Gianfranco Ferre's business partner's name is *Franco Mattioli* not Franco Matteoli.... Kristina Mattioli
Designer and senior at
the American College of
Applied Art Los Angeles/London

Misspelled identity

Regarding "The Best of American Style" (September 1986) on page 605: that's Emma Peel (not Peal) of *The Avengers*. A little research would work wonders.

Meredith Wright
Los Angeles, CA

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Makeup
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beautiful to…
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BEAUTY STYLE

What's new in beauty and fitness? Just about everything...as you'll read here: people...places...trends...ideas.

BY ANDREA ROBINSON and DOROTHY SCHEFER

News for Nails

● The maker of those ultra-long press-on/pop-off false nails all the models are wearing in and out of the studio, Lee Pharmaceuticals, has come out with a shorter version that's proven equally popular—aptly called their "active" length.

● We've just had a first look at spring '87 shoes—on the Paris/Milan fashion runways—and learned that the one thing you can be certain of when wearing these styles is the need for a pedicure. What's coming: Slingback shoes (in both flats and heels)...open-toe, backless flats...very low backs; along with sheer stockings—all of which require a perfect pedicure.

Hot fitness trend: *"interactive" programs that provide instant feedback in the form of health or fitness questionnaires, which you answer, mail back, and which—presto!—tell you the "shape" you're in, where you need to make lifestyle (i.e., diet, exercise) "improvements." And while such interactive programs, if prepared by qualified experts, may provide some incentive, they don't replace the expertise of (or regular visits to) your own health-care professionals.*

"PARAMEDICAL" MAKEUP

When Karen Kimbrough, former cosmetics executive at Estée Lauder, decided to go into business with Lynn Robertson, the two women looked for an uncharted area in the beauty field. Both wanted to do something "special," something "needed." Their thought: to develop a makeup line (called Esteem) targeted for patients who had either cosmetic or reconstructive surgery or who were facially disfigured. Their goal is simply a *cosmetic* one—to make people look better—but to the people who are being helped it makes a significant psychological difference. Most of the Esteem staff learned about the company through word of mouth. One "counselor" is a former plastic-surgery nurse who worked for a top NYC doctor. Esteem's priorities? Safety and efficacy. "We have no miracle ingredients, just respond to special needs, such as discoloration, swelling, hypersensitivity. If a product is 'misused'—i.e., applied over sutures—we want to be certain the patient won't have a problem," says Kimbrough.

Esteem clients are referred by their surgeons. They're met at their doctor's office, or at the Esteem offices at 201 East 69th St., NYC. Esteem won't answer medical questions, although they are briefed by clients' doctors; and they operate on a strict confidential basis.

The Esteem staff does volunteer "rotation" work at NYC hospitals. And their ninety-minute consultation is a reasonable seventy-five dollars, flexible in certain cases. One of their best products: Totally Perfect cover-up, for which they have a patent pending.

SPA ON THE "CHEAP"

Chris Silkwood came to town to tell us what's new at The Phoenix—the Houston,TX, spa where she's the director. Price was on her mind, and with good reason: spas have become very expensive.

How to make a spa more affordable, accessible? At The Phoenix, there are now three plans: an Ultimate Week, offering the "works"—diet, fitness, beauty regimes—for $2150; plus two scaled-down plans for women, especially younger, working women, who want fitness from a spa but are less interested and have less time for massages, facials, makeup lessons. The Fitness Week Plus (with a few beauty services) costs $1500. The Fitness Week, at $1175, offers beauty treatments on an à la carte basis.

Even better, you can put down a five-hundred dollar deposit, pay the rest on a payment plan over ten months.

NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE...

Once, Hollywood studios had starlets change their hair, their names, even their faces; but today, what's selling aren't Perfect Faces but Perfect Bodies.

Enter: Jackson Sousa, who used to travel the Hollywood Hills in his exercise van, working out with private clients. His new role: shaping up the bodies and eating habits of actors and actresses for TV/movie roles. Sousa has earned himself a list of impressive movie credits and clients, such as Kelly McGillis, Melanie Griffith; and he is so in demand, that, by spring, he'll open his first fitness facility in Malibu, where he'll reprogram the life styles of the stars. - -

BEAUTY BABIES

How old is "old enough" to have a beauty treatment? That's a question cosmetic professionals are asking themselves, as mothers are bringing in daughters as young as eleven years old to have beauty services. Girls are coming for after-school appointments, which are then "charged" back home. It's all done with parental approval, say beauty pros, which makes the situation more difficult for them to handle. And while an occasional facial may be viewed by a pro as "okay" ...haircoloring highlights for sixteen-year olds and waxing for pre-teens are, say pros, decidedly questionable.

When Doubleday called to tell us about their Large Print Home Library club, we were intrigued. Their motivation, originally a marketing idea (the population, as we all know, is getting older, with eyes that are less "fit"), has now evolved into a community service to people—young and old—who can't read the small print in hardcover books. The program is now supported by the National Association of the Visually Handicapped. And, in addition to big (16 point) type, there is a special effort to use the blackest ink and whitest paper for better contrast. For info about joining the club: 1-800-343-4300, ext. 355.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

WHAT'S NEW / WHAT'S COMING

A "Star" is born: Cartaxo (r.), with Fernanda Montenegro

movies

BRAZILIANT!

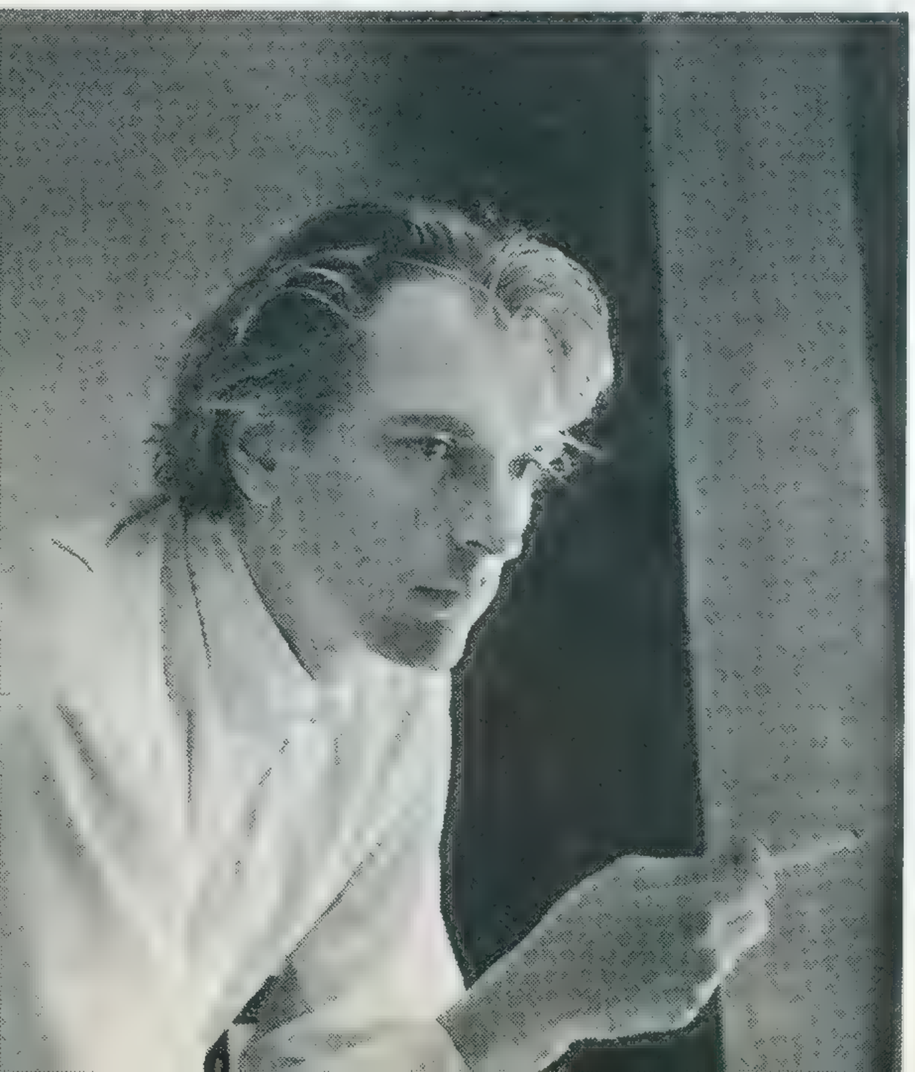
A first-time director and her wild-child anti-heroine create a remarkable movie

Macabea, the heroine of *The Hour of the Star*, is inept, obtuse, as dogged and unloved as a Rohmer heroine and as irrepressible as Fellini's Cabiria. Yet she is completely and truly herself in one of the most remarkable movies in some time—a witty, morbid, incandescent Brazilian film in which the hopeless story of a poor and barely literate working girl is alchemized into cinematic poetry. And the story behind the film is no less interesting—it's the first feature by a fifty-two-year-old director, Suzana Amaral, who raised nine children before realizing a lifelong ambition to become a filmmaker. After attending São Paulo Film School, she went to NYU's graduate filmmaking school where she was a classmate of Jim Jarmusch (*Down by Law*).

The movie's American premier at the always-adventurous Film Forum in downtown Manhattan should also prompt you to make the acquaintance of what was, for me, the literary discovery of the decade: *The Hour of the Star*, the novel by Clarice Lispector on which the movie is based. (Lispector, a Ukrainian-born writer who spent most of her life in Brazil, died in 1977, the year that the book appeared, but her astonishing body of work, with its blend of modernist and traditional elements, of meditation, religion, and anecdote, was recently translated into English.)

Macabea, as created by Lispector, is one of the great antiheroines of modern fiction. As adapted by Amaral and co-scenarist Alfredo Oroz and as played by Marcelia Cartaxo (who won the Silver Bear Award at the Berlin Film Festival for her performance), she is a figure of comic pathos touched with grace. With her little white barrette, her red nose, and her three dresses, Macabea, unwashed and smelly, has no idea how ridiculous she is; and it's that blissful ignorance, that utter lack of self-consciousness, that protects her from all manner of humiliations. A nineteen-year-old refugee from the poor northeastern section of Brazil, transplanted to São Paulo, she labors away at a low-paying typing job for which she is *(Continued on page 34)*

JULIAN SANDS'S ENGLISH MACHO



Seated in a Greenwich Village café, Julian Sands, Helena Bonham-Carter's young, loping lover in *A Room With a View*, gives off an air of Deare Olde Englunde. His sweater is of uncertain color and ancestry, and his yellow hair falls randomly into his eyes. He seems, in fact, a pretty good example of contemporary, Americanized England. Julian Sands smokes Camels and lards his resonant, perhaps a touch self-regarding, sentences with North Atlantic slang.

There was something gamey and off-center about Sands's performance in *A Room With a View*, which turns out to be deliberate: "George was Forster's vague idea of a pantheistic gladiator. It was my job to give him some character rather than all that...superficial... Greek...godomy," Sands says, punning shamelessly.

Though he insists he's monogamous and rather cautious by nature, libertarian roles seem to fall his way. Perhaps the apogee will be his portrait of the poet Shelley in Ken Russell's film *Gothic*, coming this spring, a study of the unconventional ménage of Byron, Shelley, and his wife Mary during the time she was hatching *Frankenstein*. Gabriel Byrne (*Defense of the Realm*) will be Byron, and Mary will be played by Natasha Richardson, Vanessa Redgrave's elder daughter and "an actress with more talent than any I've worked with," says her film husband. Sands admires Shelley tremendously: "He was a free spirit who had the courage to live his beliefs despite the censure they brought him. He didn't run from his demons—he took them with him."

Like Shelley, Sands believes in changing scenes. He has migrated to New York, but he is feeling a bit bumpy, having just separated from his journalist wife and their small child in London, where, between films, he had been living a "very mellow life of just pottering about and going to bed at 11:00." Now twenty-nine, he grew up in the Yorkshire Dales, winning a scholarship to a "very, very minor" boarding school in more genteel Hampshire, which propelled him on to London drama school, then a "fringe of the fringe" touring theater company, where "everything was glue-sniffing chaos until we got bored with our own punk-youth culture, got agents, and went legit." His role as a British journalist in *The Killing Fields* was his first job outside that troupe.

In New York, he is hanging out with a gang of American actors, and going to Nell's (the new late-night, Brit-occupied club). He might, he says, just might, go back to London for a good stage role. But he thinks it will be only a visit. "New York," he says, "is an opportunity to introduce a degree of renaissance into the way I pass my time." —VICTORIA RADIN

Bottom JOSEF ASTOR. Groomer: James Theadford Weis

RALPH LAUREN

CLASSICS

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... movies

(Continued) barely qualified—poking holes in the manuscript, smudging the paper, and learning how to lie to get the day off.

In the rented room she shares with three other girls, she sits on the chamber pot munching her supper, and gleans tidbits for her tiny pool of knowledge from an early morning radio show (''A fly is so fast that if it went in a direct line it could travel the earth in twenty-eight days'').

Yet she is happy. She is the unreflective, primitive woman in all women. She yearns to be completed by a man, and has never been fragmented by the question ''Who am I?'' She dreams of being a movie star and of marrying, and in two of the movie's lighter sequences, imagines that men are making overtures to her. In one, a man giving her the eye turns out to be a subway official who has been waiting to approach her and issue a warning; later, in a café, after glancing shyly away from what seems to be the fixed gaze of a man in sunglasses, she realizes he is blind. But she is beyond humiliation and thus, in some strange way, beyond pity.

When she meets a young steelworker who will give her the time of day (though not much more), she attaches herself to him like a tick. Olimpico, from the same backward area, a thug and a braggart, is almost as much of a rube as she is, but he has ambitions. Only several degrees smarter than she—or rather, tougher and more worldly—he resents her for asking questions he can't answer, and for reminding him of his own insignificance. Their relationship, and particularly the way her serenity pricks his dumb macho arrogance, has some of the wonderful deadpan hilarity of the two cousins (also outsiders) in Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*.

A visit to a fortune-teller, who makes Macabea aware of the wretchedness of her own life for the first time, is the beginning of the end for her, a foreshadowing of the ironic and surreal finale.

Marcelia Cartaxo, who comes from the same region as Macabea, is uncanny as the lowly heroine who succumbs to life, but whose soul is intact; and Suzana Amaral has found the perfect visual equivalents for the rich ironies and sympathies of Lispector's prose.

Because the distance is so great, attempts by sophisticated artists to create simple people usually smack of a false poeticizing, myth pregnant with liberal angst and self-flagellation. The story of Macabea is miraculously free of such distortions. The movie, like the book, shows us in realistic terms the immediate, heartbreaking effects of poverty; but, by insisting on the stubborn, mediocre, unlovely aspects of Macabea, Amaral never allows us to generalize her into a case study or romanticize her as pure victim. In some mysterious way, taking the world as it is, Macabea has the last laugh. —MOLLY HASKELL

MOSQUITO BITES GOD

Allie Fox (Harrison Ford) is the sort of mechanical genius you'd love to have living next door—even if you had to put up with his unsightly thingamajigs and his harebrained rantings about the moral degeneration of America. As the centerpiece of *The Mosquito Coast*, the movie made from Paul Theroux's Conradian novel, he's a man whose vision of salvation is harmless enough in a New England backyard, but turns dangerous when translated into redesigning native communities in Central America with a scheme that includes dragging his adoring family into the wilds.

The movie about his descent into hell, directed by Peter Weir from a Paul Schrader screenplay, is a fascinating, and doomed, attempt to translate such mighty themes as Man against Nature and Oedipal disenchantment into flesh-and-blood drama.

Allie is one of those compellingly ambiguous characters who is more literary than real: part poet, part madman; a natural spellbinder finally consumed by his own mission. Ford captures the manipulative side of Theroux's protagonist but none of his necessary charm and humor. I can't think this is entirely Ford's fault. He has shown plenty before; Weir and Schrader, almost never. Even in their best work, the cosmic looms large, and in Weir's *The Year of Living Dangerously* and *Witness*, the clash-of-culture theme dominates character rather than the other way around.

Still, *The Mosquito Coast* is a noble attempt at serious moviemaking. The idea of a son, played by River Phoenix, who resists the realization of his father's folly, then finally faces the truth and accepts his own place in the world is enormously moving—and would have been more so if Schrader and Weir hadn't felt compelled to give it to us in skywriting. —MOLLY HASKELL

Harrison Ford as ''Coast'' 's Robinson Crusoe

Adelle Lutz: designing woman

STOP MAKING FASHION SENSE

If you've seen David Byrne's movie *True Stories*, you've seen the wiggy creations of Adelle Lutz, costume designer, actress, and (she doesn't like to talk about it) girlfriend of Byrne. The film brought to fruition trompe l'oeil costumes Lutz had always wanted to produce: a suit of leaves, clothes that look like brick walls, and Astro-Turf sportswear—ensembles that champion the surrealism of small-town America. ''To me they didn't seem bizarre—*I'd* wear them,'' she laughs. Her own modest outfit—tennis shoes, turtleneck, and jeans—hardly betrays her penchant for the eccentric.

Lutz is small, sedate, and often self-effacing for no good reason. She worries that, because she's not a monomaniacal overachiever, she's not a real artist. She's done some of everything—modeling, acting, design, and photography. She assisted Robert Wilson with the Japanese section of his epic drama *the CIVIL warS*, played the ghost of a Chinese mistress in *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* on TV, and designed costumes for Talking Heads' videos *Road to Nowhere*, *Burning Down the House*, and, most recently, *Love For Sale*, in which the band is dipped in a giant vat of chocolate. She's also won roles in several upcoming movies and TV projects.

Born in Bay Village, Ohio, Lutz has spent nearly a third of her life in Japan. (Her sister is New York restaurateur Tina Chow.) After studying Eastern art in Tokyo, she modeled and acted until her frustration with being cast in typical Asian roles (her mother is Japanese) led her to design. One of her first collaborations with Byrne came with the ''Knee Plays'' portion of *the CIVIL warS*.

In her costuming career, Lutz's heart lies with designer Rudy Dillon. Ms. Dillon was recruited to *True Stories* when a fashion show sequence became too much for Lutz to handle alone. She then helped her with Susan Seidelman's forthcoming film, *Making Mr. Right*, with John Malkovich, ''a very stylized film,'' Lutz says, ''1987 as we thought it would be when we were watching *The Jetsons*.'' Lutz's biggest challenge has been the shift to film work, which she insists she couldn't have done without Dillon's help: ''It was like jumping off a high dive; we got to do it holding hands—and screaming all the way down.'' —MARGOT MIFFLIN

Top: FRANÇOIS DUHAMEL/Sygma Bottom: PHILLIP DIXON. Hair and makeup: Eric Barnard/Cloutier

A.D. Joachim Görtz - Photo: MICHEL HADDI

UMBERTO GINOCCHIETTI

Canada Misti

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

movies

Marie Rivière

ROHMER'S OBDURATE ANGEL

One of the most revealing encounters in *Summer*, Eric Rohmer's deft fable of postmodern romance, is not in a love scene but a meal scene. Delphine, a birdlike Parisian secretary, sits around a holiday lunch table with her friend's family, a brigade of tanned, athletic extroverts, and tries to explain why eating meat would do serious damage to her soul. In an extraordinary performance, Marie Rivière captures Delphine's exquisite contrariness, yet also manages to locate the knots of loneliness and yearning in her finicky heart. Delphine prefers vegetables, she offers, because there is no "blood and violence" involved. Swallowing their medium-rare pork chops, the family politely takes issue. Isn't the picking and eating of lettuce also killing something that is alive? Well, Delphine feels *closer* to lettuce; lettuce is her "friend." Her logic and voice begin to waver; but, eyes fixed on her fork, she perseveres. Lettuce is "airier," and your body needs aeration. She's grabbing at straws and she knows it. Finally she shakes her head; purses her lips, and mutters, "It's all very mystical, you know."

Delphine doesn't hesitate to extend this singular intractability to her love life. She is alone on vacation and would prefer it to be otherwise; but the moment there is any prospect, she exhibits an unnatural attachment to her scruples. But by now you've gotten to know Delphine. Rivière has made her quirks not only tolerable but close to endearing. You find yourself rooting for her happiness.

Rivière—thirty, Parisian, with a grave demeanor and sweetly husky voice—also starred in Rohmer's *The Aviator's Wife*. In between hugs with her bear of a boyfriend, she answers questions with the dutifulness of a schoolgirl taking a test. Rivière modestly attributes the utterly convincing conversations of the film to the radical way in which Rohmer works with his actors. "It's all improvisation," she says. "For the lunch scene, Rohmer just told me that he wanted me to be different from the others at the table—always a bit on the outside. From then on, I was free to express myself exactly as I am; I didn't have to change my words or my gestures. All I had to do was stay on the subject."

Because she had to do so much excavating of her own psyche to create Delphine, Rivière says that the line between her and her character was often blurred during the shooting of the film. Now that the film's out, it's the same story: "People meet me, and they expect me to be Delphine," she says. "It's really confusing to be mixed up with a movie. Next, I'm shooting a science-fiction film for French TV. It's so completely different—no psychology. I think I'm going to enjoy it." —DEBORAH MASON

music

SOUL SURVIVORS

The Godfather of Soul. Mr. Dynamite. Bossman. Sex Machine. The Minister of the New Super Heavy Funk. James Brown is also the Richard M. Nixon of rock 'n roll—a sweaty testament to the demonic flip side of the Horatio Alger myth.

As his recently published autobiography, *James Brown: The Godfather of Soul* (Macmillan), makes clear, "the hardest working man in show business" always was a go-getter, starting with his salad days as a parolee (he was thrown in jail at fifteen for breaking into cars) when he joined a gospel/r&b group and improvised instruments out of spare parts while working in a plastics factory. And his new album, *Gravity* (CBS/Scotti Bros.)—an energetic appeal to a deeper groove than disco—is ample proof that the man shows no sign of slowing down. It is also perfectly clear that Brown has a cast-iron ego to buttress his ambition.

Megalomania may not make for very interesting reading; the supporting players, a Who's Who of r&b history, get short shrift, as does a staggering succession of wives and girlfriends. But there's something mesmerizing about a man who can dismiss rivals with a flick of his forked tail. He intimidated Jackie Wilson; displayed a kind of *noblesse oblige* toward Otis Redding; and made Mick Jagger feel like a white boy with two left feet.

Brown has been just as unbeholden to his audience. He risked alienating white fans with songs like "Black and Proud," and infuriated blacks when he endorsed Tricky Dick. There's poetic justice in the fact that his comeback was abetted by an art conservative like Sylvester Stallone, who got him to sing "Living in America" in *Rocky IV*.

But Brown's greatest virtue—and, arguably, his most Nixonian trait—is that he's not afraid to look ridiculous. While other stars of the 'sixties are attempting to mature gracefully in a medium inhospitable to age, Brown is out there, grinning his crocodile grin, wearing a hairdo that looks like a linebacker's helmet, acting like his old Bad Self. They need me, he seems to be saying.

Indeed we do.

While the Godfather of Soul is taking on all comers, the Queen of Soul, Aretha Franklin, is shadowboxing with her own recent and not-so-recent past. Although her "comeback" album, last year's *Who's Zoomin' Who?*, was a far cry from the soaring urgency and street grit of *Lady Soul*, it had integrity. The semiretired Detroit homebody had found a way to dance-mix her gospel roots with the sweet sass of success. But her new album, *Aretha* (Arista), would disappoint even teenyboppers who've never heard of "Respect."

My beef is that Aretha's not picking on people her own size. "Jimmy Lee" is an odd choice of material—an update of Martha and the Vandellas' snap, crackle, and pop hit "Jimmy Mack"—not her thing at all, and there's more than a passing nod to the romantic sentiments of Anita Baker and Whitney Houston, both of whom, ironically, are indebted to Aretha herself. With the exception of "Jumpin' Jack Flash," *(Continued on page 38)*

James Brown

"The Godfather of Soul is taking on all comers; the Queen is shadowboxing"

Left MICHAEL HALSBAND. Details, last pages. *Right* JAMES HAMILTON

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"I'm absolutely bare. My face doesn't have a stitch on.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

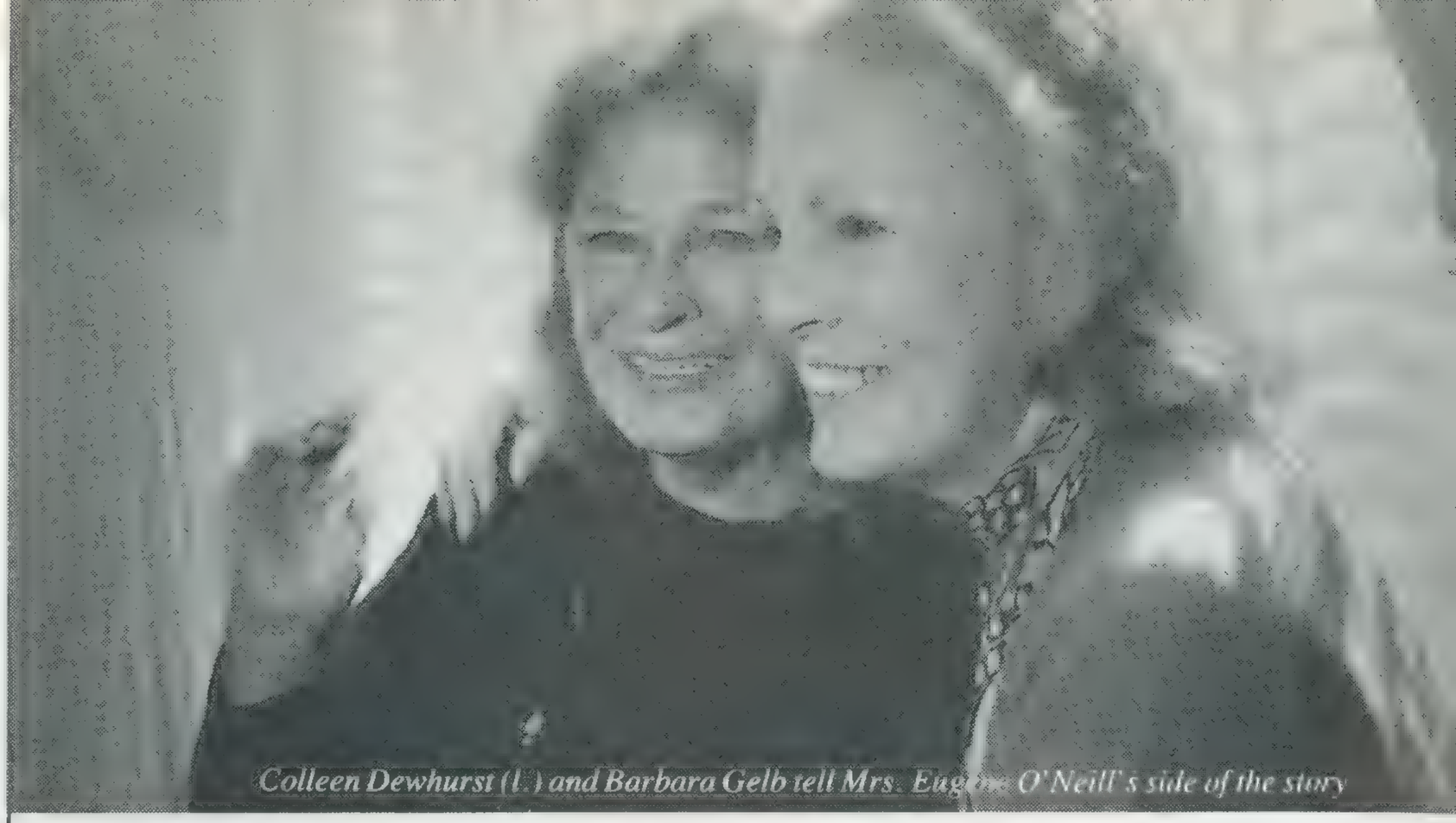
music

(Continued) Aretha tries nothing as adventurous as "Sisters Are Doin' It For Themselves," the duet with Annie Lennox that was on the last album. If Franklin wanted to challenge the present with the past, she should have hooked up with James Brown and covered "Try Me."

In David Lynch's *Blue Velvet,* Dean Stockwell, tarted up like Joel Grey in *Cabaret,* lip-syncs to the old Roy Orbison tune "In Dreams." It's a sinister spin on nostalgia. It's also what's missing from the current 'sixties revival in pop music. There are plenty of rereleases inching up the charts—the Beatles' "Twist And Shout," the Monkees' "Day Dream Believer," and Ben E. King's "Stand By Me." And everybody's got a cover version—Bananarama's done the old Shocking Blue hit "Venus," and Belinda Carlisle and Freda Payne have done "Band of Gold." But none of these records brings an 'eighties edge to 'sixties standards—they're imitation instead of irony.

Kristi Rose and the Midnight Walkers, however, are a good example of David Lynch-style postmodernism. The band can reheat anything from Western swing to down-and-dirty rock. Lead singer Kristi Rose, resplendent in baby fat and sequined peasant blouses, sounds like Patsy Cline (if Miss Cline had flossed with razor blades). The group amassed quite a following at New York City's Pyramid Club; now their first album, *Some People,* has been released as part of Rounder Records New American Music series.

—TRACY YOUNG



Colleen Dewhurst (l.) and Barbara Gelb tell Mrs. Eugene O'Neill's side of the story

theater SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE

He wrote the plays, but I did everything else," said Carlotta Monterey of her fourth husband, Eugene O'Neill. As the dramatist's last, and most enduring, wife, the glamorous former actress became nurse, secretary, real estate agent, and decorator of houses. Above all, she served as her husband's nearly exclusive companion, apparently more than happy to enforce the isolation that O'Neill felt he needed to write his last and greatest plays.

"He was creating her as a heroine, and she was the person to rise to it," says Barbara Gelb, whose one-woman play, *My Gene,* which she wrote for the great O'Neill interpreter Colleen Dewhurst, is being produced by Joseph Papp at the Public Theater in New York City this month. "Carlotta was unfairly vilified by people who accused her of protecting O'Neill too much. On the other hand, she was no saint. She was a fierce and determined woman."

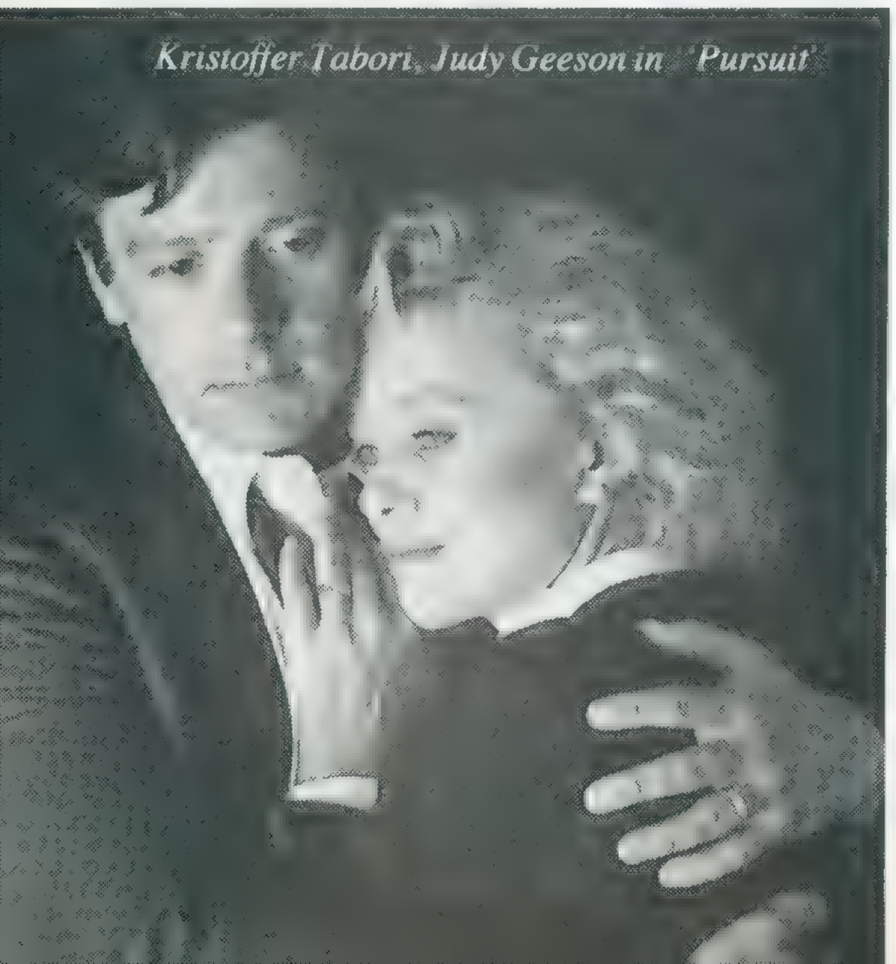
In *O'Neill,* the biography that Ms. Gelb wrote with her husband, Arthur, the story of the playwright and his wife makes compelling, if fairly ghastly, reading. Tragedy and scandal and illness (usually endured simultaneously, in adjoining hospital rooms) attached themselves to the pair, rather as they later did to Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. But then, no one who goes in search of O'Neill—or of his plays—sets forth on the road to wholesomeness. "The autobiographical truth of *Long Day's Journey into Night*—that O'Neill's mother was a morphine addict and that his father sent him to a poor farm when he contracted TB—was absolutely enthralling to us," says Ms. Gelb.

She was talking over tea in the large West Side apartment she shares with her husband, who was once *The New York Times'* second-string drama critic and is now its managing editor. She is a small, elegant woman whose stepfather was the playwright S.N. Behrman. After a not very determined go at being an actress and a student, she fetched up as copygirl at *The New York Times,* where she met her husband.

Her authorial credits include two fairly hair-raising books, one on the New York police and one on another combative couple, John Reed and Louise Bryant, as well as scores of magazine interviews with writers and theater directors. But *My Gene,* which grew out of a staged reading Ms. Gelb compiled for the Public Theater seven years ago, is her first work of the imagination. "It's a tiny play, which I've written out of love, and Colleen is doing out of love," she says.

I couldn't help asking how on earth, or by whom on earth, her play would be reviewed in *The New York Times,* her husband's newspaper. Ms. Gelb looked, for a moment, slightly weary. "They'll either get someone from outside, or they won't review it at all. I'm trying not to think about it. I'm sure Joe Papp will have a solution."

—VICTORIA RADIN



Kristoffer Tabori, Judy Geeson in 'Pursuit'

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CHARMING

The Common Pursuit, Simon Gray's venture into the scarcely virgin territory of the group biography from youth to middle age, premiered in London two years ago, and now has arrived in New York City. Its style belongs, very firmly and unapologetically, to the tradition of drawing-room comedy (here translated to the office of a small London literary magazine), in which the important thing is not what happens or what people say, but how they say it. Six Cambridge graduates (five men and one very thinly realized woman) loose themselves on the world—or on London and Oxbridge, as the world happens to be called in certain English circles. The best character dies (rather improbably), and the others emphatically dispose of the notion that the cream always rises to the top. Gray doesn't shirk melodrama, but some of the dialogue rings true and brings a lump to the throat.

The cast, all American except for Judy Geeson, is excellent and, in the case of Peter Friedman as a gifted, savagely plain-speaking Scot, outstanding. What astonished me most was that with their nearly perfect accents (so much better than the Brits who do Americans in London), their accurately stiff and laminated postures and facial expressions, these American men not only uncannily translated themselves wholly into Englishness, but became in the process ardently attractive—a rich demonstration of one of Mr. Gray's constant concerns, the importance of being charming.

—V.R.

Top SYLVIA PLACHY. *Bottom* DANIEL ADAMS

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... art

In the new Wallace Wing—James Rosenquist's "House of Fire," 1981

GAMBLE AT THE MET

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City has finally stopped treating modernism "like the wild child who belongs in a delinquents' home." That's how Associate Curator Lowery Sims describes the opening next month of the Met's latest mega-addition, the suavely appointed Lila Acheson Wallace Wing for twentieth-century art. There's something exhilarating about a museum with five thousand years of art making a commitment to *our* century. But you may wonder if the Met's relatively meager twentieth-century holdings require three vast floors of exhibition space. You may have the disconcerting feeling that the Wallace Wing is a building in search of a collection. Curator William Lieberman—who came to the Met in 1979 after three decades at the Museum of Modert Art—is gambling that his lavish new quarters will act as a magnet to attract major gifts: he's already roped in the stellar Muriel Newman collection of Abstract Expressionists and a group of ninety works by the Swiss master Paul Klee. Still, with most classic twentieth-century art already absorbed by other museums, it's going to require something of a miracle to fill the building with the kind of gems the Met probably has in mind.

Though the Met has collected twentieth-century art for decades—and has stumbled into some real masterpieces such as Picasso's "Portrait of Gertrude Stein" (a gift of the writer)—its attitude toward modernism was ambivalent or openly hostile during much of the century. Such New York City museums as the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Modern were formed in part to fill the void left by the Met's resistance to the new. But now that modern art has become synonymous with establishment culture, the Met and other venerable institutions around the country have discovered that modern collections have sex appeal. Even with galloping prices, it's a lot easier to persuade corporate and private supporters to buy a Pollock drawing than a piece of Medieval stained glass.

The Met can't compete with the collections of Cubism and early abstraction at either the Modern or the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, but it may end up, partly by default, providing us with an intriguing alternate look at modern art. Beginning with a magnificent representation of Bonnard and early Picasso, the Wallace Wing will emphasize European artists (Derain, Dufy, Soutine) and periods (Matisse in the 1920s, late Braque) that have been given short shrift by the New York art establishment. First-rate works by Americans from Marsden Hartley to Arshile Gorky and a strong showing of decorative arts, especially Art Deco, will finally have the gallery space they deserve.

What's most likely to stir up controversy is the Met's decision to collect aggressively in the contemporary area. The opening exhibition includes paintings—such as R.B. Kitaj's "Amerika: John Ford on his Deathbed"—that were seen in New York's commercial galleries just a season ago. The Met probably sees its entry into the contemporary game as a way to draw attention away from the unevenness of its modern collection as a whole. But it may be crossing over the hard-to-define line that separates relevance from trendiness. I've got a hunch that much of what the Met buys this year won't look so hot a few seasons down the way. But that's a risk the Met has to take in exchange for the excitement of living—and buying—dangerously. —JED PERL

Art of this century—Arshile Gorky's "Water of the Flowery Mill," 1944

Top and middle: Metropolitan Museum of Art

FOR WHOM BELL TOILS

Leland Bell will start a conversation by describing a particularly fine moment on a Lester Young record, slip right into a Raphael predella, and then, without missing a beat, tell you all about the time he visited Mondrian, his "teen idol." Every subject the sixty-four-year-old artist touches gets the same passionate treatment, and the intensity of his talk seems to flow right out of his paintings — collisions of abstract and figurative elements constructed out of flat color shapes and curvy black lines. Bell never paints a subject once. His work unwinds seemingly endless variations on a few beloved themes—a woman leaning back, her legs up on an ottoman ("Ulla at the Cité des Art," 1978, *left*), or a just-awakened couple angrily gesturing at a cat that's killed a bird. He'll transform a portrait into a pared-down arrangement of forms, or a minor domestic drama into a strange, frenetic ballet. The hyperabbreviated shapes and keyed-up, almost Day-Glo color give Bell's images a weird intensity. The paintings have the obsessive power of private myths.

Bell has never received the attention he deserves. This month a retrospective at The Phillips Collection in Washington, DC, and a monograph by Nicholas Fox Weber from Hudson Hills Press may bring his work before a wider public. Weber's book reads like a fan letter. When he quotes Bell's exclamation, "I want the shuffles and echoes, and a certain mysteriousness....It's so bloody hard to paint"—we hear the voice of a man who lives for art. In the Phillips show we see what this life in art has wrought. It's a vision full of paradoxes: brash yet hypnotic, totally individualistic and yet steeped in a reverence for the masterpieces of the past. —J. P.

Bottom: The Phillips Collection, Washington, DC

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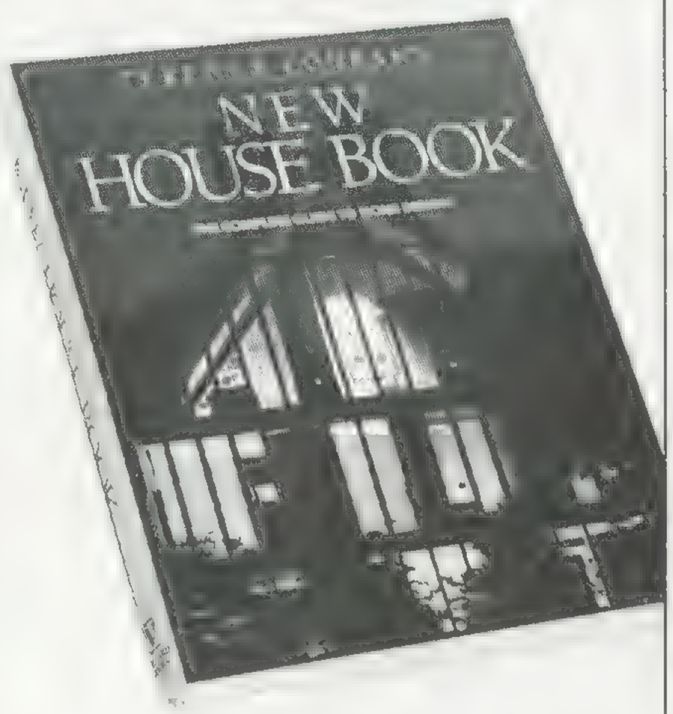

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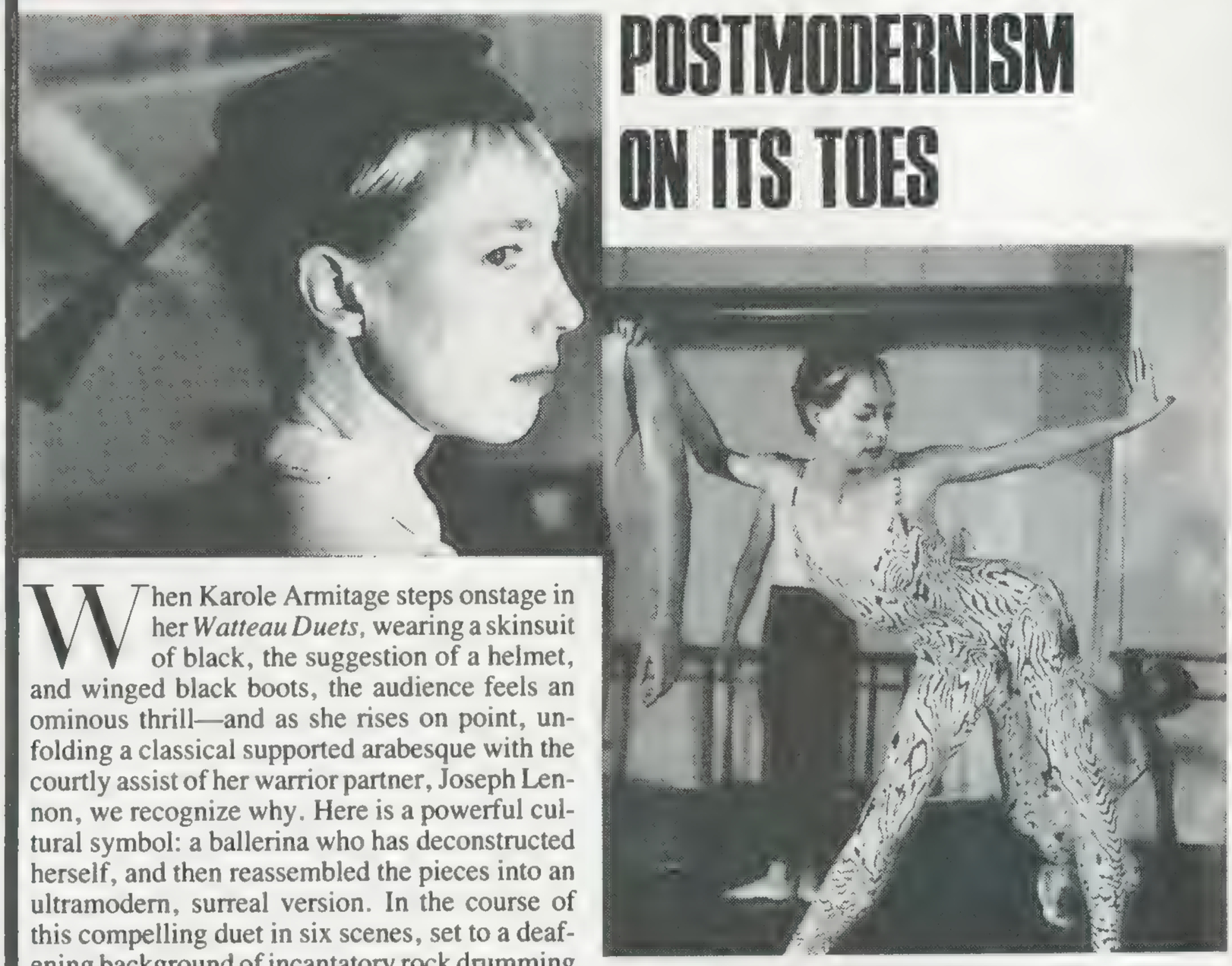
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... dance

POSTMODERNISM ON ITS TOES



When Karole Armitage steps onstage in her *Watteau Duets*, wearing a skinsuit of black, the suggestion of a helmet, and winged black boots, the audience feels an ominous thrill—and as she rises on point, unfolding a classical supported arabesque with the courtly assist of her warrior partner, Joseph Lennon, we recognize why. Here is a powerful cultural symbol: a ballerina who has deconstructed herself, and then reassembled the pieces into an ultramodern, surreal version. In the course of this compelling duet in six scenes, set to a deafening background of incantatory rock drumming and atonal wailing, Armitage and her production designer, Charles Atlas, offer an outrageous, erotic, yet oddly serene and touching vision of the classical *pas de deux*.

The advent of the thirty-two-year-old Armitage marks an interesting moment for avant-garde dance. She is one of the young choreographers who are finally conflating ballet and modern dance, as might be expected given her mixed training: ballet in her hometown of Lawrence, Kansas, and in the Balanchine repertory of the Geneva Ballet; modern dance for five years in New York City with Merce Cunningham. But she also tries harder than most contemporary dance rebels to place her work in a net of cultural allusions that contradict the idea of "postmodern" dance as a mere extension of 'sixties minimalism. She wants to hook the actual dance content, in other words, to the experiments in the front lines of music, fashion, and painting—the way it was hooked in the 'twenties, before America mistakenly assigned ballet to the past and modern dance to the present.

In the creation of her own persona, Armitage has been superbly successful at attracting to herself all kinds of dance and nondance references. Off the stage as well as on, her spiky haircut and lean body hold intimations of David Bowie, her female curvature suggests Wonder Woman, while the small, precise Midwestern face evokes Jean Seberg in *Breathless*. A 1985 special production for London Weekend Television positions the straw-haired Armitage, wearing a little high-waisted "found" 'fifties dress, against a backdrop of a wheat field—an amalgam of Dorothy and the Scarecrow. And when she opens her mouth, out come ultramannered declarations in the style of a young Bette Davis. "It came to me that the most challenging and thrilling thing I could try to do is make a classicism for our time," she explains primly.

And herein lies the question mark in Armitage's work. She's making *something* for our time, though one wonders if she has yet made a work that can be called a classical dance. Her choreography *qua* choreography works best in the 1985 *Watteau Duets*, which consist of tableaux in which the concentration of close partnering allows emotional momentum to take the place of real physical-musical drive. And in some of her work, set to a more primitive rock beat, she has trapped herself in a monotonous 4/4 approach, which dictates dance phrases four beats long, like nursery rhymes. Even when she has used complex music, such as the Hindemith score of her 1986 *The Mollino Room* for Baryshnikov and American Ballet Theatre, the material seemed rhythmically and spatially adrift. At times it looked suspiciously as if it were made of routine classroom sequences, decorated with some off-kilter positions, and the neo-'fifties costumes (designed by her apparent esthetic guru and fiancé, painter David Salle).

One suspects there's a confusion in Armitage's mind between creating a complex and resonant effect—which she's done with her persona—and creating a ballet. Her newest big work, *The Elizabethan Phrasing of the Late Albert Ayler*, which will probably be excerpted for her company's January season at the Joyce Theater, is rife with "postmodern" allusions to everything from the "free-jazz" spiritual saxophonist of the title, to "mid-evil" Japanese architecture. One hopes it contains some plain old rhythmic invention as well. Luckily, Armitage also includes *The Watteau Duets* in her Joyce Theater evening, which she will perform with a new partner, New York City Ballet's Robert LaFosse. In this piece, Armitage's body knows what "a classicism for our time" is, even if her mind hasn't figured it out yet.

—ELIZABETH KENDALL

Karole Armitage, above and left

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... tv

WOMEN WHO LIVE TOO MUCH (OR JUST TOO OFTEN)

MacLaine and Dance: all wet?

Out on a Limb, the ABC miniseries of Shirley MacLaine's best-selling autobiography, is depressing because it is quite good and quite stupid. MacLaine stars, and she has great, grinning, freckled charm: on TV, she seems strangely alive, detailed, changeable. She takes over the screen with such friendly insistence that she is almost irresistible; she can lead us almost anywhere. Not, however, to Atlantis.

Out on a Limb is the chronicle of MacLaine's affair with a married English politician (Charles Dance). The married part is apparently O.K. because his wife is a...''committed Marxist.'' ''What's it like living with a...Marxist?'' asks the ever intellectually curious Shirley. She and the politician have to sneak around a lot, to London, Paris, etc. The romance becomes not exactly sordid—the places are too beautiful for that—but something is wrong. Yet, she is obsessed with him. Why, why? she asks herself. It's, it's weird, that's what it is. This passion for an unavailable man is treated as unspeakably mysterious, as though MacLaine had suddenly become invisible, turned into a goat, turned into a... committed Marxist.

So self-important is this woman that she drapes a standard affair in the flowing robes of California mysticism. ''Could it be that we had things to work out from another lifetime and we're using this lifetime to do it in?'' I dunno, Shirl, I guess so. Wanna order in tonight, or what? I mean, am I crazy or is this one of the least compelling issues ever to wiggle onto television?

Charles Dance is not bad, considering what a righteous socialist wet he must play. John Heard is wonderfully smarmy and cryptic and superior as David, the spiritual guide (''Want to know an exercise that helps you get in touch with the realization that each of us has inside of us?''). As Shirley's pal Bella Abzug, Anne Jackson throws in a lot of reassuringly disgusted ''*oy veh*''s. And the screenwriters cleverly cushion the mumbo-jumbo with pleasant, jokey skepticism and high-stepping musical numbers (Shirley's on tour a lot). But finally, this is a movie about someone who rationalizes a difficult love affair by deciding she was married to her boyfriend in a former life in Atlantis where he was in charge of cultural exchanges with extraterrestrials. Shirley treks to Peru to look for these visitors from outer space. She never finds any, but that's okay because one of them sends her a silver bracelet.

This TV movie is well directed and kind of witty; but, on the other hand, life is too short, even if we have a whole bunch of them.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

Top: ABC. Bottom: Esther Bubley / Library of Congress, September 1943

CIVIL WRONGS

Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Years, 1954–1965, is a powerful and frightening documentary series because there is so little narration or analysis—just film, with no filter or buffer or interpreter, staring you in the face. The funeral of Emmett Till, the fourteen-year-old black boy from Chicago murdered after he ''talked fresh'' to a white woman in a Mississippi general store (he said, ''Bye, baby''), proceeds in hysterical dignity, solemn crowds marching past the camera toward the open casket of the badly beaten boy, women fainting and fanning each other. During the twelve-month bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, a newsman's camera sinks poetically to the sidewalk to record the purposeful feet of some of the forty thousand blacks walking miles*(Continued on page 48)*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... tv

(Continued) to work. A prim black woman with grey hair and earrings says that passing cars sometimes slow down and men lean out and say, "Nigger, don't you know it's better to ride the bus than it is to walk?" To which the woman replies with a laugh, "No, cracker, no. We'd rather walk!" Martin Luther King, at a tender but convincing twenty-six, exhorts a passionate congregation to "dignity, sanity, and reasonableness" when the buses are finally desegregated. And one man, years later, recalls how blacks sat in the front of the buses just for the sheer joy of it.

An indication of the success of the civil rights movement of the 'fifties and 'sixties is how preposterous some of the events seem now, even in the age of Reagan and Rehnquist and Meese. When Arkansas's Governor Orval Faubus orders the Arkansas National Guard to surround Little Rock's Central High School, for a minute I thought the soldiers were there to *protect* the nine black kids trying to walk up the steps. Eisenhower eventually did have to send troops to protect the children—a soldier to follow each child through school. And it was less than thirty years ago that, to prevent integration, public schools in places like Virginia were simply closed down.

Both alarming and heartening, this documentary is not brilliantly made, but it is an unadorned, simple pastiche of brilliant moments. *Eyes on the Prize* is a slow surge of indignation and stubborn hope on film.

—C.S.

LISA BONET: THURSDAY'S CHILD

Before all this I was a boring kid in L.A., the most boring town in the world." Now Lisa Bonet's a *prototype*, playing Bill Cosby's teenaged daughter in one of the hottest TV families of all time. As Denise, Bonet charms audiences with her adolescent sarcasm and post-*Flashdance* funk; offscreen she's been touted as one of the most beautiful women in the world, attention that leaves her unfazed. "I'm the little mulatto puppy that Mickey falls in love with," she says of her role in Alan (*Shoot the Moon*) Parker's new film, *Angel Heart*, a 1950s-style detective thriller, starring Mickey Rourke and Robert De Niro whom Bonet collegially calls "Bob." But as casual as she seems, Bonet is nothing short of adamant about her future. "I want to do art," she declares. "I'll never sell out...I don't want to be one of those actresses who can't sing but who go on the *Tonight* show and sing anyway." Coming soon: Lisa's own spin-off of the *Cosby Show*, in which she plays Denise at college. It's a mere slip of the tongue between spin-off and sell-out, and it may not be art, but it's not bad either for an eighteen-year-old beauty with ambition to burn.

Top: DEBORAH FEINGOLD Hair and makeup, Susana Perks

A MATTER-OF-FACT MISS MARPLE

Joan Hickson's Miss Marple, the star of several of this season's *Mystery* episodes on PBS, is a remarkable character: she reacts with utter matter-of-factness, almost indifference, to base, hideous evil while she fusses and clucks with dainty anxiety at everyday snags. She gently scolds the maid for failing to polish a keyhole, pats a rose growing outside her cottage with grandmotherly affection, and marches down the cobblestones into a world of greed and lust and poisonous hate.

Hickson, with her frail, gently wrinkled face and watery blue eyes, plays Miss Marple as someone who not only somehow knows that this dark world exists, but accepts it as a daily, unfortunate, but not terribly important grievance, like cobwebs or dust. With a few deft flicks of her duster, she disposes of murderers, but never doubts there will be more tomorrow.

Hickson's dry command of a role that could so easily have devolved into broad camping-about is one of the miracles of modern television. The whole series, in fact, is a miracle—the direction, the lighting, the cutting, the sets, are all richly cozy, but the edge and irony keep winking through. In these Miss Marple stories, a glossy, ostentatious dining-room table, as big and smooth as a lake, can suddenly make one very uneasy, as if several people had drowned in it. —C.S.

BASCAN

BY MARGARETH

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Three women's design adventure... hot line to business owners...vacations made for you. BY LORRAINE DAVIS

IN HER OWN WORDS

"If I'm too stressed by my work, and I know I shouldn't be making decisions, I try not to. I try to do something else. When I lived in New York City, I used to go shopping; Bloomingdale's saw me a lot. In Massachusetts, I have to get in a car and drive. You have to get out of your physical surroundings and do something else." *—Evelyn E. Handler, president, Brandeis University*

"I think you should give a return to your community, especially when your community has been good to you. You have to do what you can to maintain an environment in your area that is good for business. It's a kind of policy of life that ought to prevail." *—Louise Lynch, president of Courtesy Associates, winner of the "Man of the Years" award of the Greater Washington Board of Trade for her work in community affairs*

"The correct strategy to attain nuclear arms control is to put pressure on the top leaders of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Those two control the planning; they push the button. Today, it's said of the eight hundred people who are making decisions about nuclear arms in this world, only four are women. . . . We need to get women's organizations all over the globe, including the non-nuclear nations, to join in a coalition, to bring about a convergence of the women's movement and the peace movement." *—Margaret Papandreou, president of the Women's Union of Greece and spokesperson for Women for a Meaningful Summit*

DESIGNERS FOR LIVING

A charming 1923 building that once was the Hollywood Athletic Club is giving a three-woman team of California architects a chance to "explore some far-out design issues." Katherine Diamond, Norma Sklarek, and Margot Siegel formed their partnership just a year ago, with more than seventy-five years among them in the profession. "We had complementary talents and experience," said Ms. Diamond. "Norma has extensive experience with managing large projects and technical detailing; Margot had worked in both design and business; I probably have talents in marketing and design that they're not so strong at. We can put it all together to provide quality service."

The former athletic club will house three nightclubs, one in the penthouse. "We're exposing some beautiful old trusses," said Ms. Sklarek. "In another space, we are maintaining the feeling of the swimming pool but converting the use of the space to a dance floor," added Ms. Diamond.

Ready for any kind of job—"including small remodelings and individual residentials"—the trio also are working on a ninety-thousand-square-foot shopping mall in the San Fernando Valley.

Asked about resistance to women as architects, Ms. Diamond said: "Choosing an architect is like starting a short-term marriage. You have to feel that the person understands your needs and concerns and will communicate with you. Usually people choose someone a lot like themselves; that increases their comfort level. So a white male client [Ms. Sklarek is black] tends to choose someone who looks and sounds like him. But not only are more women becoming architects but more women have the authority and financing to be clients of architectural services."

FAST FIXES BY PHONE

A toll-free telephone call to 1-800-222-AWED (in NY State, 1-800-442-AWED; in NYC, Alaska, and Hawaii, 212-692-9100) and a $5 fee will gain immediate advice from experts to help a woman business owner with a problem. This hotline is maintained Monday to Friday, 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM, EST by American Woman's Economic Development Corporation with support from Citicorp/Citibank which has more than doubled its last-year's grant to provide $55,000 this year.
For tangles that can't be unraveled in the ten minutes allotted to each hotline call, in-depth counseling can be arranged by providing information about the problem in advance and scheduling a telephone conference of sixty to ninety minutes; the fee is $25 and the numbers the same. Fees may be charged to major credit cards.
Non-profit AWED has helped more than thirty-five thousand women to succeed in their own businesses. More info: AWED, 60 East 42nd Street, NYC 10165.

FIRST FEMALE NUMBERS-CRUNCHER?

What woman was the first person to promote a national social cause by use of statistical data? . . .Not some 1980s computer whiz but the 1850s "Lady with the Lamp," nurse Florence Nightingale. She pioneered the use of uniform statistical data in the British armed forces, extended her reforms to civilian hospitals, nursing, public health. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society in 1858, she became an honorary member of the American Statistical Association in 1874. These facts, from "Encyclopedia of Statistical Sciences," by Campbell Read, Southern Methodist University; Norman Johnson, University of North Carolina; and Samuel Kotz, University of Maryland (John Wiley & Sons).

"HE," "SHE," or "IT"?

The world may be used to the idea that a "gentleman's agreement" is now an "oral contract" and the "women's page" is the "life-style section," but many people still struggle with sexism in pronouns. A publication from the Project on the Status and Education of Women of the Association of American Colleges (1818 R Street, NW, Washington DC 20009; cost, $2), "Guide to Nonsexist Language," has clear and helpful suggestions. Samples:
Address the reader. Use *you* instead of *he*.
Replace pronouns with articles.
"A careful secretary consults *a* [not *her*] dictionary often."
Use specific, genderless nouns. Not the "average man" but the "average voter."
Use plural nouns and pronouns.
Happily, the AAC does *not* endorse plural pronouns to refer to singular nouns. (The guide also points out that nations, battleships, and other objects have no gender.)

WOMEN IN MOTION

Now in its twelfth year, Woman's Way Ski Seminars—the first program to provide instruction specialized for women—has added three-day midweek programs to its full schedule of five-day and weekend sessions. New lifts and base facilities at their Squaw Valley, California, site add to the fun this year. Specifics: Squaw Valley USA Ski School, P.O. Box 2007, Olympic Valley CA 95730; (916) 583-0119. . . . Or, February 28-March 24, choose a bicycle and van tour of the beaches, lakes, and mountains of South Island, New Zealand, led by expert women guides. Womantrek says those of "average fitness" will be able to keep the pace on this trip, if they do some conditioning on a bike in advance. Bring your own wheels, or rent some in N.Z. Details: Womantrek, 1411 E. Olive Way, P.O. Box 20643, Seattle, WA 98102; (206) 325-4772.

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BEAUTY Q&A

Coping with "crepey" skin . . . eyelash dyeing safety. . . silicone cosmetics

Q Help! I have awful "crepey" skin on my neck. Can anything be done?

A The neck is one of the most neglected areas of the body; and, like your hands, one of the most "age-revealing." Because the skin on the neck is sensitive and tends to be dry, using a richer moisturizer and a mild soap regularly is wise. "Crepey or loose, wrinkled skin is usually the result of long-term overexposure to the sun and/or frequent periods of rapid weight gain and loss; it may also be due partly to heredity," says Diana Bihova, M.D., NYU Medical Center. "Best defense: using a non-alcohol SPF 15 sunscreen; avoiding 'yo-yo' dieting, which stretches skin."

If the skin on your neck has fine lines, moisturizing won't make them disappear permanently, but it may help slightly to improve skin's appearance, adds Mitch Wortzman, Ph.D., research and development, Neutrogena. "However, if skin is extremely loose and wrinkled, nothing can be done to restore skin's elasticity short of plastic surgery—which, even when done by a qualified plastic surgeon, is not without risks and potential scarring," says Dr. Bihova.
(EDITOR'S NOTE: *One extra-rich moisturizer meant especially for use on the neck: René Guinot's Crème Effective Ovalisante.)*

Q I've noticed that some salons offer eyelash dyeing. Is it safe?

A Eyelash dyeing has always been considered controversial, which is why many salons do not offer this service. As far back as the 1930s, salons used coal-tar dyes—which had not been prohibited for use on hair or near eyes—to dye lashes, sometimes with disastrous results (including blindness). Today, those dyes are rarely (and should *never* be) used. Most salons that do offer this procedure use vegetable dyes or other non-coal-tar dyes. While doctors report that reactions to these "modern" dyes are rare, the dyes have not been approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), and their safety is considered questionable by many experts. According to Heinz J. Eiermann, director of cosmetics technology for the FDA, the FDA cannot possibly keep track of every salon using eyelash dye; no eyelash dyes have been *proven* safe.

"The dye must be applied meticulously to avoid getting any in the eyes, making the safety of the procedure dependent, in large part, on the skill of the person performing it," said Bernice Z. Brown, M.D., clinical associate professor of ophthalmology, University of Southern California Medical School Doheny Eye Foundation, Los Angeles. (Roux, makers of lash and brow tint, provide detailed safety instructions for salon personnel.)

"Depending on a dye's ingredients, if it gets in the eye, it could cause irritation, infection, even a painful chemical burn to the cornea or the conjunctiva," said Dr. Brown. "If dye *does* get in a woman's eye, she should wash it out with cold water immediately; if pain or stinging persists longer than fifteen minutes, she should see an ophthalmologist."

If a woman decides to have her lashes dyed despite potential dangers, a patch test should be done before dyeing lashes each time to check for allergy, just as with use of regular haircoloring. A woman who is allergic to hair dyes should *never* have her lashes dyed.

Q I'm hearing more and more about makeups that contain "volatile silicones." What are these ingredients? Are they safe? What about silicone hair conditioners?

A "Volatile silicones are synthetic chemicals that help to bind ingredients together into a cosmetic formula," said Walter P. Smith, Ph.D., director, research and development, Prescriptives. "Because volatile silicones evaporate quickly when applied to the skin (as indicated by the word 'volatile'), leaving behind a moisturizing effect, they are increasingly being substituted for heavy oils in the formulation of liquid makeups. The use of volatile silicones makes it possible to have a foundation that feels very light on the skin and also provides real moisturizing benefits." One volatile silicone, for example, found in makeups (and on labels) is simethicone.

Silicone polymers showing up in shampoos and conditioners are somewhat different in chemical structure and don't evaporate, but do provide similar benefits. According to John Seifert, Procter & Gamble consumer researcher (makers of Ivory shampoo, conditioner), new silicone conditioning ingredients are lighter in weight, provide more concentrated conditioning, and spread more evenly along the hair shaft than many of the oil- or wax-based conditioners of the past.

VOGUE, January, 1987

POISON IS MY POTION

le nouveau parfum par Christian Dior

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HAIR NOW

Hair that works for women who work . . .
hair accessory news . . . fast conditioning ideas

Condition update

Imported from around the world: new thinking, new products to improve hair's condition. From Japan: it starts where hair's health starts—at the scalp. Flowlin, the new hair/scalp revitalizer from Shiseido, combines Oriental herbal extracts and essential hair "nutrients" to rev scalp, with a self-massage technique taught at Shiseido counters . . . From England: a new line of six hair-caring products developed by Trevor Sorbie, '86 winner of the British Hairdresser of the Year Award, for Frank Fuhrer International . . . And, from these shores: Wella's new mist-on "No Rinse" conditioners, over forty times finer, says Wella, than ordinary conditioners. What it means: a quick way to eliminate tangles, even use as a pick-up on dry hair whenever needed.

Hair Specials

In a season of bows, some of the most fetching are those made of real or synthetic hair such as the flower-like "hair" petals, above, of color-matched synthetic hair topped by sequined or beaded petals. To special order at Bergdorf Goodman's Sergio Valente Beauty Center, NYC . . . Or go obviously "fake" with a headband of hair, or with a big hair bow—in black, blond—for the most contrast, most amusing effect. By Perruque; at Henri Bendel, NYC.

Center photos, WAYNE MASER. Makeup, Lydia Snyder

WORKING HAIR

For women who work—who lead busy, active lives, and that's just about everyone these days: the latest thinking on the kinds of hairstyles that will work for them—styles that are fast, efficient, neat—from Garren of Garren, NY, who created the looks, *above*, you'll see later this issue. Basic principle at work here: a good cut, as always, is essential—even more so the more "active" a woman is. Explains Garren: "After working all day, a busy woman wants a style she can simply run a brush through before going out at night—a cut that's easy to maintain, with lots of style. A good cut can give her that."

Garren designed the styles here for a variety of hair types. The style, *left*, is good for naturally wavy hair or hair that's been permed. "The hair is cut to one length so the strands 'lock' into each other when brushed off the face," Garren says. To style: "Simply apply mousse, comb back, and allow to dry."

Next possibility, *middle*, is a good choice for fine hair. It starts with "a simple blunt cut, slightly layered toward the face, with a full fringe." To style: "Apply mousse, blow-dry leaning forward; shake head for lots of volume."

For fine, thick hair—for hair that's as long as "working" hair should ever get, *right*, "the hair is blunt-cut all around, then slightly layered in angles in front at one side to encourage a wave when brushed off the face." To style: "Add mousse, blow-dry straight." Nothing could be easier—more attractive—than that!

Top photo, KING. Hair, Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David; makeup, Marc Schaeffer. Bracelet, Mary Jane Marcasiano; earrings, Jean-Charles Brosseau.

TAKE A BOW

Among the best bows, day or night, are those from David Monn. He whips them up in every kind of satin, in leopard, in denim, in "alligator" (*above*)—you name it. They're all over Europe, and now available at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Top sketch, TY WILSON. Bottom sketch, RODGER DUNCAN.

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money

What's new? A profusion of smart investment moves. Here, how to select the best. BY MARION ASNES

In 1987, we can all look forward to a superabundance of investment choices. New mutual funds are introduced practically every week; stockbrokers are selling insurance policies; tax reform is spawning a gaggle of investment angles. This dazzling array can be seen as either a great opportunity or dizzying profusion. If you know exactly what you want your money to do—jump from Japanese stocks to gold to junk bonds, perhaps—you can now do it with a telephone call, even at three o'clock in the morning. If, on the other hand, you're looking for guidance, you'll be vulnerable to hard-sell pitches from all directions. Cutting through the hype is a challenge; yet in the midst of all the marketing are some genuine innovations that should make managing your money less complex and more convenient—and should help the uncertain investor feel more at ease.

"So far, the 'eighties look like the decade of mutual funds, and as the funds become more numerous and more competitive, we are all feeling more responsible for pleasing our customers. This will end up making people's lives easier," says Andrew Cox, vice president of the Founders Group of Mutual Funds based in Denver, Colorado. Even the "no-load" and "low-load" funds—companies that charge no sales commissions at all, or small ones—are offering extra courtesies. One innovation that's spreading like wildfire is the "universal statement": one statement that covers all of an investor's accounts with a fund company (instead of a separate statement for each account, the typical setup now), which will make personal bookkeeping much simpler and help investors compare the performance of all their funds at a glance.

Among the large, high-profile mutual fund families, convenience has become a priority. Some of them now offer asset management accounts that include mutual funds, discount brokerage services, and a credit card. Fidelity Investments is satisfying its customers' needs for instant access by enabling them to check their fund balances and switch money from one fund to another over a twenty-four-hour telephone hot line. This service, called F.A.S.T. (which stands for Fidelity Automated Service Telephone), works this way: using a push-button phone, an investor calls a toll-free number; then, by punching code numbers on the phone, she can transfer money, say, from her stock fund to her money market fund to cover a check. "Oddly enough," says Darla Mendales, customer relations director at Fidelity, "we do a sizable amount of business between 2:00 and 3:00 A.M."

Another high-profile fund family, The Dreyfus Corporation, is flying in the face of the current trend toward highly specialized mutual funds. Dreyfus has introduced two new "meta-funds"—extremely flexible mutual funds that will trade in a wide spectrum of investments. In addition, the funds will engage in sophisticated market maneuvers aimed toward pepping up the funds' short-term income and growth, a strategy that tax reform has made newly beneficial for individual investors. Dreyfus's "Strategic Income" bond fund and "Strategic Investing" stock fund are both expected to reduce customers' needs to switch from one mutual fund to another as economic conditions change. "These new funds are our response to the growing volatility and complexity of the investment marketplace," says Howard Stein, chairman and chief executive officer of Dreyfus.

What mutual fund companies cannot offer their customers is specific advice; but there is plenty of guidance available, and not only to the wealthy. Although in major cities an investor needs to have a portfolio worth at least $100,000 to hire a money manager (in New York City, the figure rises to about $500,000), some financial planning is accessible to anyone who is willing to hire a planner for a few hundred dollars, or to patronize a full-service—and full-price—stockbroker. Most major brokerage houses now trade in far more than stocks and bonds; they also sell mutual funds and insurance—including policies whose growth in value is tied to that of stock and/or bond portfolios—and they extend credit in the form of "home-equity loans," the new upscale equivalent of a second mortgage. "Most of our clients want to deal with someone who shows an interest in their total financial picture," say Janice Capouya and Barbara Burg Miller, financial consultants with Merrill Lynch, who work with their clients on everything from insurance to securities to estate planning.

One might think that all this fervor over convenience and simplicity is nothing but marketing hype, a new way to sell to jaded consumers who have seen too many ads that scream, "High Yields!" But it is true that the investment market is more confusing than it used to be, and less certain. Last year, the stock market swooped down as well as up; investors witnessed takeover madness, bankruptcies, insider trading scams—and they are warier than they were a year ago. Perhaps the financial industry's new emphasis on ease, convenience, and flexibility is just the thing to get investors raring to go back to the market and prosper.

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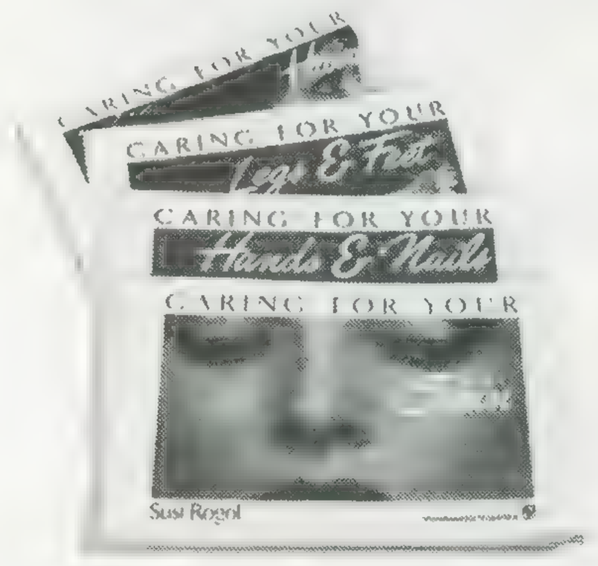

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health

Sedative caution . . . pneumonia clue . . . women's drinking problems . . . virus news. BY MELVA WEBER

WARNING AGAINST "NATURAL" SLEEP AID

L-tryptophan, a nutrient that's widely considered a harmless and effective aid to sleep, is not, say scientists at Texas A&M University College of Medicine. Michael E. Trulson, Ph.D., and H. Wayne Sampson, Ph.D., found the amino acid caused considerable liver damage in test animals given doses corresponding to amounts commonly taken by people to induce sleep. In three days, laboratory rats fed tryptophan developed abnormal spaces and fatty deposits in their livers.

Tryptophan is believed to bring its soothing effect by increasing the amount of serotonin, a neurotransmitter manufactured by the brain. A bedtime glass of milk, favored by some as a sleep aid, has about one-eighth gram of tryptophan. Is this enough to be effective without risking liver damage? Dr. Trulson says no, not enough to produce more serotonin in the brain. He said that a three-to-five gram dose would be necessary to produce a sleep effect in humans, describing this much as a dangerous amount.

Drs. Trulson and Sampson are investigating whether lower doses, taken over a period of time, also cause damage, and whether the liver can recover from these effects. Until more is known about possible liver damage in humans, these scientists warn against using L-tryptophan as a sleep aid.

CHLAMYDIA-CAUSED PNEUMONIA

The sexually transmitted infection *Chlamydia trachomatis* is a prevalent cause of pelvic inflammatory disease in women; another chlamydia, a strain of *C. psittaci* or parrot fever, has turned up as an important cause of pneumonia in young adults. At the University of Washington, Seattle, a research team led by J. Thomas Grayston, M.D., followed up university students with acute respiratory disease. The researchers found the *C. psittaci* strain (called TWAR) in 12 percent of patients who had pneumonia, and in others with bronchitis and pharyngitis. The standard treatment for mycoplasma pneumonia, erythromycin, was found inadequate for TWAR, which is most successfully treated with tetracycline. What's more, though it's a form of parrot fever chlamydia, TWAR apparently does not arise from contact with infected birds, but seems to be transmitted from human to human.

TAMING THE TROUBLED SINUS

Americans spend millions of dollars each year for products to relieve sinus conditions such as stuffy nose, congestion, headache, and nasal drainage. The American Academy of Otolaryngology–Head and Neck Surgery says to consult your doctor before trying to cure yourself. Medications such as decongestants might be helpful but can be dangerous for people with high blood pressure, irregular heart rhythms, or heart disease. They may cause either sleeplessness or drowsiness. Sinusitis may last for days or weeks until treated with an antibiotic, and sinus headache may be associated with fever and other signs of infection. The Academy offers suggestions for sinus sufferers:

- Treat allergies if they cause congestion.
- Use a humidifier when you have a cold, and sleep with the head of your bed elevated for easier drainage. A warm washcloth over sinuses may help.
- Avoid polluted air and smoke.
- Try to avoid exposure to people with infections such as colds. Wash hands often.

SING, STAY YOUNG AT HEART

There's a musical pathway to a long and healthy life—singing. In a study of twenty members of the New York City Opera, Kathleen A. McCormick, Ph.D., of the National Institute on Aging's Gerontology Research Center in Baltimore, found that in tests of heart and lung function during sustained deep breathing, singers' hearts worked more efficiently and heart rates were lower than those in a group of young (under forty) nonsingers. Those in the study were between twenty-eight and sixty-five years old, some smoked and some never exercised. "The cardiopulmonary differences were similar to those seen between conditioned athletes and untrained subjects during exercise testing," said Dr. McCormick at the annual meeting of the American Lung Association. That's why she commends enthusiastic song as one way to hold off declining heart and lung function that normally comes with age.

ALCOHOL VS. WOMEN

Alcohol's effects on women are different from those on men, and therefore should be handled by alcoholism treatment and prevention programs designed specifically for women, says Sheila B. Blume, M.D., of the State University of New York at Stony Brook and South Oaks Hospital, Amityville.

Much of what we formerly knew about alcoholism was determined by studies done only among men, reported Dr. Blume in "The Journal of the American Medical Association." She noted recent studies of just women indicating that women born in the 1950s are showing higher rates of heavy or frequent drinking than women of earlier generations. In addition, there is an alarming jump in alcoholism among women who have alcoholics in their immediate families.

According to Dr. Blume, there are significant differences in how women's bodies handle alcohol. Given equal doses of alcohol per pound of body weight, women will have higher peak blood alcohol levels than men. A partial explanation might be that women have lower body-water content, resulting in less dilution of ingested alcohol.

Too little research has been done on drinking patterns in relation to the menstrual cycle, says Dr. Blume. One study shows even nonalcoholic women report more bad moods, drinking to relieve tension or depression, and solitary drinking during menstruation.

Alcoholism may develop more rapidly in women than it does in men. In comparison to alcoholic men, women entering alcoholism treatment are more likely to have made suicide attempts and to be taking tranquilizers, sedatives, or amphetamines. Fetal alcohol syndrome, one of three major causes of birth defects associated with mental retardation, has been studied; and current prevention programs concentrate on promoting abstinence during pregnancy.

Dr. Blume commends Alcoholics Anonymous and Women for Sobriety and suggests treatment programs with female counselors who are recovering alcoholics.

ANATOMY OF A VIRUS

Scoring a "first" in the search for knowledge about viruses, scientists at The New York Blood Center and the California Institute of Technology have identified a protein on the surface of the hepatitis B virus that is the binding site where it attaches to a receptor and invades a liver cell. They proved their discovery by constructing a synthetic version of the protein that attached itself to liver cells in the same way, blocking entry by the virus. The researchers, led by A. Robert Neurath, Ph.D., and Stephen B. H. Kent, Ph.D., are applying this knowledge to find the corresponding receptor site on the virus's target cell. Such new knowledge about how and where viruses infect healthy cells provides a powerful tool for eventual control of viral diseases.

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hAIR NOW

Modern haircut "test"... salon news...help for grey

SWEPT AWAY

"Test" of a modern cut: pulling hair up, in seconds, as the model does, inset right, having it look as polished as the style does, above; by Christiaan.

SALON ART *We've all been video-ed, rock-music-ed enough in salons, so what makes a visit to NYC's Les Copains special: their changing art exhibits —stimulus for the mind, soothing for the emotions, and a very much welcome "time out."*

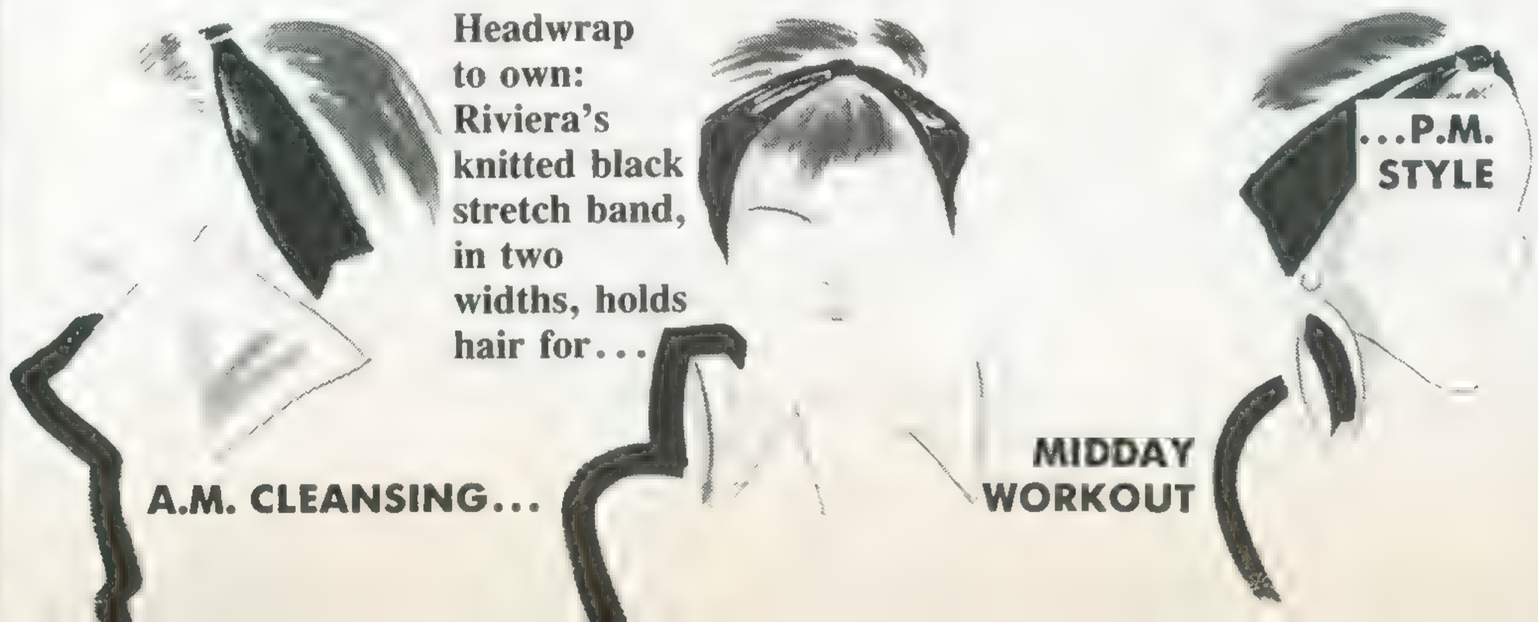
COLOR CHARGE

New brightening treatments "warm up" hair without lightening color. At Nubest & Co., Manhasset, NY, colorist Leland Hirsch finger-combs semi-permanent tints into hair—in golden red to auburn tones—around face, on hair ends...More shine: "color bath"—a mix of vegetable/plant dyes plus conditioners—at David Daines, NYC.

grey hair boost

Overuse of blow dryers or curling irons can give grey hair a yellowish cast; if this is a problem, hair can be tinted to "mask" the yellow. (This non-peroxide process can be repeated every few weeks, notes Carmen Rossi at Sergio Valente Salon, NYC). To cover grey, go one or two shades *lighter* than your natural color. Because grey hair tends to be dry, coarse, frequent conditioning is a must.

Top photo, ARTHUR ELGORT. Makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Inset, DENIS PIEL. Hair, Ezel for Bumble & Bumble. Sketches, RODGER DUNCAN



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mind health

Walking the blues away . . . sex and scary movies . . . Rx: letting go. BY CAROL TAVRIS

THE POWER OF THE "POSSIBLE SELF"

Some women imagine their possibilities and never act on them. Others imagine their possibilities and are guided by them. Simone de Beauvoir observed that for the passive woman, "the inscrutable future is haunted by phantoms.... [In] her imagination all possibilities have equal reality."

Hazel Markus, Ph.D., of the University of Michigan, and Paula Nurius, Ph.D., of the University of Washington, argue that we all are profoundly affected by our beliefs about "the selves we could become, and the selves we are afraid of becoming." The ideal self might be successful, creative, rich, or admired; the dreaded self might be alone, incompetent, alcoholic, or unemployed.

Possible selves guide one's future course and provide a context of meaning for one's current actions. For example, the self-description "I am fifty pounds overweight" tells us little about a woman, unless we know whether her possible self is "I could be very thin," "I will always be heavy," or "I am what I desire to be." Likewise, the meaning of "I am poorly paid" has different consequences depending on whether it is paired with a destitute potential or an affluent one. Possible selves guide everything from choice of perfumes to choice of jobs, perhaps even more than one's current self-concept does.

The "possible self" explains why behavior that seems irrational to an observer might in fact be highly rational to the individual: the person is acting on a private dream, or fear, of what might be. To know someone well, Markus's and Nurius's work implies, it is not enough to ask "Who are you?" but "Whom is it possible for you to become?"

THE JOY OF WALKING

Our moods affect the way we walk—but does the way we walk affect our moods? According to Sara E. Snodgrass, Ph.D., and associates at Skidmore College, the answer is yes. Using the pretext that they were studying the effect of activity on heart rate, the researchers directed seventy-nine volunteers to walk in one of three ways: (1) as they naturally do, (2) taking long brisk strides, swinging their arms, and holding their heads up, or (3) taking short strides, watching their feet, and shuffling.

Of the three walking groups, the shufflers became the most depressed and most fatigued; the natural walkers and the brisk walkers felt more cheerful and vigorous. Snodgrass and her associates cannot say whether the reason is physiological (a peppy walk pumps up the heart rate and may thus feel invigorating) or a psychological reading of a physical state (as if the unconscious mind deduced, "if I'm walking this briskly, it must be because I'm happy"). But it does suggest, the researchers say, that "when we feel down, we can brighten our moods by purposefully walking with vigor."

"SPECIAL EFFECTS": THE REAL APPEAL OF HORROR MOVIES

I have long had a theory about the popularity of ghoulish horror movies among teenagers: such movies allow girls to play the Defenseless Terrified Female, with a reason to leap, metaphorically, into their boyfriends' laps, while boys get to play the Masterful Protector, with a reason to fondle the helpless girlfriend. My theory was based merely on personal experience as a former adolescent, so I am delighted to report that experimental evidence confirms it.

Dolf Zillman, Ph.D., and his colleagues at Indiana University had undergraduates watch a horror movie in the presence of students of the opposite sex. The companion was instructed to react either with indifference, with squirms and squeals of distress, or with "mastery of anxiety" (for example, by cheering on the heroine when she bashes the killer in the head with an ax). Then all the students rated their enjoyment of the movie and of their companion.

Overall, the men liked the horror movie more than the women did, but they liked it best in the presence of a Distressed Female and least in the company of a fear-mastering woman. The women, conversely, enjoyed the horror movie most in the company of a Masterful Male (indeed, men they formerly thought unappealing grew in attractiveness if they stoically controlled their squeamishness); and the women liked the movie least in the company of a distressed male. The real script for a horror movie, it seems, is played by members of the audience—who are faithfully rehearsing those old sexual roles.

WHY EMOTIONS DEFY CONTROL

Anyone who has ever tried to banish an uninvited thought knows how hard it is to erase her mental "tape" of worries, unhappy memories, or unwished-for obsessions. "In trying repeatedly to avoid a thought," says Daniel M. Wegner, Ph.D., of Trinity University in Texas, "the person processes the thought frequently"—unconsciously rehearsing it and making it more accessible to the conscious mind. Also, efforts to distract oneself may actually create a mental link between the unwanted thought and the distracting ones.
Thus the very effort to suppress a memory, Wegner speculates, may have the opposite effect of increasing the likelihood that the memory will recur.
The difficulty of suppressing thoughts is matched by the difficulty of suppressing emotions. "Emotional leakage" often occurs when a person tries to mask a feeling for the sake of social niceties or as an intentional lie.
Bella M. DePaulo, Ph.D., of the University of Virginia, has been studying garden-variety liars (not professionals for whom deception is part of a job), and finds that when people are most highly motivated to deceive, they are most likely to be found out—they "leak" their true emotions in their facial expressions, body language, and voices. (Of course, she adds, people whose work requires concealing true feelings will "rise to the occasion" when self-mastery is important.)
How can people control unwished-for thoughts and painful memories?
This question is important in coping with life's minor irritations as well as its major losses or traumas, which can produce obsessions that persist for decades. To answer this question, Roxane L. Silver, Ph.D., of the University of Waterloo in Canada, and Ann Sharp, a doctoral candidate at the University of Connecticut, have been studying widows and parents whose babies died suddenly. Silver and Sharp find that persistent ruminations are associated with greater distress and slower recovery from tragedy. The most successful method of blocking unwanted thoughts was not "thinking of something else"—though that method works for some—but becoming involved in an absorbing activity that is physically or intellectually demanding. In other words, diversion may be the better part of valor.

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SHAPE-UP NOW

upper-back pain

A growing complaint among active women, today, is upper-back pain. What contributes to it: bad posture, stress, carrying a shoulder bag on one side for long periods, as well as some types of exercise. "Although exercise can be one of the best ways to stretch and strengthen back muscles, performed incorrectly, upper-body exercises can exacerbate an upper-back problem, as can lifting a too-heavy weight," says Valery Lanyi, M.D., New York University Medical Center. "Always keep shoulder muscles relaxed during exercise, as tight muscles tire more quickly, are more likely to experience post-exercise pain. Avoid bouncing, jarring movements; wear cushioned shoes to help reduce impact." If the problem persists, see a doctor.

Back pain update . . .
exercise program reviews . . .
do you and your bike "fit"?

PROGRAM REVIEWS

Several criteria make video/audio/computer exercise programs good ones: verbal/visual instructions, expert advice, production quality. And the program must suit your needs (and be checked with your doctor first). Fitness expert Jack Wilmore, Ph.D., reviewed these programs . . . **COMPUTER** *James F. Fixx, The Running Program* (Meca) is an impressive guide for runners of all levels. It details training and nutritional data, giving graphic displays of a month's activity to help "track" progress . . . **VIDEO** *29-Minute Workout for the Entire Family* (Goodtimes Home Video Corp.) makes little attempt to give instruction on correct technique that would make this tape safer, more enjoyable.

BIKE FIT . . .

is just one informative chapter of *Indoor Cycling* (Doubleday), which details training basics, technique. Because "fit" is crucial to avoiding indoor-bike injury, keep in mind: • Arm/leg length, not height, determine fit. • Hands should reach handlebars without straining. • Seat should be high enough to have leg straight, knee unlocked, when foot is on pedal at the bottom of its cycle. • Don't wear anything that can get caught in the pedal or chain.

KING: Hair, Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David, makeup, Marc Schaeffer. OMO Norma Kamali bathing suit Details, last pages

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horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

January's Astrological Weather: The new year begins on a happy note. For the first three weeks Cancer and Aries love one another. Taurus and Scorpio love their good life, Pisces thrives on Gemini's attention, and Capricorn plays to the Virgos in the crowd. Winter's chill sets in when Venus meets up with gloomy Saturn on the 24th. Then, Libra is dominated by Sagittarius or unnerved by Aquarius, and Leo heads south for the sun.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19 The holiday party spirit continues through the first two weeks as friends, neighbors, and siblings can't seem to do anything without you. However, don't let anyone talk you into a trip over the weekend of the 17th—careless Mars makes traveling too risky for you. Instead, focus on the following weekend, which presents a variety of romantic possibilities. As the month ends and career decisions loom large, try to keep yourself from becoming embroiled, yet again, in the same old power struggles at work.

AQUARIUS January 20–February 18 Ironically, it's primarily through your involvement in charitable and civic organizations that you'll encounter the best opportunities to increase your own income this month. Jupiter makes sure that you're in the appropriate places and associating with the right people on the 9th, 11th, and 23rd. During the last weeks, as amicable Venus softens hard hearts, attempts to reconcile differences with a close friend will be painless. That's also the time your experimental Uranus ruler challenges another authority figure.

PISCES February 19–March 20 Your reputation as a bona fide idealist actually works to your advantage this month. While your professional skills are extolled by your peers, it is Jupiter, protecting your sign, that raises your position in the community on the 9th. Employing Venus's seductive charms might soothe that savage beast of a boss around the 24th, but as the month ends, guard against the urge to overstep the bounds of conventional office behavior. Overconfidence at that time results in costly mistakes.

ARIES March 21–April 19 Your new year gets off to a wonderful start as Venus favors you with two weeks of nonstop romantic attention and emotional satisfaction. Because your adventurous Mars ruler enters Aries on the 8th, there's a greater chance that your dream of walking on a tropical beach will turn into a reality. But be careful how you tread the fine line between fantasy and fact around the 20th—the Neptunian tendency to overstate your contribution at work might lead to a direct confrontation with your supervisor. As the month ends, pay attention to your partner.

TAURUS April 20–May 20 An interesting assortment of professional peers and novel social situations keeps you and your spouse entertained for the first three weeks. Then your playful Venus ruler, constrained by Saturn's conservatism on the 24th, heightens your anxiety over a financial matter or isolates you from your friends. Because you'll be susceptible to an erratic and highly rebellious Uranian influence as the month ends, be wary of doing something so outrageous and ultimately so expensive that you confound even your sympathetic soul mate.

GEMINI May 21–June 21 In the first week, when your judgment is swayed by impressionable Neptune, you're liable to be caught up in someone else's lie at work. Be thankful that the realistic Capricorn sun presents an opportunity in the second week to utilize your business acumen to considerable personal advantage. Only if you let your head rule your heart will you enjoy the provocative elements flirtatious Venus brings to your marriage in the last week. Otherwise, these sudden emotional fluctuations could really depress you.

CANCER June 22–July 22 A ski slope in Gstaad would be the ideal backdrop for the romantic adventure awaiting you in the first half of the month, but any exotic environment—a Mexican restaurant, a foreign film festival—will do. As an influential person becomes more involved in your business dealings, the public may become aware of your accomplishments around the Cancer full moon on the 15th. During the last week, displaying your artistic talent might alter the status quo at work. Be especially sensitive to a co-worker's precarious position. *(Continued on page 86)*

Dancing instructor Ms. Howland lit up a cigarette after showing Mr. Eaton a few new steps.

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 84)

LEO July 23–August 22 While lucky Jupiter is on your side for the first ten days, you can finally secure a home improvement loan or select the best long-term investment plan. A New Year's fitness program will be most effective if begun the week of the 12th; that's when Mercury (your mind) meets the sun (your willpower) in your health house to help you set attainable goals. Contradictory impulses in the last week play havoc with your affections—the same person who disappoints you on the 24th can excite you on the 31st when you're ready for unusual pleasures.

VIRGO August 23–September 22 Now that your concern over family matters is somewhat abated, you can be more alert to the subtle opportunities that arise in the first three weeks to increase your salary or the return on your investments. Creative ideas are best implemented when your insightful Mercury ruler joins forces with the practical Capricorn sun the week of the 12th. An easy rapport between the sexes encourages a free exchange of opinions, so both you and your spouse will be equally pleased when you choose something beautiful for the house at the end of the month.

LIBRA September 23–October 22 The markedly improved atmosphere at work this month enables you to increase your productivity, and very possibly your salary, without spending time and energy playing office politics. Because Mars is in your opposite sign of Aries, a male co-worker could become a true ally instead of just a friendly rival. Pursue artistic interests over the weekend of the 24th when you're most sensitive to form and beauty. A devil-may-care attitude could lead to a romantic encounter with a neighbor.

SCORPIO October 23–November 21 Once your Mars co-ruler enters adventurous Aries on the 8th, your love life becomes fun again. But if you have blindly believed everything your lover professes, echoes of past deceit could come back to haunt you the weekend of the 17th. A financial matter that appears to have reached a standstill on the 24th may suddenly pay off on the 31st. That's also when the periodic power struggle between you and a sibling could interfere with a romantic weekend. Insure peace by leaving town.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21 After lovely Venus enters Sagittarius on the 7th, a healthier self-image helps you make the most of your outward appearance. Midmonth welcomes the first of the financial rewards you so richly deserve for paying such diligent attention to the details of everyone else's life. A show of emotional support from the family will be merely icing on this cake. However, as the month ends, there's danger that your enthusiasm will exceed your resources; and, once again, you'll make promises you can't possibly keep. ▽

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FITNESS NOW

New findings affect women's exercise, diet, health

WOMEN AND EXERCISE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The 1986 annual meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine (ACSM) featured news on women's fitness issues. Here, highlights of the meeting, reported by Jack Wilmore, Ph.D., professor, physical and health education, University of Texas at Austin . . .*

WALKING BENEFITS

Are you tired of jogging, swimming, or cycling to increase or maintain your present fitness level? Good news! Studies indicate that **fast or brisk walking** can increase your fitness level if you have been inactive or only moderately active. Even better: brisk walking also was able to increase highly conditioned individuals' heart rates to levels that would at least maintain, if not increase, fitness. Because walking puts considerably less stress on bones and joints than many other aerobic activities and requires no more "equipment" than a good pair of walking shoes, it is a good choice for women of any age.

If you want to increase the number of calories you burn while you are walking, you may want to invest in a pair of light hand weights. One study found that exercisers who swung their arms back and forth in a three-and-one-half foot arc while holding three-pound hand weights during walking boosted their oxygen uptake by as much as *155 percent*. Investigators speculate that not only can you increase calorie burn-off by pumping hand-held weights: you may also increase the aerobic benefits of walking as well.

Speaking of calories, experts who examined three-day diet histories and activity records, body-fat content, and endurance capacity of gymnasts and distance runners found both groups consumed insufficient calories to support their training levels. Over 50 percent of the gymnasts also had inadequate intakes (less than 75 percent of the Recommended Daily Allowance) of calcium, iron; vitamins B_1, B_2, and A. More than half the runners were deficient in calcium, iron, and vitamin A.

WEIGHT-LOSS KEY: DIET AND EXERCISE

How important is physical activity for those trying to lose weight? The conclusion of a study that rated hunger during and after exercise: that higher intensity exercise (performed at 60 percent of aerobic capacity) seems to blunt or attenuate appetite to a greater degree than less intense exercise, perhaps because body temperature is elevated slightly above normal. These findings are consistent with the fact that we feel less hungry when we have a fever, or when it is very hot and humid.

Report of a year-long study which looked at **the effects of diet alone, exercise alone, and a combination of exercise and diet** in facilitating weight loss (in men and women between 25 and 45 years of age, all of whom were at least 20 percent above ideal body weight): During the first three months, the diet group lost 19 pounds, those who exercised and dieted lost 15 pounds; the exercise group lost only 2 pounds. (The exercise was largely self-supervised and consisted primarily of walking.) At the end of 12 months, however, the diet group had regained 2 pounds, the diet/exercise group lost an additional 6 pounds, and the exercise group lost an additional 9 pounds. The conclusion: **the combined diet/exercise provided the most effective treatment for weight loss.**

Experts also found that women who are aerobically active before pregnancy return to pre-pregnancy weight faster, start walking and doing other aerobic activities sooner after delivery, and have babies with fewer upper respiratory problems.

WHAT'S YOUR "BEST" WEIGHT?

With overweight and weight loss the focus of millions of Americans, many of us have been concerned with trying to identify our "best" weight, for health and appearance. The "hot" fitness topic: the accuracy of the bioelectric impedance technique being proclaimed as the most "accurate" of existing high-tech techniques for assessing body composition (or the percentage of your body weight that is fat). For most systems, two electrodes are placed on your wrists and two on your ankles, a small current is passed through the body, and a reading is taken, which is said to correlate with body composition. Do these bioelectric systems work? Results are mixed: it appears that simple skin-fold fat thicknesses provide about the same degree of accuracy as the bioelectric impedance technique, and the skin-fold procedure is much less expensive.

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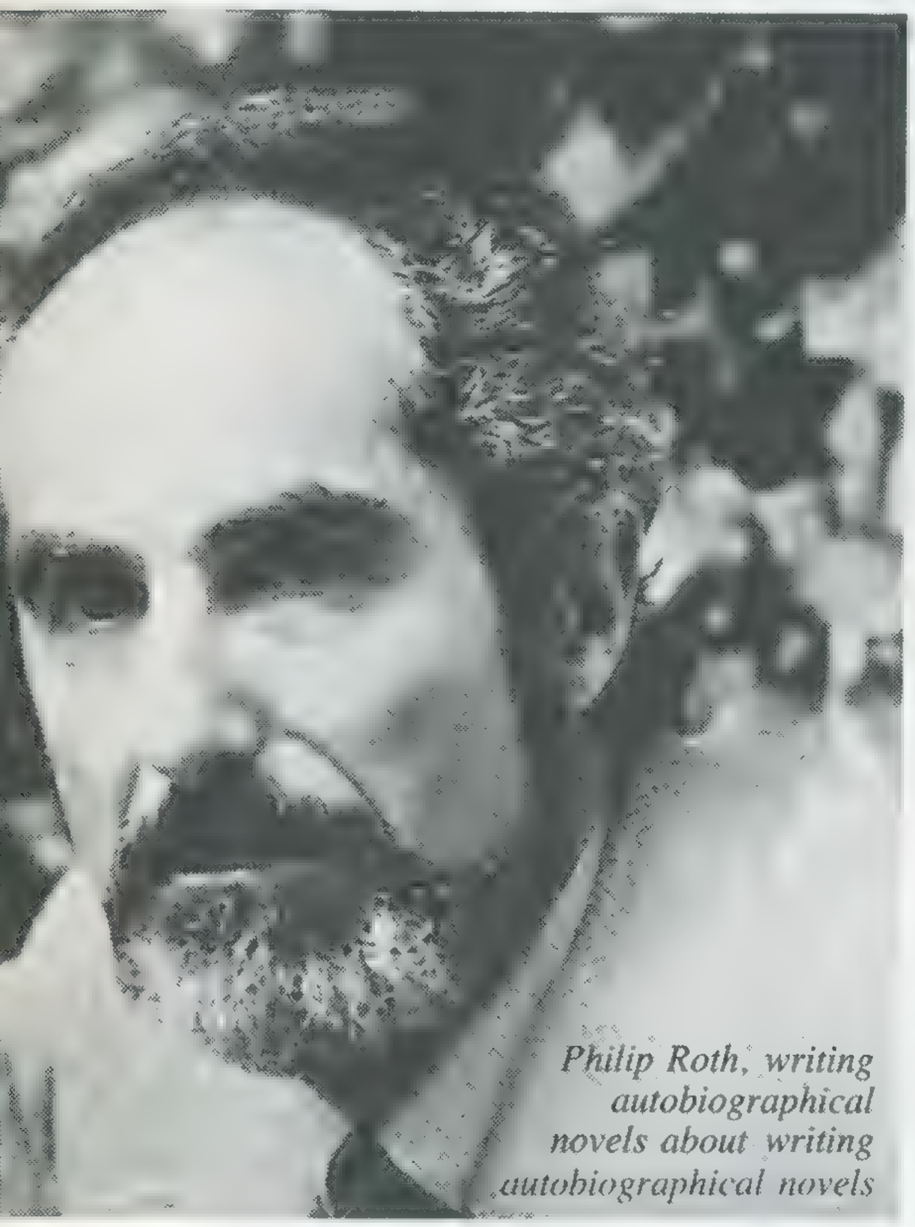
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT books



Philip Roth, writing autobiographical novels about writing autobiographical novels

THE HEARTS OF MEN
Who knows what shadows lurk . . .

By EDMUND WHITE

As Yeats said, "Give me a mask and I'll tell you the truth." Philip Roth's *The Counterlife* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is about his fictional counterpart Nathan Zuckerman's maddening habit of turning intimates into characters and their most private feelings into "material."

Roth has investigated Zuckerman's penchant for snitching in four earlier books—which Martin Amis has called "autobiographical novels about the consequences of writing autobiographical novels." But by burrowing still deeper into Zuckerman's obsessions, Roth has come up with a brilliant new twist: his subject matter dictates his form. For instance, he gives three incompatible versions of Zuckerman's brother's life. Henry, a middle-aged New Jersey dentist, is on beta-blockers, which control his heart disease but make him impotent. So that he can get back to *shtupping* his dental hygienist, Wendy, he submits to delicate bypass surgery—and dies.

That's version one. In version two, Henry survives the surgery and travels to Israel, where he becomes a militant nationalist. In version three, Henry is still the happy dentist, healthy and potent and guilty of only one indiscretion, a long-ago affair. Then Nathan dies of heart surgery designed to restore *his* sexual powers. After the funeral Henry snoops through Nathan's files and finds the entire novel, *The Counterlife*, as we've read it up to now, including the (true) revelation of Henry's one infidelity and the (false) accusation about the extremely oral dental hygienist.

The mutually exclusive versions, the deployment of example and counterexample, life and *Counterlife*, the migration of motives and events from one character to another—all these devices could have been just tiresome, old-fashioned. But Roth has given these sterile postmodernist tricks a reason for existing. As Nathan writes to Henry, "The treacherous imagination is everybody's maker—we are all the invention of each other, everybody a conjuration conjuring up everyone else. We are all each other's authors."

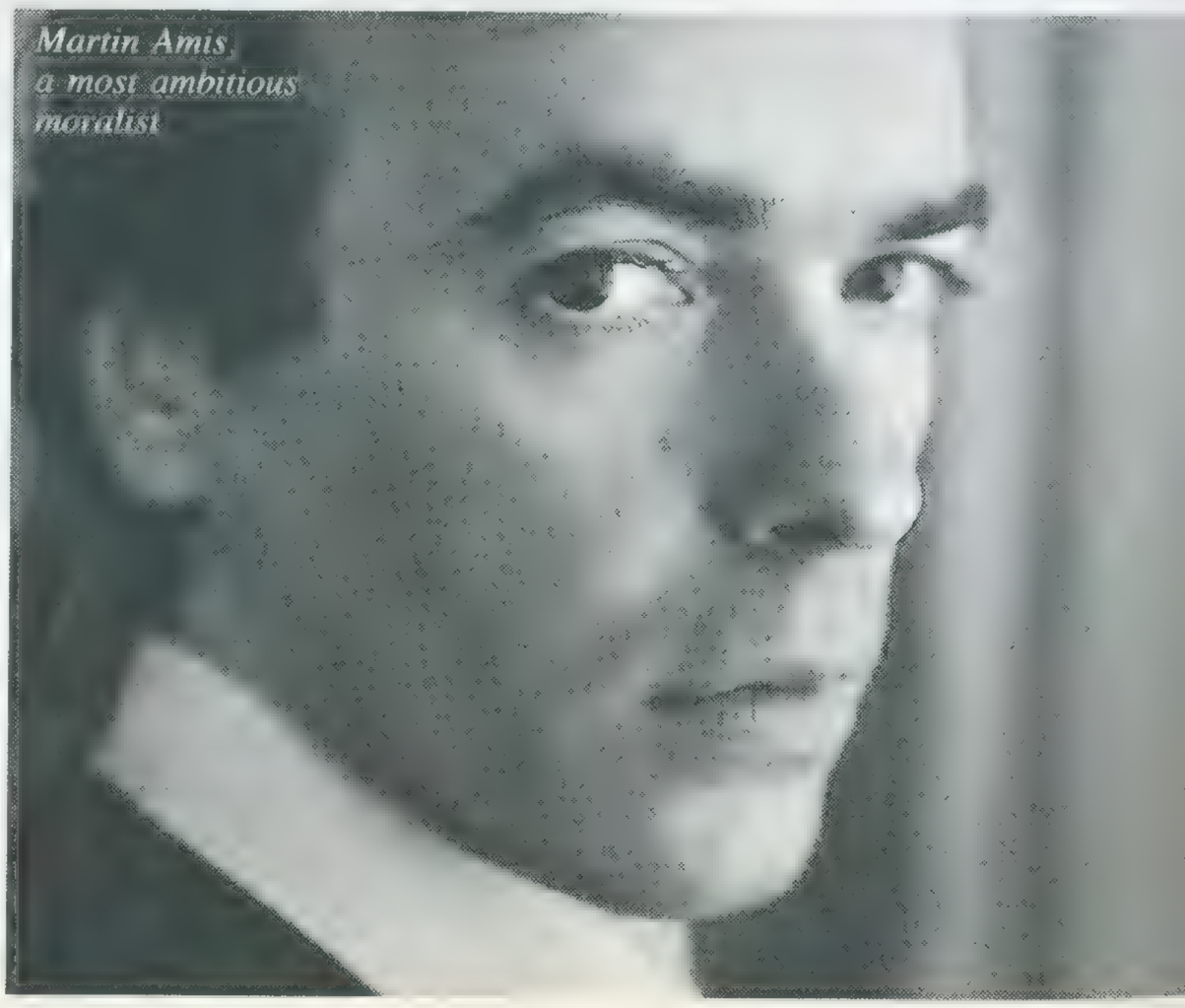
Woven into these questions of identity are more searching questions about *Jewish* identity. A liberal Israeli intellectual pokes fun at American Jewish tourists, but this urbane voice is played off against the equally convincing Mordecai Lippmann, who argues that Gentiles despise Jews no matter what they do—assimilate or clan together, live everywhere as homeless cosmopolites or retreat into the Fortress Israel. Given this no-win situation, Jews must endure their critics just to survive.

I think I remember hearing Saul Bellow give a lecture in which he asserted that the true novel of ideas is one in which the author lends all his eloquence not only to defending his own beliefs but also to attacking them. He quoted approvingly a letter in which Dostoevsky, while composing *The Brothers Karamazov*, said he'd just given such powerful arguments to his ideological foe in the book, Father Zosima, that he was afraid he couldn't come up with something equally good for his side. By such standards Roth has written an extraordinary book of ideas, one of the most passionately argued we have had in years, albeit one that is almost *neuralgic* in its relentlessness.

Martin Amis, perhaps the most ambitious English novelist working now, naturally looks in *The Moronic Inferno* (Viking), a collection of essays, toward the leading American practitioners of his art for examples to follow and avoid. At the top of the emulate category is Saul Bellow, who provides Amis with his title. (When a character in Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift* discovers his Mercedes demolished by baseball bats, he remarks: "Now the moronic inferno had caught up with me.") Unlike some critics who feel that Bellow has recently fallen into an old man's grumbling against the decay of humanist values, Amis gives highest marks to what he calls "Late Bellow"—*The Dean's December*, and the stories *Him With His Foot in His Mouth*.

Philip Roth comes lower on the list because he lacks a capacity for pleasure; Updike is characterized as a "cinematographer" with a glossy style and "frictionless" content. In Joan Didion's fiction Amis detects two sorts of people: "The 'bad' characters are movie people who drink and take drugs to excess, sleep with one another a lot, and don't go crazy. The 'good' characters are movie people who drink and take drugs to excess, sleep with one another a lot, and do go crazy." Norman Mailer, as usual, comes at the bottom of the pile as a fool and a fraud.

Certainly Amis's evaluations are not disinterested. Like many *(Continued on page 96)*



Martin Amis, a most ambitious moralist

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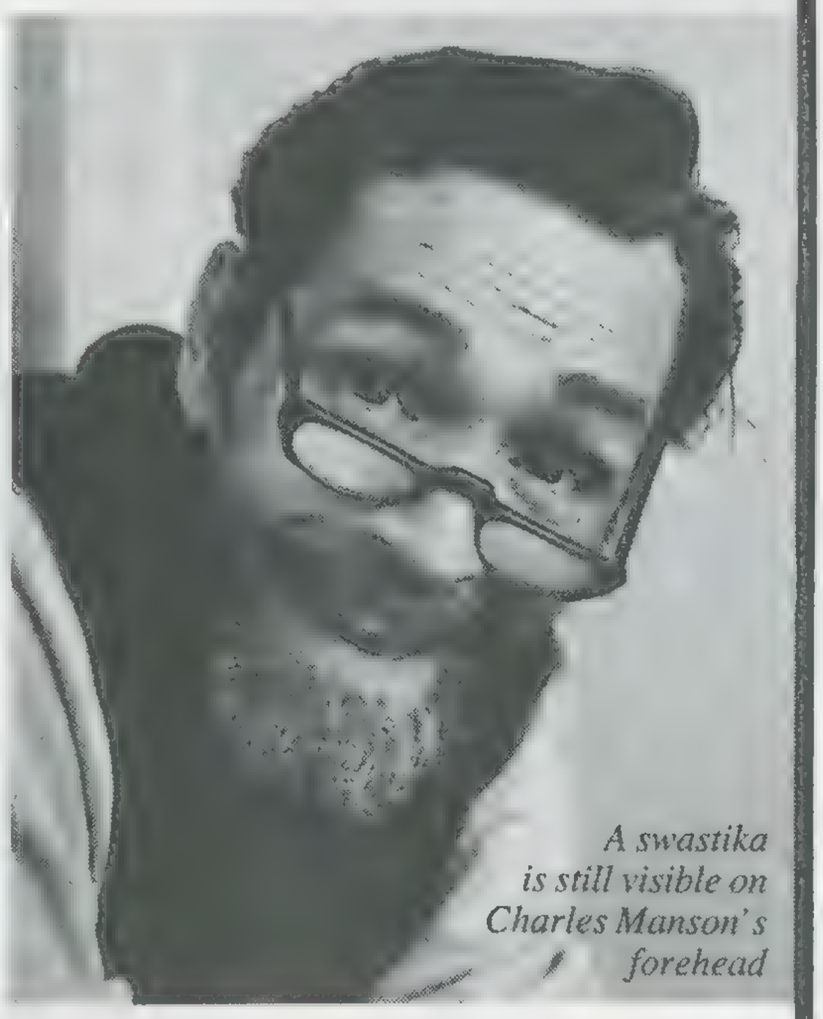
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

(Continued from page 94) a novelist, he is honoring a revered model (Bellow) and deliberately misreading a rival (Roth). Although Amis's style is richer than Roth's, both men are moralists. The difference is that Roth is more vitally situated at the exact center of reciprocal moral tensions (the claims of art versus love, the mystical appeal of the Jewish tradition versus the worldly allure of assimilation), whereas Amis, in his most recent novel, the bravura *Money*, can look down from the height of a good classical education at the vulgar eructations of his grubby and hilarious hero.

If Roth multiplies the possible fates of his characters, Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935), the most renowned Portugese poet of this century, divided himself into several different writers by some weird principle of poetic mitosis. One of his first invented selves, or "heteronyms," was the fictitious shepherd Alberto Caeiro, and it is Caeiro's sequence of



A swastika is still visible on Charles Manson's forehead

"Hey, even *Charlie's Angels* is a take-off on me and my girls"

nineteen poems, *The Keeper of Sheep*, which Edwin Honig and Susan M. Brown have translated into English for the first time, published (appropriately enough) by The Sheep Meadow Press.

Maybe Pessoa's own life was too tame for him. After an uneventful childhood in South Africa, Pessoa moved to Lisbon. There he became a commercial correspondent in French and English, a repressed homosexual, and a discreet alcoholic.

He toyed for a long time with the idea of writing bucolic poems but didn't get anywhere. Then, as he later explained in a letter:

> "One day—it was March 8, 1914—I went over to a high desk, and taking a piece of paper, began to write.... some thirty poems, one after another, in a sort of ecstasy, the nature of which I am unable to define. It was the triumphant day of my life, and never will there be another like it. I began with the title, "The Keeper of Sheep." What followed was the appearance of someone in me to whom I immediately gave the name Alberto Caeiro....Once Alberto Caeiro had appeared, I instinctively and subconsciously tried to find disciples for him. Out of his false paganism I plucked the latent Ricardo Reis; I discovered the name and adapted it to him, because I had already *seen* him at that time. And suddenly, both stemming from and opposed to Ricardo Reis, there impetuously arose in me a new individual. At once and on the typewriter, without interruption or correction, there surged up the Triumphal Ode of Álvaro de Campos, the ode of that title along with the man of that name....It's as if it all happened independently of me."

Alberto Caeiro, Ricardo Reis, and Álvaro de Campos were the primary heteronyms. Reis was almost stuffy in his perfectionism—"Reis writes better than I but with a purity which I consider exaggerated," Pessoa remarked. Campos is a Futurist who worships and hates the machine, a rebel who lives among vagrants and despises them, a master of negativity whose work is useful, as one critic said, because it "undisciplines the spirit."

If Campos is negative, Caeiro is so positive he's beyond assertion. He's a rustic who doesn't interpret nature but rather accepts it with Whitmanian jubilation. In one part of *The Keeper of Sheep*, the Christ Child escapes from heaven and hides out with Caeiro. He behaves as any kid might. He reminded me of the infant Jesus in the painting by Max Ernst, a squalling brat held upside down by the feet and spanked by the red-faced Virgin.

Writers have the rare privilege of inventing evil doubles and confining their misdeeds to the page. But most people are forced to act out their hostility in real life, and few of them own up to the consequences. Charles Manson is surely a prize monster, but in Nuel Emmons' *Manson: In His Own Words* (Grove), he never admits to an evil thought, even though he was responsible for eight brutal murders in the Los Angeles area during the summer of 1969. (His best known victims were hairstylist Jay Sebring and actress *(Continued on page 98)*

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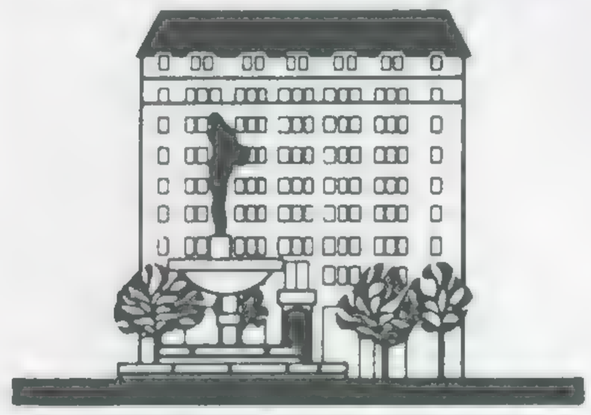

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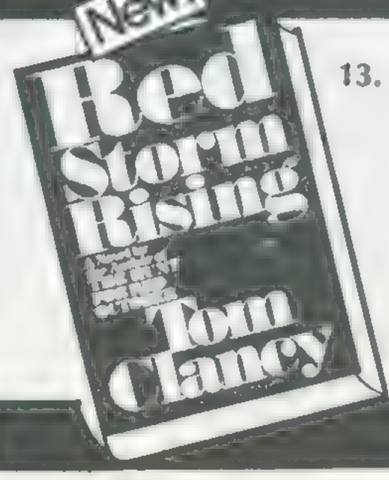

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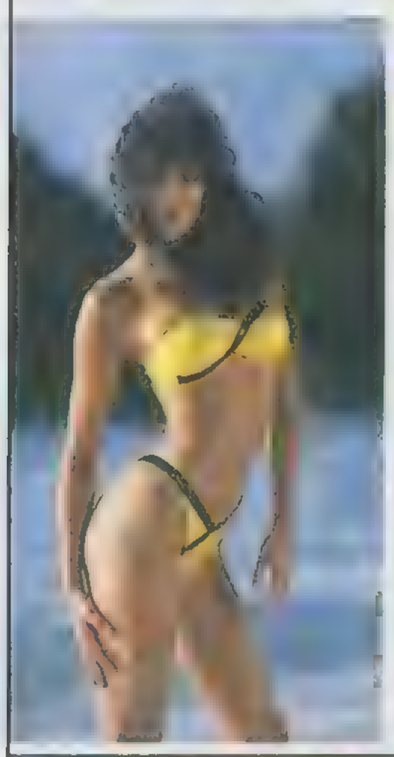

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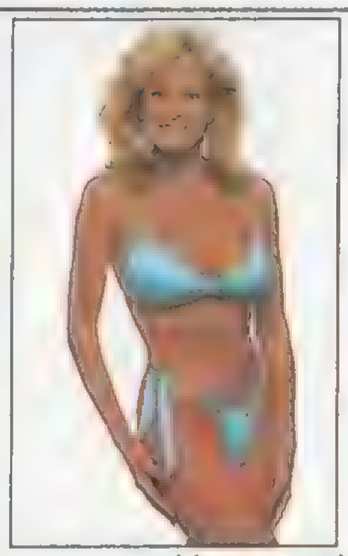

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(Continued from page 96) Sharon Tate. And so emerged the infamous, and apocryphal, story of agent Sue Mengers—Barbra Streisand: "They're killing people in the Business!" Mengers: "Don't worry, Doll, they're not going after Stars, just Featured Players.")

Nuel Emmons met Manson in the 'fifties, when both men were doing a stint in the clink. They met again in 1960 at another penitentiary. In 1979 Emmons, by now a free-lance journalist, wrote Manson and asked to interview him. Manson agreed, and over a period of six years and hundreds of hours, his side of the story emerged—free of remorse, stunningly grandiose ("Hey, *Charlie's Angels* on TV is even a take-off on me and my girls").

His story is the classic tale of the little guy (five feet five inches, one hundred fifteen pounds), fatherless and abandoned early on by his mother, herself a part-time jailbird. He was first confined to a reform school when he was twelve. As a teen behind bars, Manson had sex with other guys, but dreamed of being a Sunset Strip pimp idolized by whores who'd "turn out" for him. When he was released, he never had much luck. His "broads," he confessed, were dumb and homely. After a year and nine months of freedom, Charlie was arrested for attempting to cash a stolen government check for $37.50.

It was 1967 when Manson was released, and he'd changed. He'd learned to play the guitar, and he'd picked up some "philosophy"—hypnotism, Scientology. He'd also mastered the hippie rhetoric: love and peace and freedom to do your own thing.

Manson hung out in the Haight. He was a sort of guru into music and group sex and Scientology, and the young women he seduced were his chicks rebelling against square parents. Acid—almost daily trips—lent profundity to Charlie's words of wisdom.

Fueled by hallucinogens, caught up in delusions of group invincibility, plagued by money worries, Charlie's Angels turned into devils. Tex Watson, one of Manson's followers, was arrested for the drug-related murder of dealer Gary Hinman, and Charlie's tripping chicks decided to stage fresh murders while Tex was in jail, to lead the cops into thinking the murderer was still free. They chose Sharon Tate's house strictly at random, and later were shocked to learn from the papers that she was a celebrity.

The gang prepared for a last stand. As Manson laments, "gearing for combat, building awareness by promoting hate and distrust, it was hard to continue practicing love and playing music as we once did. Even our sex became more of an angered lust than the natural free-flowing pleasure of love and togetherness." The most shocking aspect of this book is that Manson is so seductive that the reader is soon lulled into seeing things his way. Although the writing is pedestrian, the book is disturbingly hypnotic—a great con man's ultimate con. ▽

TWO FACES OF MOM

When bad mothers happen to good novels

BY GAIL LUMET BUCKLEY

"*Everybody*'s mother is a star," an analyst friend of mine once said. Mom is the center of our childhood world, the face looming over the crib, like a giant image on a too-close movie screen. And mother/daughter relationships are currently being examined in a spate of new and not-so-new novels. Why now? Possibly women's liberation has come full circle—back to the womb is the only place to go. *Anywhere But Here* (Knopf), by Mona Simpson, and *Enchantment* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich), by Daphne Merkin, are first novels about young women symbiotically attached to their mothers. Both heroines have "missing" fathers; both are obsessed with the idea of "good" versus "bad" mothers; and both feel uprooted from their spiritual backgrounds—Simpson's heroine adrift in Beverly Hills from the Catholic Midwest, and Merkin's heroine loose on Park Avenue from her European Jewish ancestry. And, most important, both are fixated on childhood memories. In their narcissistic preoccupations, they confirm the notion that only children, or psychologically lonely ones, store up more memories than other children, perhaps as a hedge against loneliness.

But here resemblances end. *Anywhere But Here* is an amazing novel. Mona Simpson joins those female literary stars—Colette, Willa Cather—whose voices are uniquely recognizable, always their own. While Daphne Merkin is an acute observer and a sympathetic writer, *Enchantment* pales when compared to Simpson's novel.

Anywhere But Here is as rich and complicated a novel as the cakes and pies its women are constantly baking. The women are Ann, the heroine, a wise and unchildlike only child; Adele, her "bad" mother; and Lillian and Carol, her "good" grandmother and aunt. ("Good" women are *rooted*, predictable, calm. They stick to the old "men must work, women must weep" values. "Bad" women are as impulsive as Eve, as changeable as the moon.) Adele represents the classically dark side of femininity. She is emotional, dissembling, unfaithful, spendthrift, disorderly, vain, greedy, and *so* rootless that she marries an Egyptian—Ann's runaway father.

Ann is her mother's prisoner—locked against her will into cars, hotel rooms, and tiny one-bedroom apartments. Ann is also a prisoner of her childhood, constantly struggling for freedom. And Adele lets her taste the dangers of liberty—by lying about having tuberculosis and cancer, by threatening suicide, and by pushing Ann out of cars onto roads and highways, leaving her temporarily stranded.

Adele is, in many ways, a certain kind of mid-century American woman: pretty, spoiled, fantasizing—in need of a man for identity. An aimlessly delinquent parent, she lightly encourages truancy, theft, falsehood, bad eating and sleeping habits, and sexual exhibitionism in her daughter. She tries to make Ann an accomplice in her infidelity to her second husband. Worst of all, she gives Ann too many choices. Should they run away to California? Should they leave the kindly stepfather? Sometimes only clothes make the difference as to who is the child and who is the adult. It is Simpson's incredible skill that keeps Adele—who is, truly, a monster—both human and vulnerable.

Anywhere But Here is told in flashbacks and from the shifting points of view of Ann, Lillian, and Carol. (The Lillian and Carol sections soar in elegiac simplicity.) Adele speaks for herself only at the very end—in a kind of coda—when she has taken on the language of a 1970s Ram Dass groupie ("Go with the flow"). But underneath the pseudoserenity is the coiled spring of madness. *Anywhere But Here* is a perfectly orchestrated work, everything leading to this finale—the "instinctive" woman in all her terribleness.

Hannah, the heroine of *Enchantment*, is (unlike *Anywhere But Here*'s wise-child Ann) only a *(Continued on page 100)*

Daphne Merkin (left) and Mona Simpson: back to the womb

DEBORAH FEINGOLD Details, last pages

Gail Lumet Buckley *is the author of "The Hornes: An American Family."*

Judy Carter Howells, 42,
mother, independent marketing
consultant and expert downhill skier.

Tish Hooker, 47,
mother, interior designer
and marathon race walker.

Interesting lives
create expression lines.

Firmant des Rides

eases the lines away.

GERMAINE
MONTEIL

macy's

(Continued from page 98) nominal adult; she sees and feels nothing beyond her own curiously infantile needs. Unlike Ann, Hannah does not long to escape the prison of mother-love; she craves a life sentence. She has never had *enough* of the "orange juice" of maternal attention. But then Hannah is a born masochist—spankings are her specific pleasure—and she takes grim joy in obsessive rumination over unhappy childhood memories. As she is one of six children in a rich Orthodox German-Jewish New York City family, her loneliness seems psychologically self-induced. (In the landscape of her childish memory, only two clichéd black maids do not inflict pain.) Even Hannah's "bad" mother, Margot, recognizes her daughter's unmistakable *need* to suffer.

Margot *is* a "bad" mother—but a very different sort of monster woman than *Anywhere But Here*'s Adele. Her daughter sees her alternately as a lioness feeding on raw meat (Adele also liked blood-red steak) and a prison-camp commandant. Margot is unmoved by human suffering, at least in the shape of childhood tears. And there is never any doubt in her family as to who is the adult and who is the child. Unlike Adele, who offered her child too many choices, Margot gives her children none; they simply obey orders. Like Adele, however, Margot is most terrifying in the inconstancy of her affection. But Hannah is such a self-dramatizer that one comes to rather admire the terrible Margot—a woman who chooses as her epitaph that she "never made mountains out of molehills." One grows to like her ironic tone, her lack of emotionalism, and her upbeat put-downs of Hannah's dreary despairs. Born in Germany, Margot comes, after all, from a background that understands death and loss.

The mother in *Anywhere But Here* is everything terrible about women

While *Anywhere But Here*'s Adele represents everything classically terrible about women, Margot is a very specific and overrated monster. *Enchantment* finally disintegrates into a tiresome Upper East Side whine; *Anywhere But Here* closes with an elemental and unforgettable cry of Eve. ▽

SPIRITUAL STRIPTEASE

Richard Gilman puts his ego on the altar

By FRANCINE PROSE

An elderly friend once observed that when she was a girl, polite society never mentioned sex or cancer, but that nowadays the only thing one can't talk about is God. Critic Richard Gilman's new memoir, *Faith, Sex, Mystery* (Simon and Schuster), brings this to mind, partly because Gilman concedes that his story—how, thirty years ago, he converted from Judaism to Catholicism and later left the Church—may be, by current standards, "unfashionable"; but also because it offers the reader a compulsively fascinating, slightly taboo thrill, that shiver of truly intimate disclosure one rarely gets anymore from accounts of Hollywood sex excesses or a loved one's death. Reading *Faith, Sex, Mystery* is like watching a striptease, a spiritual striptease—a strip on the last frontier.

Gilman begins by quoting Saint Augustine's famous "God, send me chastity . . . but not yet," an admission of temptation that rather pales beside Gilman's: "I would have fantasies of amazonian women wrapping their powerful thighs around my head or of women with large buttocks sitting on my chest or face, imprisonments from which I could only be released if I accepted my fate as these women's sexual slave . . . To these ends I would cut out photographs of women athletes from magazines . . . women with muscular or heavy (but not fat!) legs . . . ." Yet the difference between Augustine and Gilman is more than one of history, tone, detail, or even fine esthetic ("but not fat!") distinction. It is the difference between the love of God and the unashamed worship of Self.

There's really nothing so awful about exposing one's self in print. But to invoke the great devotional writing of Saint Augustine, Thomas Merton, Simone Weil—books written to glorify and better know God—before going on to dissect "every moral or emotional crisis . . . each bit of folly, each degradation or small triumph" seems, at best, disingenuous. Unlike the writers he cites, Gilman seems to have had little genuine interest in surrendering himself to the wisdom and guidance of a higher power. Rather, what drew Gilman to Christianity was the concept of eternity, the promise that some version of himself might be permitted to stick around forever.

In the Catholic Church, Gilman soon discovered the supreme dominatrix—"All in all a dark, musty, brutal heaviness, repellent, existing only at the edges of my consciousness but powerful there." It's certainly hard to read about his early *(Continued on page 102)*

Francine Prose's *latest novel is "Bigfoot Dreams" (Pantheon).*

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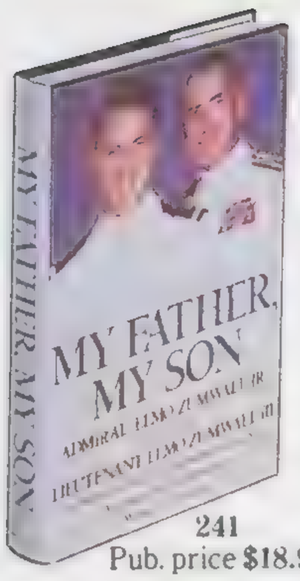

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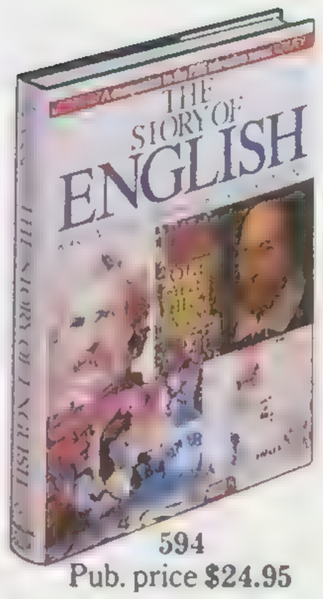

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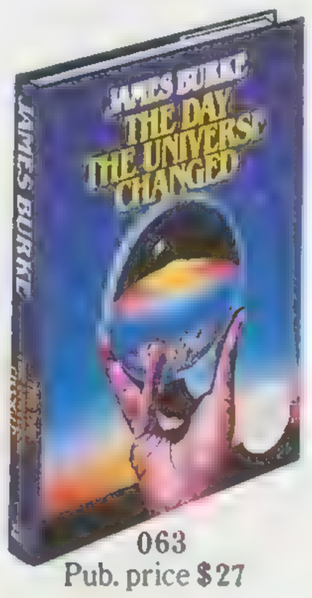

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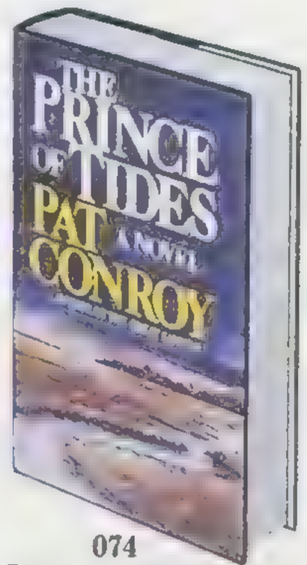

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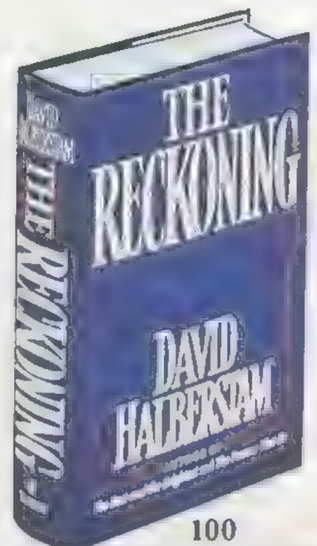

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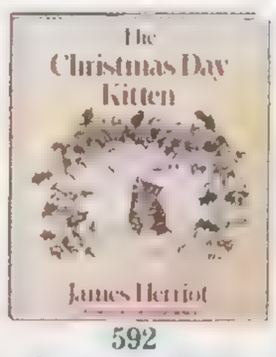

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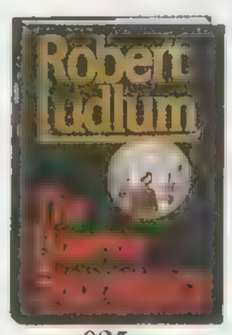

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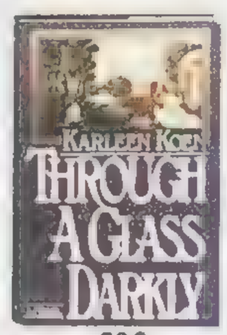

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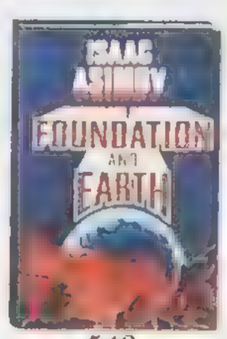

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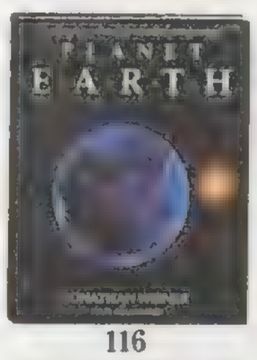

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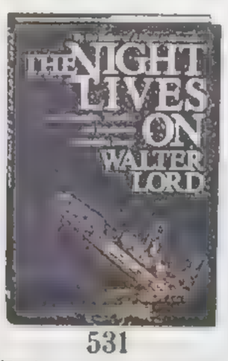

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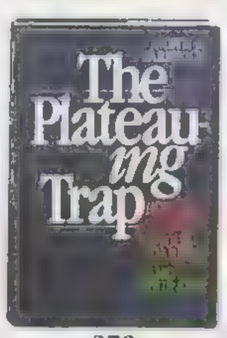

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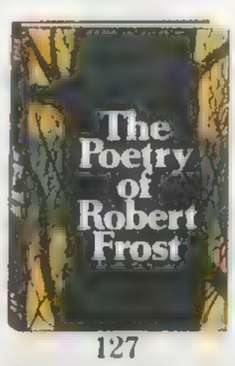

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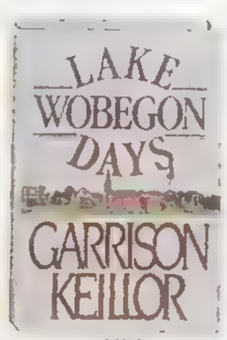

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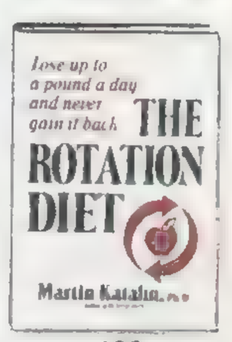

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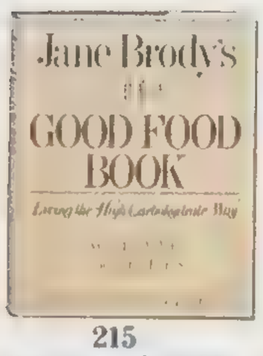

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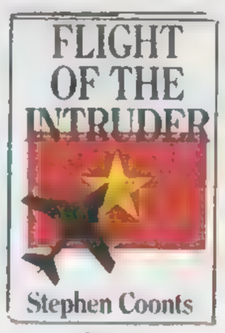

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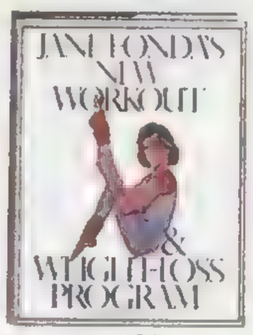

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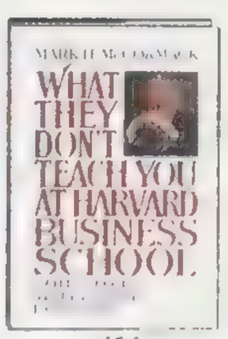

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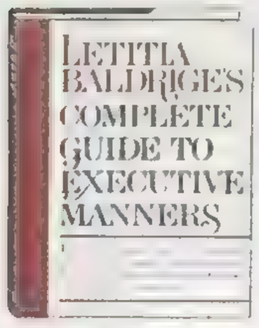

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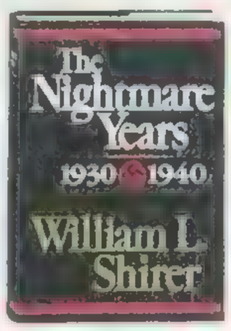

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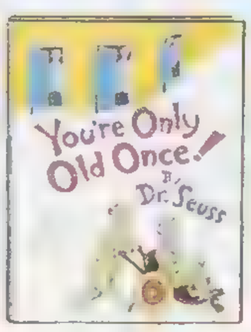

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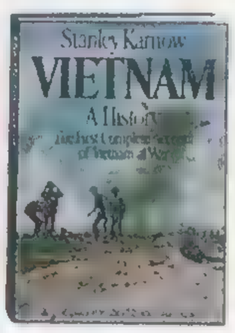

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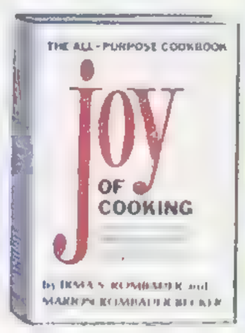

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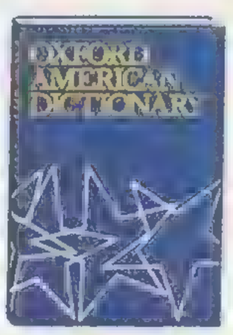

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(Continued from page 100) forays there without feeling dirty-minded: "Once inside, I would slump down in one of the rearmost pews and peer, in effect through my fingers, at the scene before me, the furnishings, the altar, the pews." Eventually, Gilman was baptized. He learned to content himself with tuna fish on Fridays and to dispense with such potentially baffling concepts as the Eucharist and The Mystical Body.

The Church had an abysmal sense of interior decor: "The gilt, the gewgaws. . . Banality everywhere, bad taste raised to a principle, to a credo: A God of bad taste? Was it possible?" It had an off-putting liturgy. (On first reciting the Hail Mary, Gilman reports, "I remember the word 'womb' seeming strange to me, slightly unpleasant, but slipping out as easily as the others.") And yet, the Church provided Gilman with a new set of friends, a job at a Catholic magazine, and a few years of relative comfort before his faith—sorely tried by recurrent masochistic fantasies and his confessors' unhelpful dimness—simply "dissolved."

It may well be that what we have here is the ultimate document of the 'eighties religious impulse—a kind of holy book from the temple of the Self. In which case one wishes it weren't marred by passages of digressive chattiness reminiscent of photocopied Christmas letters, confidently dropping names of cousins we've never heard of—"I was a good student, though not spectacular, nothing like my brilliant classmates such as Robert Solow, who's an eminent economist at MIT now, or Richmond Kotcher and Douglas Dukelsky (later Duke), both of whom must surely have become topnotch physicists or mathematicians." One hardly knows what to make of Gilman's assertion that Joan of Arc was "the most wonderful person who ever lived" or that Judaism is "more a principle of identity than an active faith," or of his heartening suspicion that "I can't be the only person in this exceedingly secular society, secular at its core despite the fundamentalist twitchings on the surface, who suspects that it may be the right time to consider another possibility. . . ."

Near the end of the book, Gilman writes: "Along with my hunger for eternal life I had moved toward conversion seeking the relief . . . from . . . some of the burden of selfhood, self*ness*, the swollen aspect of it I've been calling solipsism: the entirely self-referential, self-determining, self-validating. Egotism." One can't help wishing that Gilman had found this relief, or may yet in the future. But for now, the enormously self-absorbed and solipsistic *Faith, Sex, Mystery* reads like a testament of misdirected devotion. ▽

MEN IN GLASS HOUSES

As fiction, Richard Sennett's *Palais-Royal* (Knopf) lacks emotional power; its characters' motivations are murky, their actions never clearly explained. But as cultural history, as an illumination of the Romantic movement, it is witty and brilliant. Sennett, a social scientist and cultural observer as well as a novelist, has filled his book—told through letters, essays, and diaries—with vivid portraits of the real architects, actors, opera singers, and other historical figures of the period, and made them integral to his imaginary characters' lives. His knowledge of the era is encyclopedic; he moves with ease from notes on a new sleeve to technological discussions of erecting a glass-roofed arcade. Particularly memorable are the re-creations of the tumultuous premiere of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* and the opening by Queen Victoria of the Crystal Palace's Great Exhibition.

—PHYLLIS RIFIELD

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

Edwin Denby was a poet and our greatest dance critic; his "Dance Writings," edited by Robert Cornfield and William MacKay, will be published this month by Knopf. Here, Robert Wilson, the visionary performance artist and stage designer, remembers a remarkable friend:

I presented *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud* in New York in 1969. Edwin called me afterwards; we hadn't yet met. "Hello, this is Edwin Denby. In two of the performances you had a canvas hanging over the stage. In the third you lowered it about six inches. You changed it, didn't you?" That's what was extraordinary about him. He could see. He could talk about the proportion between someone's fingers or teeth, about light and shadow. He was an intellect and a scholar, but his brilliance was that he could laugh.

You couldn't help noticing Edwin Denby. Even when the lights went down, one would see him: he had a special aura. He never knew dark values; there was always light around him. He was my greatest teacher. I miss him all the time.

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LIVING

Milan's luxurious fare: classical strains, a gentler wit

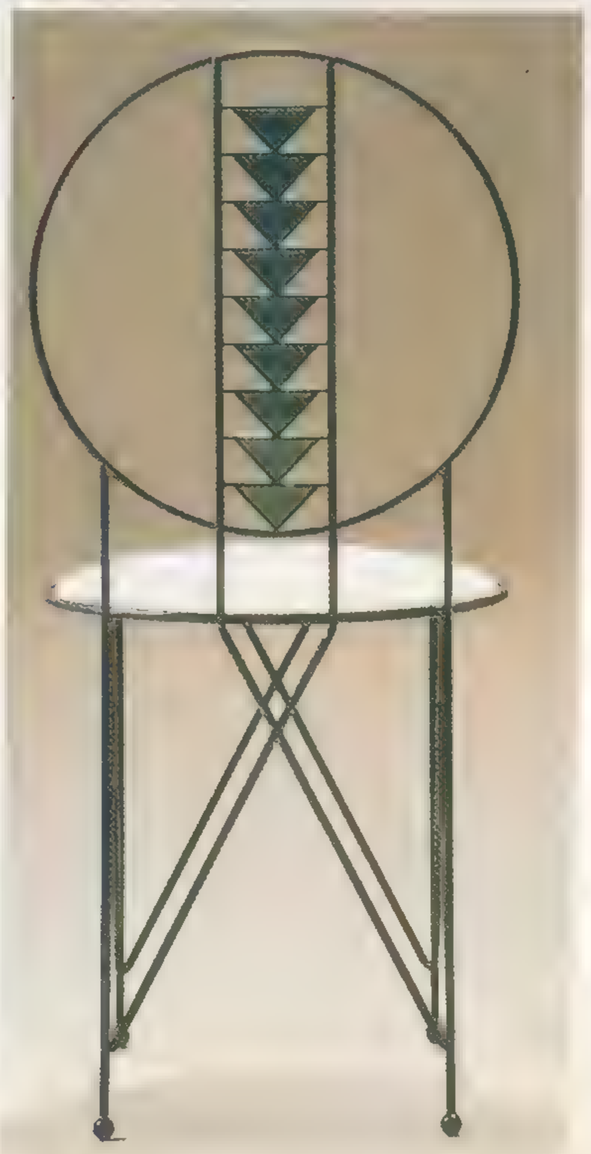
BY BARBARA PLUMB

This season, the Milan Furniture Fair broke from the design trends of the last few years. Gone were the outrageous color combinations, wild use of materials, and zany forms promoted by groups such as Memphis and Alchimea. The new message was classicism. For the best of the new work, form meant more than witticism or spoof; for example, Vico Magistretti, a master of Italian design for the last thirty years, employed a screw as a base for a table (it can change the height from approximately four to six inches).

Among the younger Italian designers, fantasy still prevailed, though as a blend of rationality and luxury—an armoire covered in beautiful leather, a marble table that incorporates candelabra as well as a container for fruit or for flowers.

Also causing a stir: the return of much admired classics from the past, such as Frank Lloyd Wright's "Midway, 2" chair, dating back to 1914, and Carlo Mollino's "Milo" mirror, of 1937. Impeccable craftsmanship, fine cabinetwork, elegant materials—the world of design seems headed in a new direction that is fun, but not frivolous.

Above: "Orient Express" wardrobe-trunk, designed by De Pas, D'Urbino, Lomazzi, in cowhide and beech. $4000, Mobileffe. Above right: Carlo Mollino's "Milo" mirror, created in 1937. $380, Furniture of the Twentieth Century Inc. Below: Magistretti's "screw" base adjusts height. $970, De Padova.



Above: Table, Cappelli and Ranzo. $3500, Antonia Jannone. Left: Wright's "Midway. 2" chair. $870, Cassina. Below: Chest by Shiro Kuramata. $6000-$7000, Furniture of the Twentieth Century Inc.

Armoire and glass-top table: GIORGIO MUSSA

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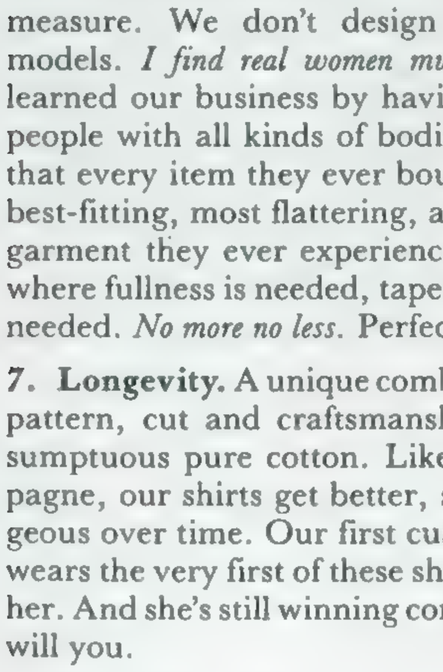

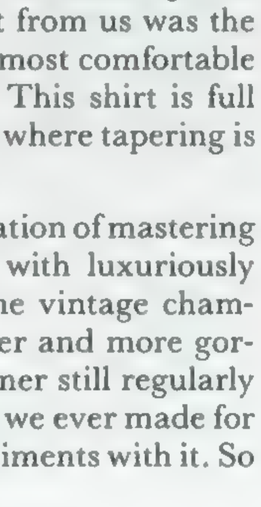

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THE BEST OF WINES

Stonegate Winery's spectacular wines: slow aging and intimations of greatness. BY MARTIN GERSH

The Stonegate Winery in Napa Valley, California, is a real sleeper. Recalling my previous experiences with its Cabernet Sauvignons, Merlots, Chardonnays, and Sauvignon Blancs, I was confident even before my recent extensive study of all its wines that they would be very good. Nevertheless I was completely unprepared for, and amazed by, how far they exceeded my wildest expectations.

Created by the talented Spaulding family, the Stonegate red and white table wines are totally French in style and simply marvelous. They have great strength, complexity, sophistication, enchanting taste characteristics, and fine structure that provides them with very respectable aging capacity. The Cabernet Sauvignons will have little difficulty keeping up with the majority of fine red Bordeaux, whose useful life span is now fifteen to eighteen years beyond the vintage. Stonegate's outstanding Merlots and its two oldest Cabernets received about three years of aging at the winery; but all subsequent vintages of the Cabernet were aged for at least four and one-half years before their release for sale—a significant reversal of the current tendency to accelerate wine making.

Stonegate's spectacular Chardonnays are big and opulent, with remarkably concentrated fruit components, nice tannins, and fine acidity. They are in the mode of the most formidable white Burgundies of the 1960s, as well as of those made now by Pierre Bourée Fils—to my mind France's quintessential Burgundies. As far as I know, the Stonegate Chardonnays (released three and one-half years after vintage) and the finest Bourées mature longer at their respective wineries than any other wines of their type made today.

The quality and high style of its wines place Stonegate among Napa's most distinguished wineries, including the Beaulieu, Chappellet, Diamond Creek, Mayacamas, and Sterling vineyards, the Robert Mondavi Winery, and Stag's Leap Wine Cellars.

RECOMMENDATIONS

STONEGATE WHITES

Sauvignon Blanc 1984 *Reminiscent of the distinguished Graves Domaine de Chevalier at its best, this is a scintillating, monumental Sauvignon Blanc of rare excellence, with terrific fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 2½ to 3 years. Aeration: 20–30 minutes. $8–$9.*

Chardonnay Proprietor's Reserve 1984 (Spaulding Vineyard) *Burgundian in manner, richly textured, reasonably large bodied, with an exquisite fruit constituent and impeccable structure—an extraordinary wine that won't be released for more than a year but will be well worth the wait. Best drinking: for the next 4 to 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes–1 hour. $14–$15.*

Chardonnay 1983 (Spaulding Vineyard) *Bursting with Cranshaw melon–like flavor, highly animated—glorious! Best drinking: for the next 3 years. Aeration: 10–20 minutes. $14–$15.*

Chardonnay 1982 (Spaulding Vineyard) *Superbly fruity, oily in texture, charming and delicious, this is a regal Napa Chardonnay. Best drinking: for the next 3 years. Aeration: 10–20 minutes. $14–$15.*

Chardonnay 1981 (Spaulding Vineyard) *In the mode of a top-flight Corton-Charlemagne, the wonderful 1981 Spaulding Vineyard Chardonnay is satiny and full bodied, featuring a beautiful, faintly salty melon-like fruit component. Best drinking: for the next 2 to 3 years. Aeration: 5–10 minutes. $14–$15.*

STONEGATE REDS

Merlot 1982 (Spaulding Vineyard) *An electrifying, classic Bordeaux-like wine of moderate to large scale—perfectly integrated, with a delightfully tart red-plum-like taste element. Best drinking: for the next 10 to 11 years. Aeration: 4½–4¾ hours. $14-$15.*

Cabernet Sauvignon 1982 *Stylistically akin to a first-rate Saint-Julien, demonstrating a completely harmonious balance among all its constituents—a marvelous bottle. Best drinking: for the next 12 to 13 years. Aeration: 4¾–5¼ hours. $12–$13.*

Cabernet Sauvignon 1981 *Ornamented by opulent smoky and spicy red-plum-like fruitiness, this good-sized Cabernet with fine aging credentials is an absolute gem that brings to mind the outstanding Margaux Château Brane-Cantenac. Best drinking: for the next 12 to 13 years. Aeration: 4¾–5 hours. $14–$15.*

Merlot 1980 (Spaulding Vineyard) *The Stonegate 1980 Merlot is a fascinating Pomerol-style red wine of important size, with a concentrated, tangy cassis-like flavor component further enhanced by a long-enduring salty-sweet aftertaste. Best drinking: for the next 6 to 6½ years. Aeration: 2¾–3 hours. $18–$19.*

Cabernet Sauvignon 1980 *A splendid, sumptuous Cabernet of generous scale, whose berry-like fruit presence is embellished with prune-like overtones. Best drinking: for the next 9 to 10 years. Aeration: 3½–4 hours. $16–$17.*

Merlot 1979 (Spaulding Vineyard) *Resembling the great Bordeaux Château Latour à Pomerol—superb, ample bodied, very smoky and deep, possessing a dense blackberry-like flavor aspect. Best drinking: for the next 6 to 6½ years. Aeration: 2–2½ hours. $20–$21.*

Cabernet Sauvignon 1979 *Large scaled, delectably spicy yet at the same time displaying considerable finesse—a veritable jewel reminding me of the celebrated Saint-Julien Château Ducru-Beaucaillou. Best drinking: for the next 8 to 9 years. Aeration: 2½–3 hours. $18–$19.*

Merlot 1978 (Spaulding Vineyard) *Exuberant, with ravishing currant-like fruitiness and substantial size, this is a grand, exceptionally lovely Bordeaux-style wine now at the height of its powers. Best drinking: for the next 4 years. Aeration: 15–30 minutes. $22–$23.*

Cabernet Sauvignon 1978 *Pure velvet—elegant and charming, moderately large bodied, featuring a compact blackberry-like flavor constituent. Best drinking: for the next 8 to 9 years. Aeration: 2½–2¾ hours. $20–$21.*

Merlot 1977 (Spaulding Vineyard) *My wife, Gloria, and I decided that it would prove delightful and instructive to enjoy the oldest of the Stonegate Merlots alongside an outstanding Pomerol of similar age. For that purpose we chose Château Trotanoy 1976, whose grape composition is predominantly Merlot. The comparison confirmed my belief in the stylistic affinity of Stonegate's Merlots with those of Bordeaux. Both wines were cohesive, impressive in scale, with a vivid cassis-like fruit aspect and an enchanting sweet finish that lingered long on the palate. They were equally magnificent examples, currently at their peak. Best drinking: Stonegate and Trotanoy for the next 3 to 4 years. Aeration: Stonegate 5–15 minutes; Trotanoy none. Stonegate $22–$23; Trotanoy $60–$70.*

Cabernet Sauvignon 1977 *Long a personal favorite of mine—a wine of great stature, personality, even eccentricity, with a vibrant black-currant-like taste component. Best drinking: for the next 8½ to 9 years. Aeration: 2½–3 hours. $22–$23.*

Cabernet Sauvignon 1975 *Strikingly similar to the excellent Pauillac Château Lynch-Bages, somber in manner, silken textured, and tightly knit—a remarkable Cabernet with notable finesse. Best drinking: for the next 4 to 5 years. Aeration: 5–15 minutes. $35–$37.*

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FOOD IN VOGUE

The miracle cure for holiday indulgence . . . the new Q. V., a worthy splurge. BY BARBARA KAFKA

After December's holidays, all of us seem to try to get in better shape for the sake of health and pride. In some mysterious fashion, I myself have managed to pick up more than ten unwanted pounds over the last year, and I am a small person. To make matters worse, my desk is carpeted with diet information, much of it conflicting. What am I to think?

The most disheartening fact to surface in the past year is aimed straight at me. The perpetual crash dieter, I have discovered, has so assaulted the metabolic resilience of her body that it's become, in a sense, overly efficient, and needs less and less food to create fat. I have been dieting ruthlessly to greater or lesser effect since consciousness dawned. Do I now just give up?

No. A ray of hope has been offered by John Paul Foreyt, Ph.D., and his staff of reseachers at Houston's Baylor College of Medicine. They recommend twenty minutes of aerobic exercise every six hours for people who lack the time to do larger quantities of exercise all at once. Now, I know that I will be sitting in endless meetings some days; but on others, I can certainly stop working long enough to slog my reluctant body around for a stiff twenty minutes. I can walk briskly to appointments instead of hopping into a cab. I know I will feel better for it; let's see if I can keep it up.

Another piece of information offers a "double helping" of health. It seems clear that fish from cold, northern ocean waters, such as tuna, salmon, swordfish, and sturgeon, develop a kind of fat that is good for us air-dwellers as well. This fish fat actually seems to lower blood fat in the human body; and fish makes a thinning dinner.

These fatty fish are terrific raw (as sashimi, for example) or barely cooked, a bonus for those who have limited time for cooking. You will need to get to know your fish man: ocean fish must be very fresh, and sometimes it would be nice to have the fish cut in other-than-standard ways—in medallions, for instance. Incidentally, microwave cooking, a form I have come to late but enthusiastically, is ideal for fish because the microwave cooks rapidly and without oil.

Adding a nice coarse grain, such as cracked wheat, and a salad of rich, dark greens, scantily clad in olive oil and lemon juice, to my plate of fish should make me nutritionally correct by today's standards. The grains provide roughage and nutrition. The greens also seem to help lower cholesterol in addition to providing vitamins and minerals. Monosaturated fats, such as those in olive oil, are the new front-runner in nutritionists' popularity sweepstakes; and, if used sparingly, olive oil adds very few calories. Lemon juice is for both taste and vitamin C. This doesn't sound much like deprivation. Maybe next January will see a slimmer, healthier me.

If we are all going to be eating fatty cold-water fish twice a week, then clearly broiling will soon become boring. On page 114 are three new, quick recipes for fish. The first, served absolutely raw, has a dressing that takes off on the idea of a Danish chef let loose in a sushi parlor. The second is instant, elegant, and microwaved instead of broiled; and the third is a lean and tasty "fishburger." If using tabbouleh as a quick whole grain (other choices are cracked wheat, bulgur wheat), soak one-quarter cup per person in boiling water to cover; drain and serve plain with a sauced fish, or serve tossed with chopped scallion, parsley, and a light vinaigrette alongside plain broiled fish.

Despite all this inspiration, I am not sure that I will resist temptation in the restaurants I so love. In retrospect, few meals are worth the calories; but a newly revived restaurant, Q.V. (26 East Sixty-third Street, NYC 10022, 212/752-1750), formerly Quo Vadis, serves food that is worth every ounce of extra flesh it might engender. In fact, for those of us who are determined to lose weight, Joachim Splichal, Q.V.'s brilliant consulting chef, has provided an alluring spa menu of 600-calorie lunches. He also has a marvelous vegetarian menu at dinner.

My only problem with this splendid restaurant is choosing which of the extraordinary foods to eat and then paying for them. All the great American restaurants have become extremely expensive. They also are serving courses in a slower, more European rhythm, recognizing that a restaurant meal can be a total evening's entertainment. Food this good deserves attention, and I don't really resent the price—the average bill runs to at least $42 per person, without wine—caused by the need for lots of talented, well-trained hands and first-rate ingredients.

Having expressed my reservations, I can now burst into my paean of praise for one of the best restaurants I have been to in Amer- *(Continued on page 114)*

The new "Q.V." illustrated above—sumptuously refurbished, with a brilliant menu

Splichal's specialties: A potato "croquette" layered with black truffles, left; at right, baby squash stuffed with crayfish and ratatouille.

Illustration by VIVIENNE FLESHER, photos BRIAN HAGIWARA

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FOOD IN VOGUE
(Continued from page 112)

ica or France. The old Quo Vadis had beautifully proportioned rooms, a loyal clientele, and, to be honest, decent but increasingly uninspired food. Today, these rooms have been refurbished by well-known restaurant designer Charles Morris Mount, who retained the comfortable spaces but improved them with marvelous trompe l'oeil ceilings and details in colors that recall ancient Rome.

The food is brilliant, innovative, and rich in flavor—the kind of food for which it is worth going to a restaurant. It is a reminder that although pure and simple food is terrific, there is a good reason that inventive genius-chefs have been acclaimed throughout history. The task of preparing the food on a daily basis is assigned to Matthew Tivy, who produced Jean-Louis Palladin's food at New York's Hotel Parker-Meridien before coming to Q.V. I do so hope that this restaurant is a great success and continues to be fabulous.

Danish Salmon Sashimi

(serves eight as a first course, three hearty eaters as a main course)

1½ pounds of fresh salmon fillet, about 6" long, 2" thick
1 teaspoon wasabi powder (green Japanese horseradish powder, available at Oriental food stores)
2 tablespoons aji-mirin (Japanese rice-wine sauce)
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon grated fresh ginger

If salmon is not skinned, carefully work a long, thin knife between skin and flesh and remove skin, leaving a 6-inch long, 2-inch thick piece of fish. Flip the fillet over on your work surface so that it is (skinless) skin side up. Using a very sharp knife, cut thin 6" by 2" slices, beginning at the spine edge and cutting across the grain to belly edge.

Stir together wasabi, aji-mirin, sugar, and ginger. Place salmon slices in a single layer on individual plates. Spread sauce thinly over salmon slices.

Microwave Swordfish Medallions with Escarole

(serves two)

1 pound swordfish fillet, 1½-inches thick (try to get a piece approximately 5" x 5")
2 tablespoons freshly squeezed lemon juice
2 tablespoons fruity olive oil
1 teaspoon fresh basil leaves, cut small
Pinch kosher or sea salt
Fresh ground black pepper
6 drops Tabasco sauce
8 leaves escarole, washed and dried

Using a 2" round stainless steel cookie cutter, cut 4 medallions of swordfish. Reserve trimmings for fishburger recipe which follows.

Stir together lemon juice, olive oil, basil, salt, pepper, and Tabasco. Marinate swordfish medallions in this mixture for 5 minutes, turning them over 2 or 3 times.

Place 4 escarole leaves on each plate, fanning out from center of plate. Put 2 medallions on each plate, 1 inch apart. Sprinkle remaining marinade on top. Cover each plate tightly with microwave plastic wrap. Cook each plate 2 minutes at 100%. Remove plastic just before serving.

Serve with 2 tablespoonsful of cooked grain, such as wheat berries or bulgur, spooned between the medallions.

Fishburgers

(serves four)

¾ pound skinned and filleted fatty fish —any combination
½ cup finely chopped red bell pepper
3 tablespoons pitted, chopped niçoise olives
1 heaping tablespoon chopped scallions, divided evenly between green and white
Fresh ground black pepper
Vegetable oil

In a food processor, coarsely grind fish—don't overprocess. Stir together fish, red pepper, olives, scallions, and pepper. Form into 4 patties. Don't pack too tightly or they won't cook properly.

Lightly spray a non-stick pan with vegetable oil. (If you don't have spray, wipe hot pan with paper towel dipped in oil.) Heat pan over

high flame until very hot. Put fishburgers in pan. Cover pan with a stainless steel bowl just large enough to cover the burgers (alternatively, cover each burger with a heat-tempered glass of a slightly larger diameter than the burger). Cook 1½ minutes or until crusty and brown. Flip burgers and cover once again. Cook an additional 1½ minutes. If you have a meat thermometer, the internal temperature should be 120°F. These burgers should be a little pink at the center.

Here is one of Joachim Splichal's inventions for Q.V.—unlike my fish recipes, it is not low in fat. Even if you do not want to do all the work, try the sauce on poached fish. It is very special and surprisingly light.

Joachim Splichal's Petites Courgettes Farcies Aux Ecrevisses

Baby Squash Stuffed with Ratatouille and Crayfish
(serves four)

*8 yellow or green baby squash (about the size of a plum tomato)**
2 tablespoons fruity olive oil
¼ cup red bell pepper, seeded, cleaned, and cut in ⅛-inch dice
¼ cup green pepper, prepared as above
¼ cup peeled minced yellow onion
1 cup Japanese eggplant, skin on, in ⅛-inch dice
1 cup zucchini, skin on, in ⅛-inch dice
1 clove garlic, peeled and minced
½ cup tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and cut in ⅛-inch dice
¼ cup finely minced fresh basil leaves
1 teaspoon kosher salt
Fresh ground black pepper

Clean squash. Cut a small slice from the top of each squash and reserve for a lid. Using a melon baller, scoop out a hollow in each squash. Blanch hollowed squash and lids in heavily salted boiling water until cooked but still crisp, 5 to 7 minutes. Drain; stop the cooking by placing in cold water and reserve on paper towels.

To make ratatouille: Heat olive oil in a sauté pan until shimmering. Add red and green peppers and onions and cook over high heat, stirring, for 3 minutes. Stir in diced eggplant and zucchini. Cook 3 minutes longer. Remove from heat. Add garlic, tomatoes, basil, salt, and pepper. Reserve.

*If these little squash are unavailable, cut a large, 2″ diameter, zucchini or yellow squash into slices 3″ long. Hollow them out from one end leaving a solid base about ¼″ thick. Proceed as for whole squash.

Sauce

1 tablespoon butter
½ cup peeled and chopped celery
1 cup chopped leeks, white part only
½ cup peeled and chopped yellow onion
½ cup white wine
8 peppercorns
1 tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice
4 ounces cold butter, cut in ¼-inch cubes
¼ teaspoon dried thyme
Kosher salt

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a saucepan. Add celery, leeks, and onion. Sauté, stirring, over medium heat for 5 minutes. Add white wine, peppercorns, lemon juice, and 2 cups water. Over high heat, reduce liquid to ½ cup. Strain, discarding vegetables and peppercorns.

Put liquid in a blender. With motor running, add 4 ounces chilled butter bit by bit until incorporated. Season with thyme and salt. Keep warm in a double boiler until ready to serve. (If sauce separates, simply heat gently, then pour into blender with motor running.)

Final Preparation and Presentation

Baby squash (see above)
Ratatouille (see above)
24 cooked crayfish tails or 12 medium shrimp, blanched in boiling salted water just until they turn pink, then drained, cooled in ice water, and peeled
Sauce (see above)
Fresh basil leaves

Stuff each squash with ratatouille, mounding filling slightly. Place two stuffed squash on each plate. Overlap crayfish tails on top of stuffing. (If using shrimp, arrange 3 shrimp on each plate between squash.) Splash a tablespoon of sauce over filling in each squash. Top each squash with its reserved lid if desired, then decorate with basil leaves. ▽

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Great buy in the sky: Icelandair's New York-Luxembourg round trip—$298 through June 8, provided flights are reserved within forty-eight hours of takeoff.

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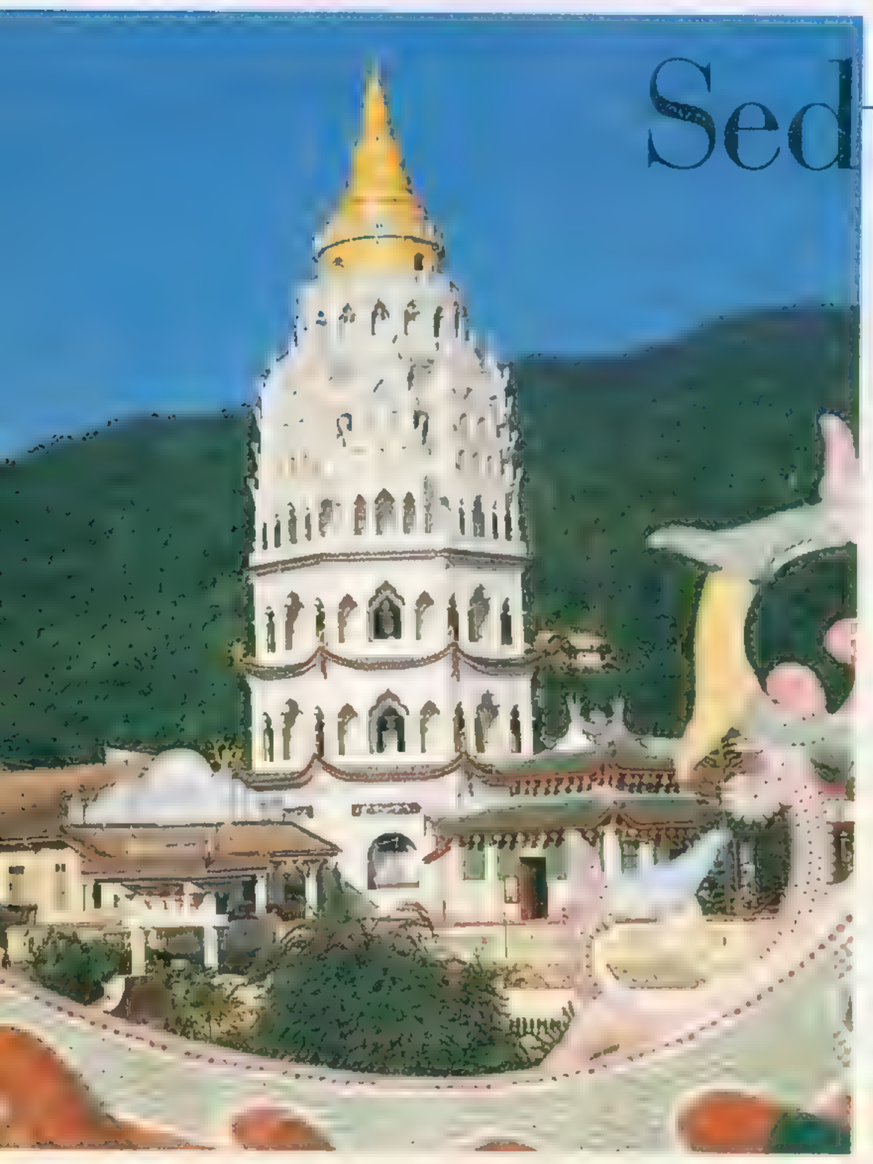

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Beyond Bed and Breakfast

For a tranquil stay in L.A., La Maida House has ten charming guest rooms divided among a handsome 1920s Italianate villa, above, and several nearby bungalows. Secluded on a residential street in North Hollywood, La Maida House also serves beautiful, healthful food, with many ingredients grown on the property. Rates—$75 to $155 for a double—include breakfast; 818/769-3857. P.S. : No smoking.

For left: TRAVELPIX/FPG

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WHERE TO GO

1 ☐ ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES: Detailed information on Antigua plus map

2 ☐ COURCHEVEL, FRANCE: General information from the French Government Tourist Office

WHERE TO STAY

3 ☐ CURTAIN BLUFF RESORT
Antigua, West Indies

4 ☐ LA MAIDA HOUSE
North Hollywood, CA

5 ☐ SAFETY HARBOR SPA & FITNESS CENTER
Safety Harbor, FL

AIR/SKI PACKAGES/TOURS

6 ☐ ICELANDAIR: Information on low-cost air fares to Luxembourg plus low rates on car rentals

7 ☐ JET VACATIONS: Special "Ski the Alps" package tours to Courchevel, France — hotels, rates, itineraries, and flights via Air France

8 ☐ JACQUES DE LARSAY: Details on hotels in Courchevel, France

9 ☐ STEVE LOHR'S SKIWORLD: Inclusive ski packages to major European ski areas including Courchevel

10 ☐ RAILFLITE SKI TOURS: Information on six day ski/train tours to Salt Lake City, UT

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TRAVEL

PARADISE REGAINED

Antigua's Curtain Bluff, an easygoing, elegant resort, attracts devotees year after year

BY EVAN HUNTER

Ah, Antigua: a beach, a boat, and clear blue sky

Ah how well I do remember, it was in the bleak December—

Well . . . close; actually it was in the bleak *January*. No rhyme there and a clumsy bit of scanning, but maybe the poet had never been to Connecticut. It was in the bleak *January,* then, that my wife and I first went to the Curtain Bluff Resort Hotel on the island of Antigua. We've been going back every January since, except for this year when we went to India instead. No offense meant, Mr. Gandhi, but we'll be back at Curtain Bluff next January, I promise you.

You have to understand Connecticut in January.

There's nothing sadder than a discarded Christmas tree with its little leftover tails of limp tinsel unless it's a barren Connecticut landscape under a gunmetal sky. The holidays have passed (thank God!), and there is a feeling of utter exhaustion exacerbated by the bone-penetrating cold and the mind-chilling knowledge that winter has only just begun and it's a long, long way to St. Paddy's Day. It's time to get away. Store the floppy disks in the fire safe, turn off the computer, and head south the way those wise Canadian geese did in November, honking their way overhead while I stared up into an already ominously grey sky, thinking Yes, *yes!*

It's an easy nonstop flight from New York City to Antigua. Four, five hours, who knows? The taxi ride to Curtain Bluff is something like thirty minutes, forty minutes, fifty minutes, who cares? You chat with the driver (you are heading toward the south coast of the island, for the village of Old Road, on Morris Bay), and you feel those trade winds blowing in through the open windows of the cab, and you look out at riotously blooming hibiscus and bougainvillaea and frangipani, yellows and reds and whites and pinks and purples in wild profusion; and with each receding mile Connecticut's bare-limbed oaks and maples and sycamores fade deeper into memory . . . fade . . . fade . . . fade . . . and then disappear entirely as the taxi pulls into a flower-lined oval driveway—and there you are.

Where you are is Curtain Bluff, the luxury hotel sometimes known as Camp Curtain Bluff to the regulars who migrate there each winter. A welcoming chorus immediately greets you. Ed Sheerin, the managing director, will shake your hand and tell you it's good seeing you again. Tall and lovely Anne, his wife, will pass through with an armload of freshly cut flowers and ask how the flight down was. Cal Roberts, the Antiguan manager who's in charge of the staff, will tell you how great the weather has been and then—even if you've been there a dozen times before, as many of the guests have—will show you to your room and ask you what kind of drinks he can send over. I always choose a Caribbean concoction *(Continued on page 122)*

JOE BAKER/F P G

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(Continued from page 120)

loaded with rum because this ain't Connecticut, dear. There are sixty rooms at Curtain Bluff, all of them facing the "surf beach" as opposed to the "calm beach" on the other side of the tidy compound. I think the surf beach is on the Atlantic Ocean. I think the calm beach is on Morris Bay. I really don't know. I don't go to Curtain Bluff to think. I go there to rejuvenate a spirit battered by holiday revelry and bitter cold.

A fan is whirling overhead in the room. There's no air-conditioning here because you don't need any; the trade winds do the job naturally and effectively. My wife and I sit on the little terrace outside the room, postponing the unpacking, and sip at a rum punch or a piña colada, and lassitude sets in at once. Little yellow birds hop onto the table. I take the slice of pineapple from my drink and put it on the table, and the birds first peck at it timidly and then fearlessly. I sigh in deep contentment.

There is time for a swim—take your choice, surf or calm—before dinner. Dinner is dressy (jacket and tie). Not formal, just dressy, except for one night a week when there's a casual cocktail party on the huge new terrace, followed by a barbecue in the dining room. Many first-timers consider the cocktail party a grand opportunity for meeting people. Actually, meeting people is relatively easy at Curtain Bluff. In fact, the place can sometimes become *too* social. Because the staff is entirely accommodating, they will set up tables for six or eight at the drop of a hat, and this encourages guests to offer liberal invitations to join. The feeling is of living on a good-sized estate, with a staff of hundreds to meet your every need.

When talking about most Caribbean resorts, one is likely to say, "The food is very good—for the *Caribbean*." One doesn't say that at Curtain Bluff. The food is very good for *anywhere*, and the wine cellar is better than most to be found in New York restaurants. Muttonchop-whiskered Howard Hulford, owner of the hotel, is deservedly proud of his cellar and will graciously show you through it if you express the slightest interest. So you dine well on this your first night (as you will on every other night), and you dance after dinner on a star-drenched terrace, and you fall in love with your wife all over again. And in your room later, the wooden louvers open to the ocean, the fan idly rotating overhead, you fall asleep to the pounding of the surf (it *must* be the Atlantic, no?). And you feel terrific already, even though you've only been here since mid-afternoon.

> "I don't go to Curtain Bluff to think. I go to rejuvenate a spirit battered by holiday revelry"

My wife and I are tennis players. There are four courts at Curtain Bluff, and you don't reserve time on them. You simply show up. Nor do you sign in when you get to the courts. You sit watching the play, and within minutes you've got a game. Doubles take preference over singles play. It sounds like a system that can't possibly work, but somehow it does.

The people who come to Curtain Bluff are a varied lot: an apple-grower from upstate New York, a children's-book writer from Pennsylvania, a buyer for a New York department store, a former pro-circuit tennis player from St. Louis, a cotton wholesaler from Alabama, an investment counselor from Kansas City, a woman who's a paramedic on an ambulance in New Jersey, the owner of a boys' camp in Vermont, the former mayor (a woman) of Worcester, Massachusetts, which (she will proudly tell you) is the *second* largest city in the state. They are an interesting bunch, all of them there to relax, to enjoy, to take the sun, to recharge their batteries in an uncluttered haven far from the workaday world.

There is virtually nothing to disturb your peace of mind at Curtain Bluff. All is tranquil, all is serene.

The first year we were there, we did the sights. We went to English Harbour and the fort on Shirley Heights, and the house once occupied by the Duke of Clarence centuries before Antigua became independent. We took a taxi to St. John's, the capital, where we bought silverware and Liberty of London cottons. But that was too much work.

On our first visit, we stayed a week. But that was too short a time. On our second visit, we stayed two weeks. That was too long.

In recent years, we've been spending ten days at Curtain Bluff, and we don't go sightseeing, and we don't go shopping, and we're never bored. We swim and we snorkel, and we play tennis, and we take long walks on narrow roads from which the sparkling blue water is always visible. And one day we'll take a sail and another day we'll simply toast in the glorious sunshine, and on Wednesday we'll enter the round-robin tennis tournament, and if we're lucky we'll get to play in the finals the next day (where a guest who refereed at Wimbledon will sit on his high chair calling foot faults), and there'll be rum punch for the spectators, and laughter, and much good feeling, and the time will go by, the time will go languidly by. And we'll greet old friends arriving and wish new friends a safe voyage home, and we'll have breakfast on our terrace with our yellow birds cautiously watching, and occasionally a cloud will pass overhead, and it will sprinkle for a few minutes, or a half-hour, or even half a day, but no one is counting, everyone has forgotten how to count.

"Are you leaving so soon?" someone will ask.

"Ah, yes," we answer. "But we'll be back." ▽

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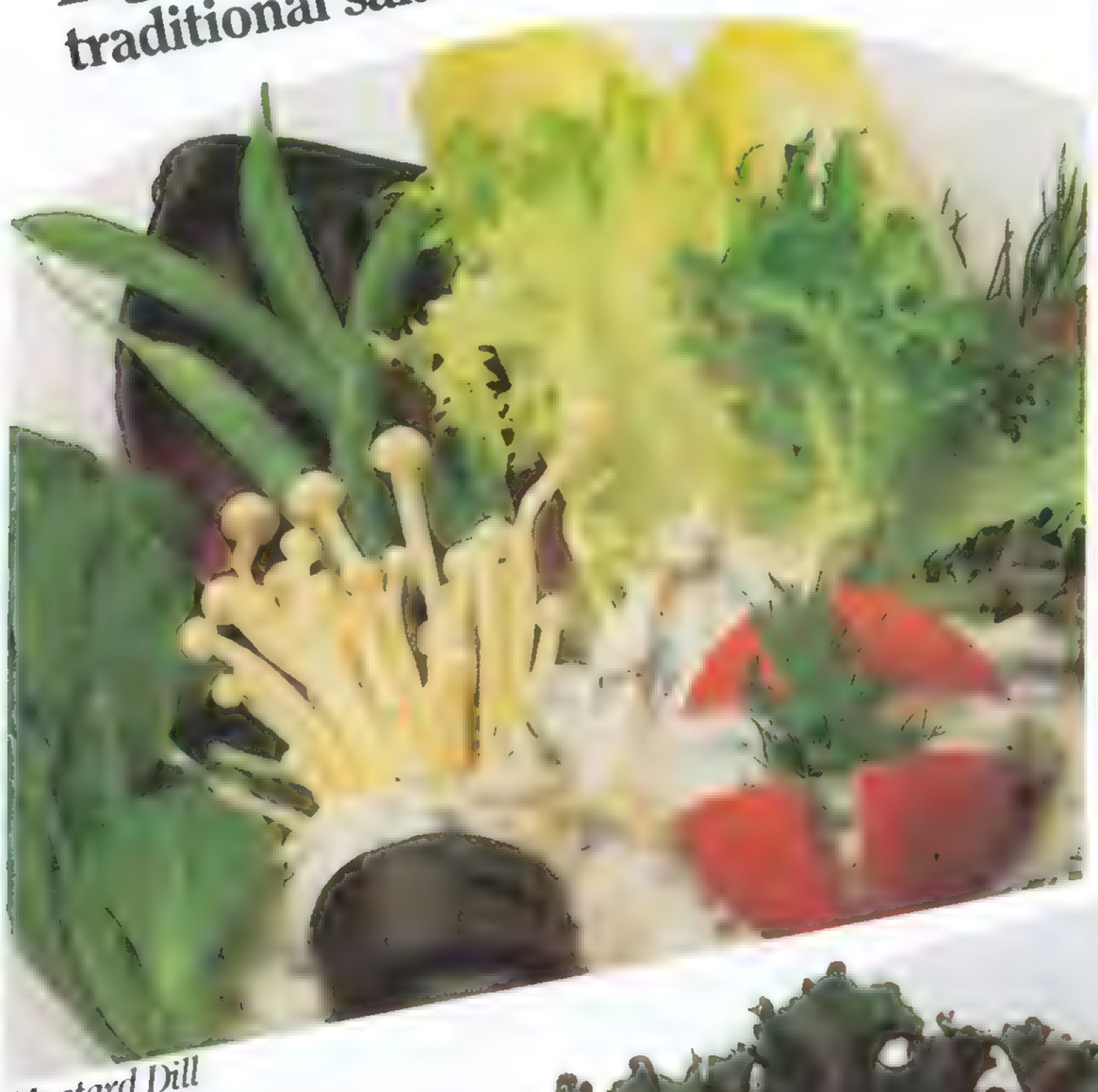

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She made that tiny little part stand out and took her bows to thunderous applause.

Bravos for Aunt Ethel.

I was born in a tough little town where the people worked hard for a living. The idea of going off to acting school was considered silly. A waste of time and money.

"Listen, Pop, it's what I really want to do. I'm not interested in working in the mill." I was trying to explain to my father why I felt I had to leave home and get some money for acting school in New York.

My father shook his head and explained in a pained voice, "Now look, son, if you wanted to be a doctor, or maybe a lawyer, I could see digging up every cent I could lay my hands on to help you through school and all. But an actor?"

He put his hand on my shoulder and continued, "It's not a job for a grown man. Playing make-believe all your life."

Aunt Ethel was the only one in the family with any interest in the theater at all. She'd been the star of all the high school plays in her day. And she encouraged me to try out for parts when I was still a freshman.

"Tell you what, James," she said, "I've been on the Payroll Savings Plan at work since I was a young girl and I've got lots of Savings Bonds put aside. Now I'll make you a loan. Go to New York and get some training. You've got more talent than anyone I've ever known."

I could hardly believe such a generous offer. "No, I couldn't take your savings on that kind of gamble."

She shook her head and said, "You won't fail." Then she said with a big smile, "Maybe someday you can give me a front row seat to one of your big hits . . . as a bonus."

I finally agreed and spent some hard years in New York before I got lucky. And I really did get lucky. All of a sudden I was on my way. The hard work paid off and I paid off Aunt Ethel.

But I wanted to give her more. A bonus. So I had her flown to New York for a small part in my new play.

Last night we opened. Aunt Ethel still has the magic. She made that tiny little part stand out and took her bows to thunderous applause.

"If you had never returned a cent, but just gave me this night, it would have been payment enough," she sobbed as we sat backstage after the final curtain.

Knowing Aunt Ethel, she probably meant it.

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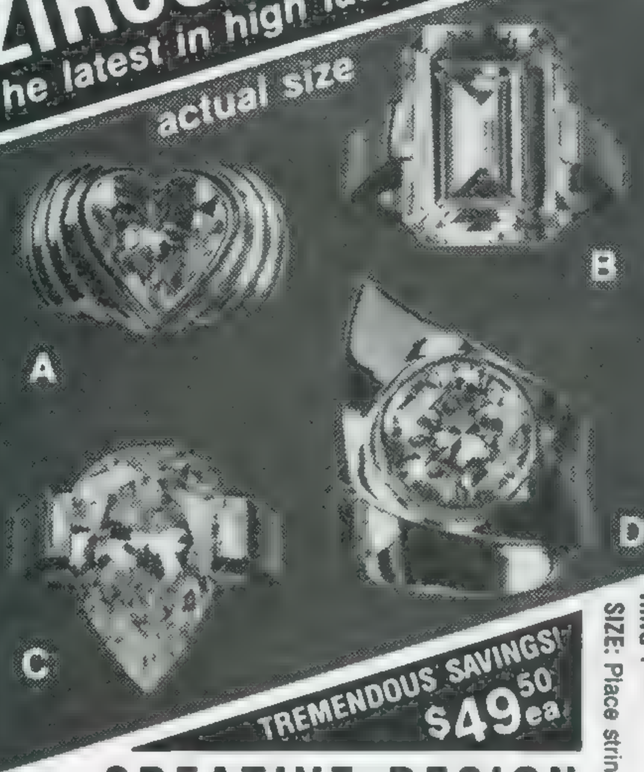

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TRAVEL

THE GLAMOROUS WINTER

At Courchevel, France's glittering ski resort: endless runs, star restaurants, Côte d'Azur charm

BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

A vast white world: Courchevel's powdery slopes

People go to Courchevel to ski. Everything else at this huge, glittering resort in the Savoy region of the French Alps—the glamorous hotels, the great food, the *joie de vivre*—is icing on the cake. With access to close to two hundred lifts, over three hundred miles of groomed runs, and untold acres of virgin powder, Courchevel is a place where you can ski for weeks and rarely retrace your tracks. It is extraordinarily beautiful—a vast white world of mountains, valleys, and other ski resorts, linked not by roads but by aerial trams, chair lifts, and bright-colored, Easter egg-shaped gondolas. Courchevel's mountains constantly surprise: a narrow trail, thickly forested with delicate fir trees, will suddenly open up onto a barren expanse of glistening snow that's like some surreal Sahara. Often, you are so high that you see only endless rows of jagged Alpine peaks—and the whole planet seems nothing but mountains. Sometimes, from this privileged perspective, you glance below and are stunned by the ocean of thick white clouds blanketing the distant valleys. You feel sorry for the people living down there in the real winter, cut off from the brilliant sunshine and robin's-egg-blue skies of Courchevel.

Sun has a lot to do with the appeal of Courchevel, a resort considered to have some of the best winter weather in the Alps. Far closer to Nice than to Paris, Courchevel has a style that is distinctly Mediterranean, and many of the town's innkeepers and restaurateurs also run hotels and bistros in the South of France. The poshest place to stay in Courchevel, for example, is Le Byblos des Neiges—the three-year-old Alpine branch of the very chic Byblos hotel in St. Tropez. At Byblos des Neiges, you may bump into Jean-Claude Killy, Princess Stephanie of Monaco, King Juan Carlos of Spain, Gérard Depardieu, Isabelle Huppert, Yannick Noah. You will also find extremely luxurious accommodations—seventy spacious rooms and suites with bright-white stucco walls, thick Berber rugs, antique chests and desks, fresh flowers, and handsome, Italian-tiled bathrooms.

Beyond these beautiful guest rooms, the main lodge of Byblos comes off as a bold, post-modern chalet—an amazing three-level space of rustic wooden columns, beams, and balconies—that houses two restaurants, lounges with fireplaces, several boutiques, a gym, and a glass-roofed swimming pool with snow-banked windows. As is true at practically all of Courchevel's hotels, the skiing begins right outside the door.

The Hôtel Bellecôte is another top place to stay. With its peaked roof and cantilevered wooden balconies, this thirty-year-old inn looks like a traditional Alpine chalet. Inside, public spaces have marble floors, soft leather chairs and sofas, *(Continued on page 128)*

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COURCHEVEL

(Continued from page 126)

low beamed ceilings. The Bellecôte's fifty-five guest rooms are furnished with antique armoires and carved Savoyard bedsteads; bathrooms are floored and walled in tiny square tiles. A ski shop is on the premises, as are a hair salon and indoor pool. On warm days, a sunny terrace is set with deck chairs, blue-clothed tables, and a wonderful buffet.

Of Courchevel's many small hotels, La Sivolière is particularly attractive. Many of its twenty-nine rooms face the small evergreen forest for which the hotel is named; all come with down comforters, antique mirrors, and pretty bathrooms. A quiet lounge with a huge stone fireplace and big cushy chairs provides a pleasant place for afternoon tea.

Meanwhile, a hip international crowd keeps returning to the comfortable apartments of the tiny (ten studios) Hôtel Télé-Pralong—mainly because the food served in the hotel's flower-filled dining room is so sensational. A typical table d'hôte dinner—Villeroy & Boch china, Christofle silver—at the Télé-Pralong might include sorrel soup with mini ravioli, a fish soufflé, breast of duck with raspberry sauce, a perfect green salad, and a *tarte aux pommes* with crust so thin it's practically invisible. The Télé-Pralong is also a bargain: rates range from $55 to $85 per night per person—including breakfast and dinner.

Ultimately, Courchevel can be as much about eating as it is about skiing. The culinary pleasures begin the moment you wake up—with the smell of croissants and *pain au chocolat* being baked in your hotel's kitchen. The pleasures continue with lunch, which may find you at a mid-mountain bistro like the Bel-Air, where squares of blueberry and lemon *tarte* are displayed checkerboard-style on the bar, and where you can sit on a sunny deck or in a boisterous barn of a room with a huge fireplace. The Bel-Air serves the gutsy fare of the Savoy region—thick, crusty bread; hearty salads of lentils, onion, and bacon in garlicky vinaigrette; grilled chicken, steak, or sausage. Finish it all off with one of those fruit goodies from the bar, an espresso, and a shot of *marc*, the powerful Savoyard brandy.

On the other hand, lunch at Courchevel could find you down in the pristine, seventeenth-century village of Le Praz, where cats and old men in berets share narrow streets and where the fondue and raclette at the unpretentious Bistro du Praz are memorable. But for the lunch of lunches, Le Chabichou is the place to go. Boasting two Michelin stars, this is one of Courchevel's most elegant dining rooms, and despite the fact that you clomp in wearing ski boots, you are welcomed with the same warmth you find at the most casual of Courchevel's cafés. A glass of Champagne with a crush of strawberries arrives almost the moment you sit down at one of the pretty pink-clothed tables. A plate of fried cheese and tiny fried fish comes next, while you fixate on the menu: lobster consommé. . .endive salad with oysters and mussels. . .truffles vinaigrette and a broccoli cream sauce. . .flan of red mullet with mushrooms. The choices, the inventiveness of chef Michel Rochedy astound. It will be at least two, possibly three glorious hours before you have your final surprise: a plate of the world's lightest cookies and heaviest chocolate truffles to go with your coffee. After this meal, that hamburger at the lodge at Stowe will never taste the same.

You would think that with all of the extraordinary skiing and dining at Courchevel, you could ask for nothing more. But there *is* more. There is culture, for one thing—in the form of films and lectures; language classes; concerts of pop, jazz, and classical music.

There is also nightlife. The current top *boîtes*: St. Nicolas, a video bar/disco especially popular with the Brits. . .the Euro-flashy Les Caves de la Loze, a posh dance palace that's the winter domain of Jacqueline Veyssière, whose Les Caves du Roy is one of the chic-est night spots in St. Tropez. . .and, most romantic of the lot, La Bergerie, a restaurant/discothèque—with stone walls, sheepskin-covered chairs and banquettes—housed in a former sheep barn.

Finally, at Courchevel, there is the topic that's been on everyone's lips for the past few years—the Olympics. And, at last, it's official: the Savoy city of Albertville has been chosen as the site for the 1992 Winter Olympic Games—which means that neighboring Courchevel's slopes will provide the stage for a number of events, including the ski jump. The resort will also host most of the Olympic officials and many of the participating athletes at its hotels and restaurants. Better make your reservations at Le Chabichou—now. ▽

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VIEW

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

Play Time

New "weekend" clothes offer up many roles: sailor, city sport, big-game hunter

Weekend dressing, this season, doesn't simply imply some attractive "sweats." Designers are giving the most easy going clothes a newly dressed-up edge, turning out sportswear pieces with a playful—highly individual—style. Result? A whole new cast of fashion characters abounds: there's safari suiting, ways to go nautical or sweetly ingenue, a new world of jazzed-up joggers.

Dresses are '87 news: bandana-wrapped (as Norma Kamali does them) or schoolgirl-soft at Romeo Gigli. There are nightshirts (Danny Noble), boldly striped tanks (Issey Miyake). The saccharin style of a petticoat takes a sharper edge with a crisp top in khaki.

For sea salts, sailor stripes brighten tops, pants, sweaters; the newest trousers come with fuller legs, and (at WilliWear, Moschino, Patricia Clyne) a sailor shape. Bike pants and fitted T-shirts make cyclists the sports of the season, and even "sweats" have a polished sense. Athletic-grey knit tops match pull-on skirts, layer (at Joan Vass) over the narrowest leggings. For *Out of Africa*ns, the newest shorts are long, narrow, army green and come with a small white tank. Both are silk this season. *(Continued on page 128D)*

Role playing: Safari-suiting jodhpurs from Ralph Lauren Roughwear, above; jacket, Banana Republic. Calicos, below right, Norma Kamali: a narrow dress layered with shirt, bandana. "Jeune fille" dress, below, from Comme des Garçons.

Weekend dressing with an individual slant: French striped sailors, above right, from Sonia Rykiel; right, the city sport: Joan Vass knitted-layer dressing

GUY MARINEAU, Illustrations by RODGER DUNCAN

KRIZIA

FOTO GIOVANNI GASTEL

805 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK - 150 WORTH AVE. PALM BEACH

VIEW

LONDON: Breezy Spring

What's different about London collections? "The English personality," says fashion hatter Stephen Jones, who outfits artists and Ascot ladies, "the unflappable and the avant garde." For spring, the new English translation: classic—bright yellow—narrow-dress knitting from Jean Muir; Katharine Hamnett's 'sixties-short denims, Alistair Blair can-can evenings. Rifat Ozbek weighs in with wrap jersey skirts, the updated black dinner dress; Jasper Conran with small suits, modern tailoring. "Punk" has been pared away to the eminently wearable. "The English don't take clothing too seriously," says Jones. "And that's very healthy."*("View" continued on page 130)*

WATCH FOR: NEW NAMES

Nick Coleman: A very personal way with tailoring, with transparency—cropped jackets, minis.

Joe Casely-Hayford: Sailor suiting of a charming order, highest waists.

Stephanie Cooper: Linen pieces à la Eliza Doolittle, bubble skirting.

Looks of London: above, Jasper Conran's short—shortest—evenings. Left, John Galliano overalls. Below, snaky spring: Manolo Blahnik sandal

A shorter skirt, the perfect white shirt: Above, Workers for Freedom's spirited London dressing. The message, left: a new higher waist, an "Empire" shape. Over skirt and T-shirt, weightless trench from John Galliano

Offbeat, unique, a hat, left, that inspires a smile: for spring, Stephen Jones's black silk "jetstream"

One newsmaker of the season: designer Rifat Ozbek. His news, right: a neckline cut lower, wider, with new shaping. Left: Jasper Conran's curvy suit. Conran's collection, too, wrote London headlines.

PIERRE SCHERMAN Illustration by RODGER DUNCAN

Puffy Eyes. Crow's Feet. Help is in sight!

Eyes talk. Don't let them tell… they speak without words, too often revealing the secret of your age. It's no wonder as delicate eye contours face constant aggressions. Even the most innocent expressions—including squinting, blinking, and smiling—take a toll. Stress and fatigue, application and removal of eye makeup, all add their own damaging effects. The need for special attention becomes clearly evident—visibly urgent!

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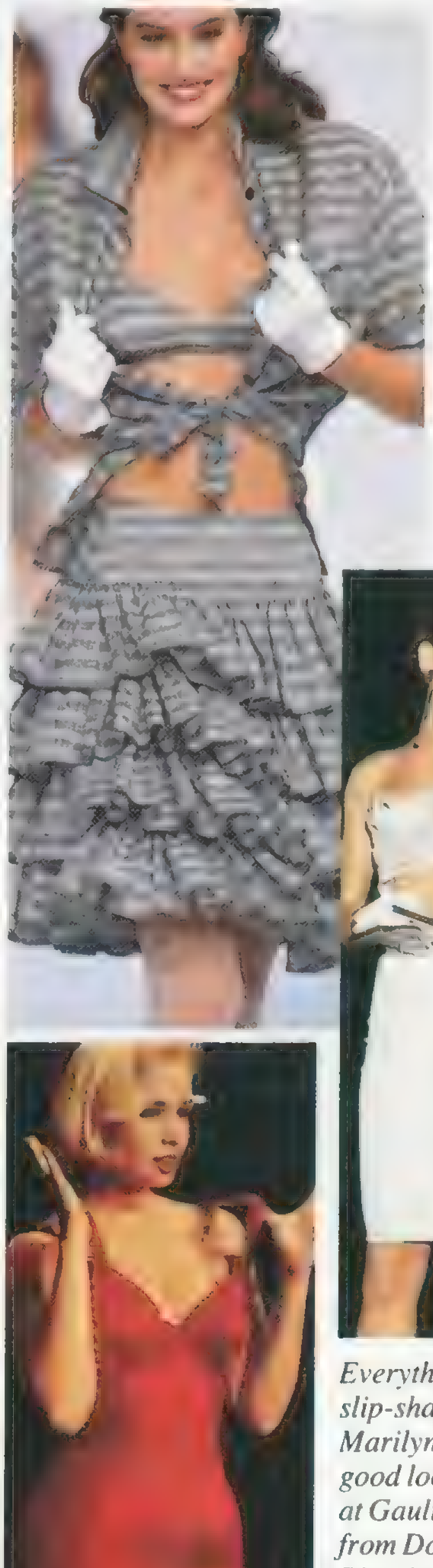
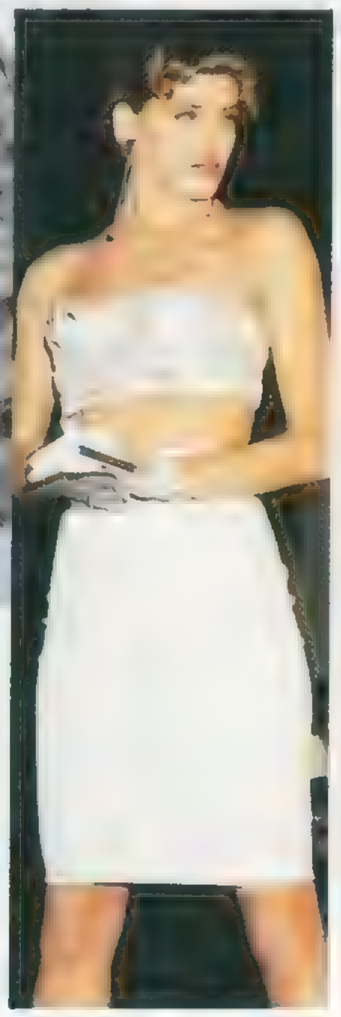
VIEW

The lingerie look

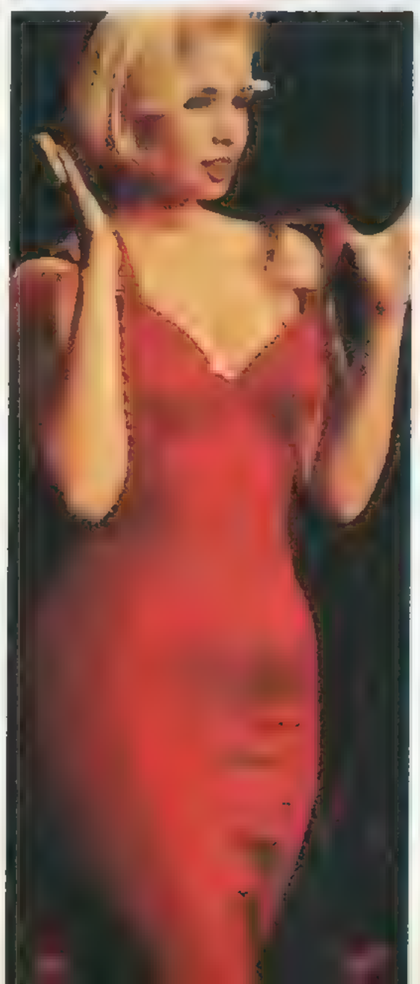
For night, for spring, Ungaro styles silk bloomers; at Gaultier, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, or Azzedine Alaïa, bra tops go with everything from trousers to tulle. In a season for petticoats, nearly every designer, too, has a full-slip dinner-dress version. Lingerie dressing, it seems, comes flirty or fast-track. New York's Angel Estrada sees his bra and skirt worn with a cropped evening jacket: "You shouldn't walk around like this without being able to defend yourself," jokes Estrada about his "baby bustier" look. *("View" continued on page 132)*



Lingerie looks: with wit, right, from young Paris designer Martine Sitbon. Below, a satin brassiere and skirt, a new look for night from Angel Estrada. Summer stripes, left: Bra and ruffled skirt at Dorothée Bis



Everything's slip-shape and Marilyn Monroe good looks, left, at Gaultier; from Dorothée Bis, right, multiples of slip-style evening dressing



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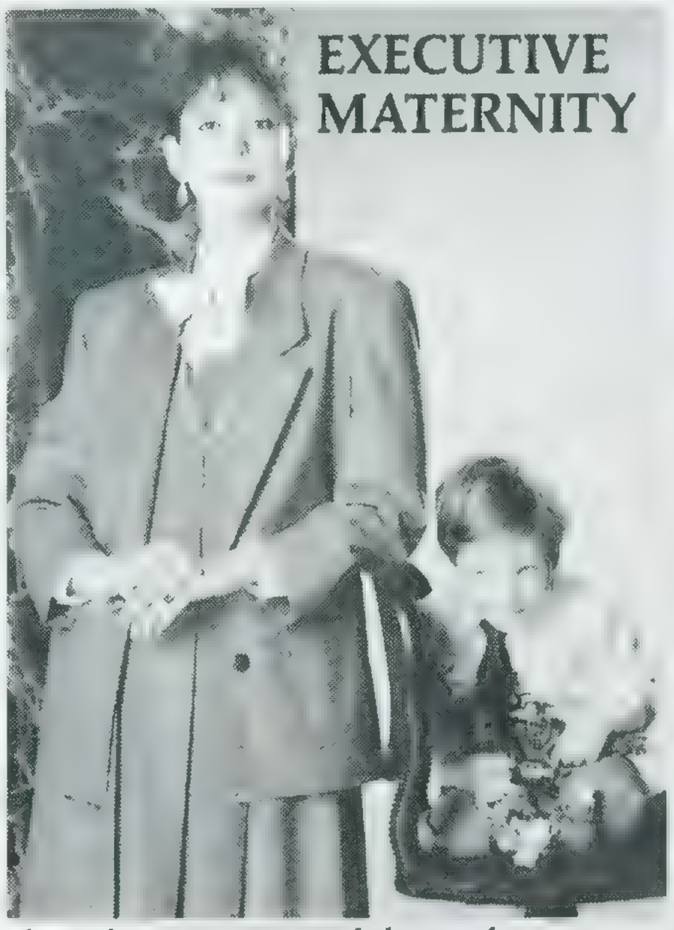

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VIEW

And the winner is...

Dressing at its best: Council of Fashion Designer Awards

When the American fashion world awards its own, the stars turn out: glittery, gilded, dressed at their best (and usually in their own numbers). This January 12, all head to the CFDA (Council of Fashion Designers of America) Awards. Past stars (and citings) have ranged from Geoffrey Beene to Ray Ban glasses; included this year are Mr. Beene, Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren, Bill Blass, Marlene Dietrich for timeless style, Dalma for timely moves on a runway. *("View" continued on page 134)*

PIERRE SCHERMAN, GUY MARINEAU, KAREN RADKAI, SPRINGER/BETTMANN FILM ARCHIVE

Onstage: 1986 CFDA award winners. Above, Bill Blass—honored for lifetime achievement; the ruffles in red are from his spring '87 collection. Left, designer, store star Ralph Lauren. Below, model Dalma De Svastich: for her finesse on a runway

For personal style: the legend, left, that's Marlene Dietrich. Cited for personal achievement, below from left: Geoffrey Beene, Donna Karan, newcomer David Cameron

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VIEW

Bows

For Better or Worse

On the runway, they run the fashion gamut—enchanting, simply whimsical, or downright silly—and they're the sure sign of spring: hair bows, bustle bows, bowed dresses, pumps, glitter earrings. YSL is bowed over: stringing ribbons across flounced dress or jacket; Blass bows taffeta grandly by night. Armani, the tailor, can't resist a back bow on a jacket. Even Japan's minimalist Rei Kawakubo gets into the act: with Comme des Garçons strapless bowed dresses. *("View" continued on page 136)*

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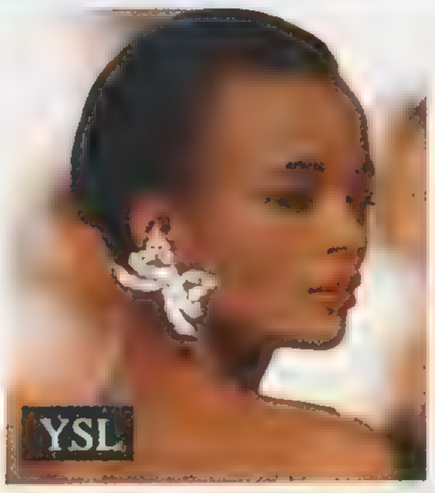

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GUY MARINEAU, PIERRE SCHERMAN

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VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

New celebrity fashion...charmed dressing and 'sixties minis... summer finds: bags. belts. shoes...dressing workouts or weddings

People are talking about...the "femininity" of the season (though, one would think, it's somewhat difficult to charge-card a woman's sexuality). What people mean by "feminine," more often, is simply a prettiness that's appealing. And even that prettiness has less to do with ruffles and petticoats than with subtleties: the powder-paleness of blue trousers and cashmere pullovers at Ralph Lauren (or his blush-pink silk handkerchief in a jacket pocket). Mary McFadden wraps the season's ponytail with the neatest coil of black grosgrain ribbon; Valentino pins a gardenia on a white satin cuff; Geoffrey Beene barely bows his short gloves. On spring/summer runways, designers have kept accessories to a minimum: charm may come simply in off-the-shoulder bareness, a somewhat shorter length or, in a little black dress from Rifat Ozbek for one, a broad "milkmaid" neckline. Real femininity comes from the woman inside: the way it's always been in fashion.

If "feminine" is the fashion watchword of the coming season, one would think men will go all-out macho. If so, Perry Ellis has the perfect clothes accompaniment: a long red tie decorated with bright exercising—trunk-clad—figures of men—a new take on "fitness dressing."...For the year of the fashionable wedding, Natori is reviving the most-traditional lingerie trousseau: pearly-white camisoles, sleep gowns, satin bowed slippers, pillows, lace-edged towels, the most perfectly appealing of appliquéd silk lingerie cases. Trousseaux may come small-sized or with a lifetime of lingerie—depending on the specific desires (and budget) of the blushing bride. ...What's new? "Miss Maud" shoes from Maud Frizon...and the first Miss Maud shop on Madison Avenue. More stores are scheduled for these somewhat younger-looking shoes with the famous Maud Frizon view, but running the NYC shop is a favorite Maud "Miss": Sophie de Bienveniste, Maud Frizon's own twenty-three-year-old daughter.

IN THE WORLD OF COLLECTIBLE "ANTIQUE" JEWELRY, 'FIFTIES CHARM BRACELETS ARE A HOT ITEM WITH FASHIONABLE GIRLS. NEW CHARM BRACELETS GO MUCH MORE GROWN-UP. BALLS OF ROSE QUARTZ, JADE—PASTEL-PALE SEMIPRECIOUS STONES—DROP FROM SILVER LINK BRACELETS (AT M & J SAVITT). ISABEL CANOVAS TAKES "GOLD" TO A GYPSY'S FILL OF MOLTEN BELLS.

"The prettiness of the season has less to do with ruffles and petticoats than with dressing subtleties"

What's new? What's "old" is more to the point...at L.A.'s A Star is Worn. This Melrose Avenue shop stocks the once-worn clothes of everyone from Brooke Shields and Joni Mitchell to Michael Jackson. Cher's own Montanas and Azzedines are top sellers, it seems. Celeb profits from clothes sales are all charity donated.... Sheerness is a fashion thought on designers' minds for spring: sheerness for prettiness and added charm, not aggressively sexy dressing. At Ralph Lauren, paper-weight white camisoles layer beneath organza blouses by night; Yojhi Yamamoto wraps a black crinkled chiffon top with skirts or trousers. Soft organza layers make flirty skirts at Ungaro; peach georgette, a Donna Karan T-shirt for under a spring jacket. But it's Gaultier who goes peek-a-boo with black mesh: And a chaste sleeve on a most-tailored jacket.

For everything from daytime pyjamas to bathing suits, small dresses, or evening sweaters, nautical stripes are a sure sign of '87 spring; crisp stripes are also brightening the world of accessories. At Chanel, black-and-white jailbird stripes cover pumps; Omega offers up a belt with almost identical stripings. Should circles be more geometrically appealing, Fendi sprinkles white polka dots across small shoulder bags in navy leather; Roxanne Assoulin jewels a giant cuff with black dot beading. There are dotted belts (at Calvin Klein and Perry Ellis); floppy dot hair bows (Anne Moore) or rings at Boris-leBeau in various colors of enameling. For a spring/summer season, often, of simple black or white clothes, all add pizzazz...and a bit of whimsy.

Bucket bags, this spring, are some of the best handbags to be found...and some of the newest have taken on a neater shape in the process. At Prada, the familiar duffel-bag drawstring has been replaced by a side buckle and small loop of shoulder strap; Carlos Falchi tidies up reptile or pale ostrich shoulderbags to curvey sculptural shapes. All come in decidely pared-down sizes....Goldie Hawn will remember it well; so, too, will Twiggy. Their signature chemise dresses of the 'sixties are turning up in collections now. Adrienne Vittadini puts hers in a post-Pucci print; Geoffrey Beene in all-over beading. At night, on a young woman, these smallest dresses still have charm. That's what mini-lengths are about this year...and a general hemline move—not to sky-high but to a length for spring that's newly just a bit shorter.

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Calvin Klein Sport

What's next: a new season's star attractions

This month, to kick things off—a strong starting lineup. . .

Watch words... Every season generates its own buzzwords. This season, more than most. Around the world, you hear echoed and re-echoed—petticoats, crinolines, bows, softness. . .all leading to what's been termed a new, more feminine style.

The smart way to view these words: as signals of change. Signals of a new mood—more upbeat, more inviting. Signals of a new silhouette—and it's everywhere, achieved in a variety of ways—a silhouette that's smaller on top, small at the waist, with softness in a skirt. Signals of a new interest in feminine details—from the bareness of a neckline to the flounce of a skirt. In the end, signals of an appealing shift in fashion that affects the way you look—*and* the way you feel.

Leading the way: skirts! The biggest difference—biggest news—skirts as the key "fashion change." Skirts in motion—softer, fuller, flirtier. And shorter. While hemlines may not matter; length does. What looks better, works better for day: an above-the-knee skirt.

As you get to evening, skirts can get fuller, flouncier, even crinolined (that's another—later—story). But, day and night, time after time, the difference in a look comes from a skirt.

Stronger than ever: jackets Beyond the news, a basic reality: that the jacket has become a standard of daytime dressing. . . .that for appropriateness, for finish, for setting up a look, there is no substitute.

Which doesn't mean: the same old jackets. The best (and we've cornered the best in this issue) have nothing to do with blazers, with man-tailoring. These jackets are longer, easier, slouchier—refined in fabric, softer in cut.

Or there's a new cropped-short jacket—a charming blouson, bolero, or variation-on-a-vest. In every case, the look of a jacket with a new softer skirt gives daytime dressing a different—welcome—turn.

Day to dinner: fast changes... A recognized need today: clothes that can move easily from a working day to a business "commitment" or to "drinks"... or to dinner at a restaurant—the kinds of evenings most of us find ourselves spending most often. Evenings for which we don't always (in fact, hardly ever) have time to go home and start over. Yet we all want to make a change from day. This season, new possibilities. The best—hinge on a different jacket-and-dress. The jacket, covered, appropriate for any daytime situation. The dress underneath—unexpectedly bare. . .even strapless. The change—as fast, as easy—as taking off the jacket.

Other fast-change options: adding a petticoat to a daytime skirt for instant lift (one or two petticoats can be your most useful evening accessory; a steady diet of them—overkill). Or subtracting a blouse—for the look of bareness under a jacket. All of the above—easily do-able, and noticeable, day-to-dinner switches.

A revelation: the new aspects of bareness An obvious difference this season—the kind of degree of bareness that's suddenly across the board. The neckline of the season—off-the-shoulder, cut straight across. A neckline that appears on everything from a striped jersey top to a short evening dress. Equally visible—equally appealing—new deeply plunged décolleté variations. . . .There's straplessness all over—the strapless top on a dress, or a strapless top to go with a skirt and petticoat. . .and the smallest-fitting, barest-yet halter tops. . .More bareness inherent in new transparent fabrics. . .and in a new "lingerie" dressing where a top can be as bare as any bra.

Evening: a world apart The difference between day and night has never been greater. The contrast: between a heightened—but workable—reality and a sense of fantasy. Daytime dressing—when it's most appealing, most modern—continues to be simplified in nature, unexcessive in every way—clothes, accessories, makeup and hair. Not that there aren't any changes—whether it's the evolution of a jacket or the season's new skirts. But, ideally, in the best looks for day, there's nothing extreme, revolutionary, overly "fashiony."

At night, in contrast, the possibility for other changes. This is a moment that allows for something more. This season, that more . . .is a lot more—all the way to strapless confections of dresses, pouffed and crinolined to beat the band. Or you can go for something less "obvious," more off-beat. Even in a season of tulle and petticoats, there are other attitudes of dressing. . .expressed in a more tailored evening pyjama . . .in a knockout "special" jacket . . .in a sleek, unruffled dress. Yet there's more play, more experimenting with this way of dressing; it isn't daytime "simple."

Constants at night—no matter what—shorter lengths, barer necklines, a gentler kind of narrowness. No tight, tortured shapes in the looks you like best.

Material pleasures New words that have real meaning—those that describe the season's key fabrics. Fabrics that allow for softness, for un-tough tailoring. What stands out—crepe, in all its guises; new lighter weights of wool; new sheer, transparent fabrics—wool to chiffon; denim used inventively.

One thing leads to another...and another When something changes in fashion—even a small change—it has a ripple effect. A change in the fit of a jacket—a jacket that's softer, smaller—can lead to a change in the top that goes underneath—gentler, smaller, collarless. Change the length of a skirt—and the shoe that goes with it changes—a shorter skirt with a new higher-heel slingback for the look of nonstop legs. With the bareness of necklines at night, a new lift to hair—pulled up and off the neck, away from the face. There are no hard-and-fast rules, but there are things that look better—that make you feel better. In this issue, a guide to those changes. . .at their best.

the IMPACT OF A NEW YEAR

It's not that everything changes with a change of calendar. But this is a good time to stop and take stock. To think about what's different, what isn't, what works, what doesn't, and why.

Stronger than ever: the idea of "appropriateness," of image, of the way we present ourselves for day. It's an idea that's transformed fashion, setting up a whole new standard of daytime dressing (newest examples, the year's best jackets, two pages ahead).

And the word "appropriate" applies equally to beauty—to makeup and to hair. As our thinking about image and the role it plays in our lives has changed, our definitions about what's appropriate here have changed as well... and have led to interesting new developments.

There's a new sense of attractiveness in makeup that's based on understatement, on a modern simplicity. One reason: makeup itself has changed so dramatically; and in its sheerness of texture, in the neutrality of its coloring, a different concept has emerged.

What's ahead? In '87, the further evolution of makeup as "enhancer," with colors that are cleaner, *(Continued on page 142)*

. . . A DIFFERENCE IN MAKEUP

A continuing evolution in makeup thinking . . . based on minimal, neutral coloring and sophisticated application for an overall effect that's simple, understated, attractive in a very modern way. The look for '87, *opposite,* with an emphasis on the mouth. Eyes "barely" made up. Skin that's enhanced, sheerly finished.

Beauty Note:
With a new focus on the mouth, a new neutral for lips—mustard—perfect complement to the season's neutral-color shadows and blushes. Here, Princess Marcella Borghese's Lumina Eyecolour Mousse glossed with Naturale Lip Treatment Moisturizer; and Black Notte mascara. Makeup by Linda Cantello. Hair by Sam McKnight of La Coupe, NY.

the IMPACT OF A NEW YEAR

(Continued) softer, simpler. Color used in new ways—"balancers" that even out skin tone. . . light, delicate concealers that match skin exactly. The newest neutral palette—stone-washed and safari colors—earthy, but unheavy: sandstone, brick, khaki mixed with copper, mustard, spice.

For day, it's still a look of minimal, low-key make-up. With a new focus on the mouth—well-defined (but not noticeably lined), matte in color. There's a continued emphasis on brows—full, and brushed to look natural. Eyes are nearly "bare"—all you need is mascara; sometimes, a slight smudging of brown shadow. Blush, if there is any, is a whisper of color—the most delicate shades of pink or coral, often mixed with white. In fact, nothing ever "shouts."

In a season that's cleaner, softer. . . hair that's softened, adding to a new attractiveness. While hair is longer (rather than shorter), shape not length is the modern watchword. Shape that starts with the right haircut. Today, a cut that "lightens" hair (the secret's in the layering) and helps hair's natural texture achieve the desired line. For the first time in a long time, the direction of hair is backward, well off the face. Nothing is complicated, "done." Hair is a perfect complement to the look of makeup. . . the look of fashion.

. . . AND A DIFFERENCE IN HAIR

A difference that starts with length—hair that's longer without being too long (never below shoulder length). With changes in shape and direction. The look for '87, *opposite*—hair that's unmistakably "back," lifted away from the face . . . layered for lightness, fullness, new softness . . . in the mood of the season.

Penn

Beauty Note:
To give hair lift, direction, and shine (a big plus), a new generation of "liquid tools." One of the best, L'Oréal's Studio Line Styling Gel, used here for softness and height. Hair by Sam McKnight of La Coupe, NY. Makeup, Linda Cantello.

Starting strong,
with a master
of jacket-dressing,
Giorgio Armani.
Here, his stone-color
jacket in wool crepe,
with softness everywhere—
in the collar and lapels,
the drape of the fabric,
in the overall look and feel.
And in the gentleness
of the blouse underneath,
with its keyhole of bareness.
Jacket, about $1100.
Giorgio Armani Couture.
Giorgio Armani Boutique,
NYC. Earrings,
Mikimoto, New York.
These twelve pages:
all makeup by
Lydia Snyder.
Hair, here, Gad Cohen,
Gad Studio, NYC.
Details,
last pages.

THE JACKETS of the year

When all is said and done, the key to daytime dressing—the pivotal piece in a wardrobe—is still a jacket. The *right* jacket. On these twelve pages, a look at the newest, the best jackets in the world

A given: the jacket you want, the jacket that really works, one with style and character. Not a simple blazer; not a man-tailored clone. Always, there has to be something "more."

To find jackets of this caliber—a variety of them, all indicative of a new season—we went to the top designers in New York, Paris, Milan, and we asked them for their own special jacket interpretations: jackets that would, above all else, give a woman "more." A lot more. The results of that special search—their answers—the jackets on these twelve pages; shapes that became prototypes for key looks in their spring collections. What worked for us... worked, period!

What these jackets share, first and foremost—definite presence. Whether longer or cropped at the waist (the two prevalent lengths), whether in a color or a neutral, each jacket adds distinctive finish. Also evident: a new softness, a gentleness—there is nothing tough or tailored about any of them. And there's a very real sophistication of fabric—fabrics that cut and drape and perform differently—from wool crepe to jersey to the supplest leather.

Jackets are worn differently this season—over gentle, collarless tops. And—the biggest difference—over fuller, leggier skirts—something you'll see throughout this issue; something that changes the mood of day dressing this spring.

What else stands out on these pages: the way the total picture comes into focus—the look of makeup and hair (our starting point) and the look of carefully-picked accessories that add a certain charm to daytime dressing...in other words, all of the elements that give fashion its special beat.

Wayne Maser

THE JACKETS OF THE YEAR

Wayne Maser

Soft as any sweater, finished as any "tailored" jacket: Geoffrey Beene's long, lean, small-on-the-body cardigan in black wool knit, piped in grey silk charmeuse. A perfect example of his deceptively simple, thoroughly modern turn to jacket (to day) dressing. Jacket, about $1010. Late February at Saks Fifth Avenue; Cyreld, Brookline MA; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia & Baltimore; Jacobson's MI and OH; Balliets; Frost Bros. Hair, both pages, Garren, NY. Details, last pages, this issue.

A decorative slant:
the Saint Laurent Rive Gauche
cropped military jacket in brass-buttoned
navy wool. A jacket ornamental
in character, positive in impact.
About $850. Saint Laurent Rive
Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC;
Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques,
Philadelphia; Washington DC;
Dallas; Denver; Beverly Hills.
Jewelry, Cartier.

Relaxed in shape, in attitude: Calvin Klein's knockout new jacket in tiny houndstooth checks—to belt or not! Of tropical-weight wool, about $880. At Bergdorf Goodman. Hair by Garren, NY. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

THE JACKETS OF THE YEAR

In the mood of jacket dressing, accessories "tailored" in nature, still strongly decorative. *Here,* the look of remarkable rings worn in multiple . . . the look of remarkable stones (the season's jewelry news) embedded in 18k gold, surrounded by baguettes. All, Poiray Joailliers, NYC; Paris; Geneva. Details, last pages . . . Beauty Note: In the mood of the season's day makeup—a face as "bare" as possible. From Estée Lauder, a light dusting of Ecru Moisture-Balanced translucent powder for finish; for color, a "stain" of All-Day Pink Mist on the mouth.

Added pleasure—accessories with strong character.

To show under a jacket: a trio of sensational chain-link necklaces in 18k-gold vermeil over silver. Dennis Higgins.

Necklaces, top to bottom; about $650; $750; $900.

Giles & Lewis, NYC.

To order at Bebe, Beachwood OH; Barbara Boman, Ojai CA.

Details, last pages....

Beauty Note: Adding the most subtle finish—Chanel's Alabaster foundation, dusted with Light powder, Tawny Rose lips.

THE JACKETS OF THE YEAR

Softer, smaller, fitted in at the waist: the outstanding shape of Claude Montana's luxurious leather jacket—sleek, sophisticated, day-to-dinner versatile. Bloomingdale's; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Torie Steele, Dallas; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills; Diagonale, San Francisco (mid-Feb). Hair, both pages, Gad Cohen, Gad Studio, NYC. Details, last pages, this issue.

Wayne Maser

THE JACKETS OF THE YEAR

Unmistakably effective. . .for its striking color, uncomplicated line—Gianfranco Ferre's elongated, straight-falling, red wool cardigan jacket, *opposite*—it moves with ease from low-key day to a more heightened dinner dressing. Jacket, about $1475. Bergdorf Goodman. . . . Exceptional potential: in Donna Karan's longer, body-fitted jacket of white napa leather, *this page*. A marvelous turn on one of her classic shapes—curvy, zipped, comfortably easygoing. Donna Karan New York. Jacket, about $1320. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Nordstrom, Seattle WA; Portland OR. Hair, *opposite*, Gad Cohen, Gad Studio, NYC; *this page*, by Garren, NY. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

P

erfect new daytime shoe—
perfect with a jacket and skirt,
a knit dress, with just about anything—
Walter Steiger's racy new
crocodile slingback. Differences to watch:
its wider strap, rich texture, warm neutral
coloring, higher stacked heel. About $490.
Walter Steiger, NYC; Bob Ellis Shoes,
Charleston SC; Neiman-Marcus,
Beverly Hills. Panty stockings,
Hanes Silk Reflections.

THE JACKETS OF THE YEAR

Wayne Maser

The longest jacket—
sharply, well fitting—
Patricia Clyne's 7/8 length
wool elasticized at the waist,
double breasted, super shawl
About $360. February at
Saks Fifth Avenue,
Fashionata Etc., Montrose, NY,
Alto Da Bien, Philadelphia,
Ayla, Ann Arbor and Birmingham MI,
Spencer, Boise, Bruce LA,
Susan of Burlingame and San
Francisco CA. Watch, Corsair,
Hair, this page,
Carol Fisher, Carol
Studio, NYC Details
more shots, last pages

SKIN IN THE WORKPLACE

It's a given: where you work, how long you spend there can affect your looks now, create future problems. Here, what to guard against, solutions from experts

BY SHIRLEY LORD

It's 5:30 P.M. at the end of a working week. You've been at your desk for the past nine hours, in a modern high-rise building designed with unopenable windows. There's at least a thirty-five degree difference between the outside and inside temperatures. You're comfortably warm—until the central heating goes off when the building "officially" ends its business day—but you feel "dried out," fatigued.

Your skin—your body's personal radar system—is signaling unmistakably that all day long it has been giving out more moisture than it has been receiving. (With 30 percent relative humidity, more than twice the amount of water is lost from the skin's surface than in 90 percent relative humidity.)

"Canned air" in offices where windows don't open (or are nonexistent), fluorescent lighting, "chair fatigue" from eight to ten hours of sedentary work—these are the very real "environmental" problems that more and more women live with daily in their working lives.

"Many designers of modern office buildings are not concerned—yet—with providing heating/cooling systems that also control humidity," said physiologist Gary L. Grove, Ph.D., director of the Skin Study Center, part of the University City Science Center, Philadelphia. "The result? Many modern offices provide a 'hostile' environment for the skin, *(Continued on page 159)*

With more
women working
in offices have come
new life styles,
new needs.
Now, there's concern
not only about
outdoor sun exposure
but the impact
of indoor environments.
Key research:
hours spent under
fluorescent lights and their
effect on a woman's
well-being....

Penn

Details, these six pages, see last pages this issue.

Although it obviously may be more dangerous to work in a factory than in an office, it's also true that a working woman, whether she's an artist, lawyer, or doctor, can be exposed to work-related environmental factors, such as air pollutants, toxic chemicals, that have an impact on her health, well-being.

Evidence shows that exposure to work-related environmental factors—indoor air pollutants, artificial lighting—can affect health, mood, energy, even your skin's appearance

MODERN REACTIONS

Indoor air effects

A majority of office workers say they are not satisfied with the quality of workplace air—and studies now confirm that indoor air affects not only skin's appearance but mood, productivity, even health.

In the last few years, experts have become increasingly concerned about "sick-building syndrome"—the buildup of air pollutants inside buildings, many of which are "sealed" against energy loss. Complaints have ranged from worker fatigue, sore throats, and respiratory problems to eye and skin irritations—and have become so widespread that the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) is monitoring complaints and assisting employees in having office air tested for pollutants, some of which are also feared to increase workers' cancer risks. (For a list of organizations that can provide help with all of the office problems mentioned in this article, see page 250.)

Among the airborne substances thought to play a part in sick-building syndrome are cigarette smoke, formaldehyde (a common skin allergen found in many curtain *(Continued on page 251)*

Impact of chemicals

We come into contact with thousands of chemicals every day. In most cases, they go unnoticed. But for approximately one in five people, chemicals (such as those in the workplace) can cause skin reactions ranging from mild irritation to the severe redness and cracking of an eczema-like allergic reaction.

In fact, many experts believe that women may be at *greater* risk than men for chemical-induced skin reactions. "For cultural rather than biological reasons, women's skin is considered more sensitive than men's. But the reality, in our society, is that women may be exposed to greater numbers of potential skin irritants because they wear more cosmetics, jewelry, and use the greatest amount of home detergents and cleansers," said Toby Mathias, M.D., chief of occupational dermatology, National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health.

And, while household products and cosmetics still cause the largest percentage of skin reactions, there are increasing numbers of cases in which the diagnosis is "occupational dermatitis," caused by substances encountered in the workplace.

Who is *most* vulnerable to occupational dermatitis? Women who work in factories, who repair machinery, whose jobs expose them to heavy solvents, raw chemical ingredients, or, in places such as beauty salons, strong chemical solutions. In making a diagnosis and determining the proper treatment for dermatitis, a dermatologist, today, must be aware of the substances a woman is exposed to in her *working* environment as well as her *home*. *(Continued on page 250)*

(Continued) particularly in winter when skin is at its most vulnerable, sensitive. After only a few hours of low humidity, the cells of the stratum corneum—an interchanging membrane, totally responsive to the environment it encounters—start to harden, lose flexibility. Fine-line fissures can appear; skin can literally 'crack' or chap."

What helps?

"Obviously ultrasonic cold-water humidifiers, which increase the ambient humidity," continued Dr. Grove. "If that's not possible, keep plants in the office, and spray them from time to time, and/or keep a pot of water on the radiator—both add humidity to the atmosphere. Don't spray skin with mineral water—water has no 'trapping' ability. Do reapply moisturizer lightly over makeup: it acts as a barrier to slow the transepidermal moisture loss and, better still, in humectant form, attracts any moisture in the atmosphere into your skin and nowhere else. Let the furniture suffer!" (Humectant moisturizers to keep in your desk drawer: Shiseido's Facial Nourishing Stick, in an easy tube for fast application; Prescriptives Flight Cream—as the name suggests, formulated to work in low-humidity atmospheres; Sisley's [botanical-based] Emulsion Ecologique and Biotherm's Hydro Regulateur, self regulating, responding to all levels of dryness and, later this year, Swiss Care de Givenchy, a new laboratory-backed skin-care system for the active woman.)

A frequent perk for women and male executives is often a corner office with large windows—but that can present unexpected skin hazards, too.

"Sit near a window with a southern exposure and there's definite risk of skin damage from the tanning (UVA) rays, which can penetrate the glass," said Albert Lefkovits, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology, Mount Sinai School of Medicine, NYC. "It isn't too exaggerated to suggest that *(Continued on page 251)*

Modern reactions: It is active, busy women who are making new demands and effecting changes, especially in office environments, that will benefit us all

Women, it turns out, may be at *greater* risk than men for chemical-induced skin reactions—not because our skin is more "delicate" but because women are exposed to greater numbers of potential skin irritants; and our hands suffer more abuse...

The light factor

Studies indicate that lighting can affect mood, productivity, creativity; but what's often overlooked when we consider light—particularly indoor lighting—is its effect on skin.

Most offices today use cool, energy-efficient light produced by overhead *fluorescent* bulbs, sometimes in combination with an *incandescent* desk lamp. Unlike incandescent light, produced by the glow emitted by a heated filament, fluorescent light is produced when ultraviolet (UV) radiation is absorbed by phosphors that coat the inside of the tube. Research into the damaging effects of UV (UVB and UVA—longwave) radiation from sunlight on skin has led to speculation and studies on skin reactions to UVA in fluorescent lights. Preliminary studies seemed to indicate that people who worked in offices with fluorescent lights had a higher incidence of melanoma—the most serious form of skin cancer—than those who worked outdoors. But further probing revealed that it probably wasn't the fluorescent lights that caused this increased risk of melanoma, but the fact that people who work indoors during the week tend to spend more time outdoors on weekends, which corresponds with the current medical thinking that melanoma is mostly due to occasional intense sunburns, rather than chronic sun exposure.

In addition, the amount of UVA exposure from fluorescent lights may be very small. "In our studies, we found that the amount of UV exposure that you get during a year of sitting under a fluorescent ceiling light six feet above you is about equal to the amount of exposure that you'd get while walking outdoors for forty minutes in New York City in September—not very much at all," said Darrell *(Continued on page 251)*

New hygiene concerns

The cleanliness of a work environment can have an obvious impact on skin hygiene and condition.

Dust control "While the dust and metallic particles of a factory environment pose the biggest danger to skin and health, many women regularly put up with far more dust and dirt in their offices than they would ever tolerate in their homes. The 'cost' can be seen in asthma-like respiratory problems, skin irritation, and itchy, uncomfortable eyes," said Jeanne Stellman, Ph.D., associate professor and executive director, Columbia University School of Public Health Women's Occupational Health Resource Center, and co-author, *Office Work Can Be Dangerous to Your Health* (Pantheon).

Controlling office dust depends on proper air ventilation systems that filter out contaminants and regular cleaning of *all* office surfaces—not only desk tops but carpets, file cabinets, books, lamp surfaces, windowsills. Room-size electrostatic filters *can* help to cut down on dust circulating in air but are not a substitute for regular office maintenance. If cleaning supplies are made available to employees, they should also be provided with protective gloves, as cleaning materials can dry out skin and cause allergic reactions.

Washing hands frequently is a fact of office life and crucial to good office hygiene: experts agree it is important to prevent spreading dirt and chemicals from hands to face. (And studies confirm that the hands are often "carriers" of cold germs, so washing hands can also help to prevent spreading illnesses.) *Always* wash hands after changing typewriter ribbons, working with paints or glue.

Commercial soaps, however, are usually harsh and can be very drying, especially when overused. Better: using a moisturizer-enriched, superfatted liquid or bar soap, and hand cream afterwards. What about worries of bar soaps spreading germs? Studies by NYU's Dr. Fisher showed that, while bacteria may thrive in water that accumulates in a soap dish, they cannot live on the soap itself—and *(Continued on page 250)*

Penn

VIVA ITALIA!

You can't typecast Italian fashion!

The seasons's basic news is the same here as elsewhere. But here it's interpreted by different, totally individual voices...

The best news from Italy: for all their irreverent, personal approach, for all the free-spirited, eclectic dressing, the top designers have a firm grasp on reality. Their clothes are exquisitely made, unexcessive in design, appropriate for active women. The action centers on certain inviting changes. On these eighteen pages, the most appealing...

New Jacket Proportions. Pivotal: the new longer, softer jacket, how it changes the look, the proportion of the new short skirt, a long skirt, pants. More jacket news: the waist-length blouson; the bolero. Across the board: a new smallness—higher armholes, narrower sleeves; a round, unpadded shoulder.

A New Above-the-Knee Skirt. For day and night—short, spirited, leggy!...always with movement at the hem.

The Difference in Pants. In a season primarily focused on skirts, here, very attractive new pants—fuller at the top, looser—to wear day and night.

Pervasive Theme—The High Waist. The look can come from a high-rise waistband on skirt or pants; a short, waist-focused jacket; a wide belt or simple wrapping.

A Welcome Change at Night. The way low-key evenings can turn on an off-the-shoulder sweater; a jacket removed from a bare jersey dress. The way "big" evenings run the gamut from a long, beaded "vest" over a long, narrow skirt—to the fantasy of a dance dress with a stretch bustier, layers of very full tulle skirts.

A Gentler, More Feminine Mood. There's more to the mood than petticoats—pale cosmetic colors, lingerie details, sheer legs, a graceful shape in shoes. And a new bareness—a jacket worn over skin, a blouse that's a sheer chiffon "T", a bustier or bandeau.

Basic to All the News: The incredible fabrics—fluid, lightweight—the sheerest wools and tweeds, tissue-thin taffetas, almost-transparent silks, silky cottons. Denims used in endless, unexpected ways.

The key voice, the powerhouse of Italian design: Giorgio Armani. Here, a clean, pure line; superb tailoring; a dressing concept focused on reality, on modernity, on making a woman look terrific. Prime example: His rose plaid small jacket in wool and silk, with a short-sleeved creamy silk blouse; pants of pink silk. Giorgio Armani Couture. Jacket, about $1095. Blouse, about $600. Pants, about $725. Bloomingdale's; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.... *Beauty Note:* The key makeup look: modern, minimal. Here, Lancôme's Rose Sand lips, Silversmoke Fawn eyes.These eighteen pages: hair, Yannick and Julien d'Is; makeup, Rumiko. Details, last pages.

Gilles Tapie

ITALY

Cosmetic color

Scalloped underskirt

Longer, softer jacket

For day, dinner, evening—anywhere: Giorgio Armani's pure line, tailoring, inventive design

Tailored; transparent

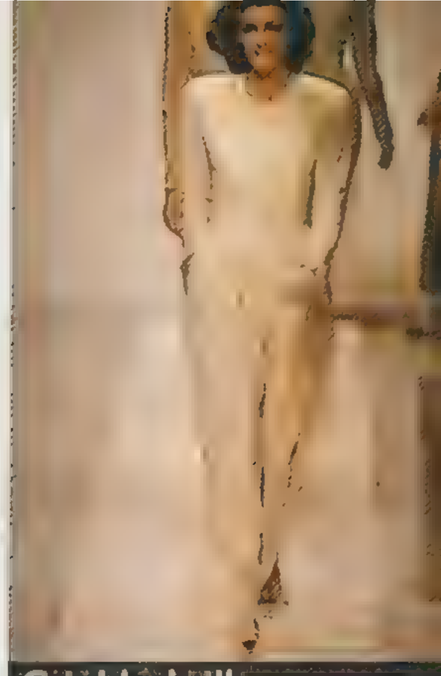
Chiffon T-shirt

The fuller pants

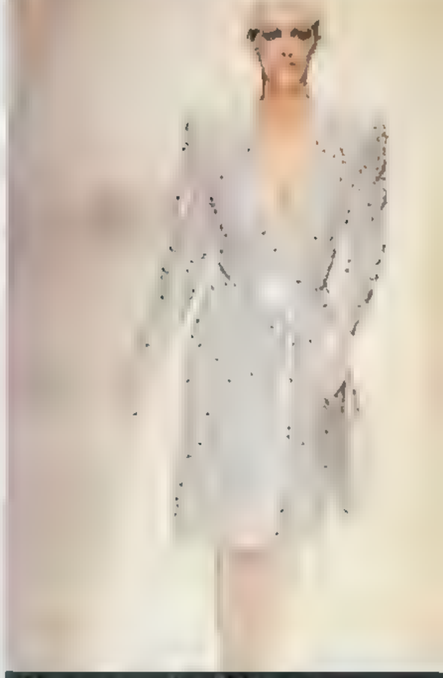
A skirt that moves

One look, *opposite,* at Armani's simple silk shirt and matching scalloped camisole, with the new fuller pants in a small-print silk—the whole thing trim but very graceful... and anything "fluffy" takes a back seat. Giorgio Armani Couture. Blouse, about $780. Camisole, about $430. Pants, about $635. February at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; Macy's, San Francisco....

How modern "seductive" can be, Armani's way, *right:* A sliver of silk lace blouse, grosgrain-trimmed, open at the back, with silk crepe pants, soft-falling, widening at the bottom. Giorgio Armani Couture. Top, about $550. Pants, about $1075. Feb. at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; Hattie, Palm Beach; Birmingham MI; Scottsdale AZ. Details, last pages.

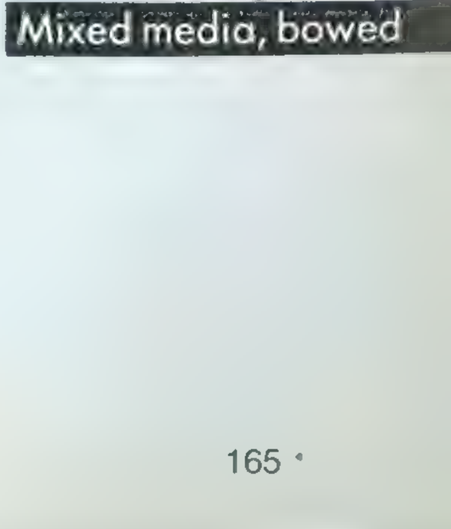


Crinkled silk



Bare and glittery

A different pyjama



Mixed media, bowed

All runway photos, these pages, Bruno Rinaldi

Gilles Tapie

A special voice—Romeo Gigli's—a singular sensibility . . . clean, spare lines, an overall softness

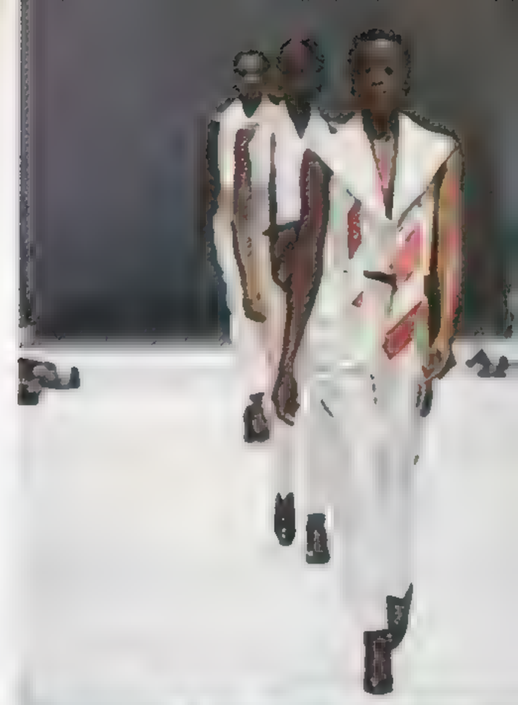
The impact of Gigli's small, unconstructed, body-focused dressing is all in the inherent design, his feeling for nuance and imaginative detail, his subtle sense of color. Here, there are no ruffles, no flounces, no bows. Nothing hitched, tortured, contrived. . . . His compelling look—with characteristic dark legs, flat shoes—*this page, left to right:* Stretch dress with a cotton bandeau peeping from the square, bare neck. About $550. . . . The season's high-rise waist on a black mid-calf skirt with his petal top in claret. Top, about $160. Skirt, about $410.

Gilles Tapie

Left to right: Another high-waisted, narrow skirt, this with a strapless elasticized bustier, both in black. Top, about $135. Skirt, about $300.... Jacket dressing, Gigli's way: the softest long grey jacket over black cotton stretch pants; a black fitted sleeveless top. Top, about $405. Jacket, about $1730. Pants, about $295.... How romantic this spareness can be: a claret lace tulip-shaped skirt—high-waisted, narrow—with a black strapless top. Top, about $145. Skirt, about $1575. Details, stores, see last pages.

ITALY

The strong voice
of Gianfranco Ferre
. . . variations
on the vest,
an irresistible
"jazz" beat



Cotton piqué vests

Sparkled "jazz"

Here, completely
personal, distinctive dressing;
often based on a vest,
a vest that lengthens,
moves to some of the season's
outstanding jackets.
This page: The "jazz" theme
loud and clear in a long,
beaded red/black/white
vest over a slim, high-waisted
crepe skirt. . . a sensational
way to look at night.
Late March at Bergdorf
Goodman.

Gilles Tapie

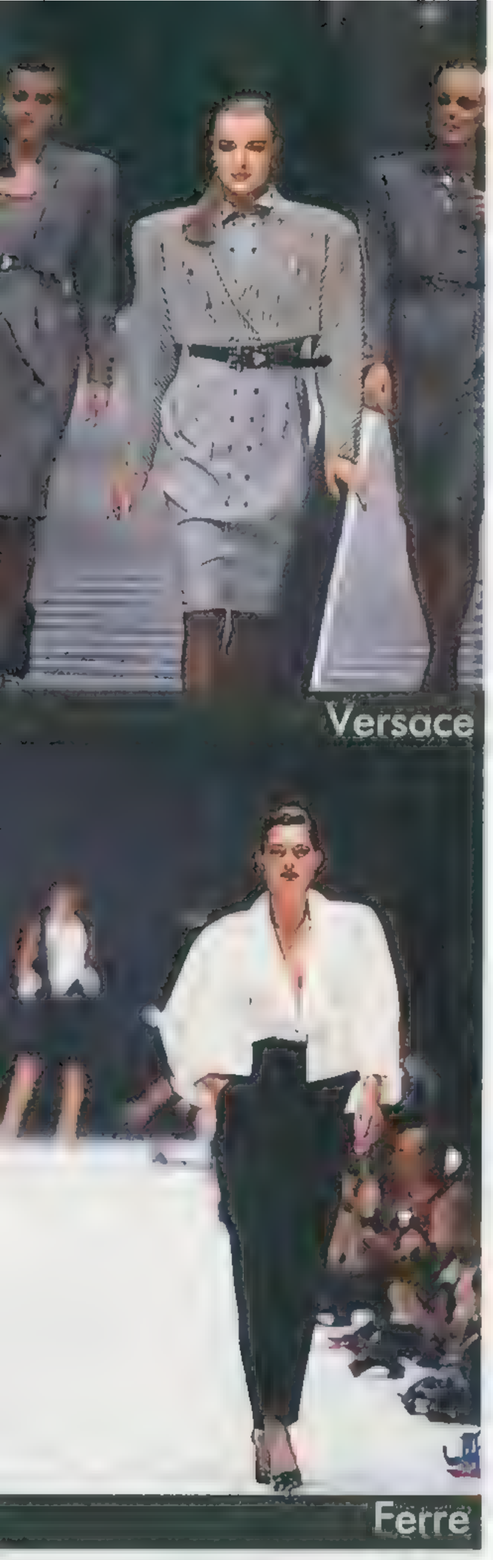
Another striking Ferre "jazz" jacket, *right,* lightly shaped in black and white. Here, over grey wool gabardine pants.

Over anything, it could be the special "odd" jacket that sparks an entire season.

Silk jacket, about $1340. Pants, about $510. Late March at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset and Forest Hills; Nan Duskin; Saks Jandel. Details, more stores, last pages.

ITALY

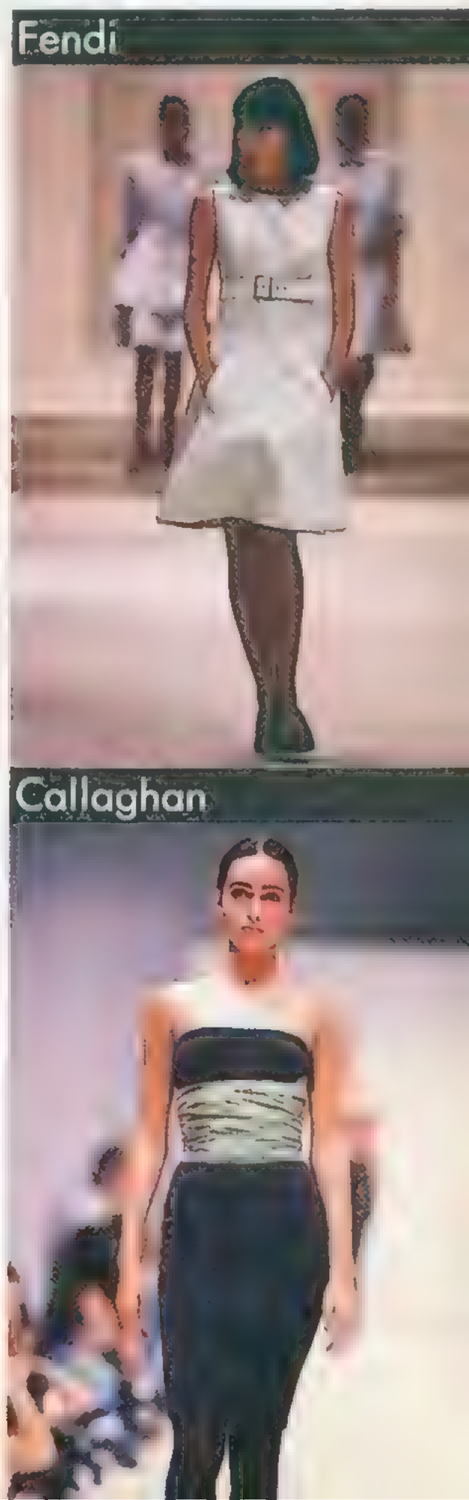
Another of the season's fresh jacket shapes: the bolero. This one, from Gianni Versace—crisp, curvy, red! Reinforcing the waist emphasis, a scarf that pulls together the silk jersey blouse, the wool pants. Wool jacket, about $650. Blouse, about $475. Pants, about $500. Turnout at Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC. Jacket and pants at Gianni Versace Boutiques, Scottsdale AZ and San Francisco. Jacket and blouse at Gianni Versace Boutique, Chicago.



It's not really
a leather-suede season,
but at Mario Valentino,
there are always knockout
suedes like this V-necked dress,
its fullness "held" under
the bosom by a belt,
its color a lift in a season
of pales. About $865.
Barneys New York;
Linda Dresner, Troy MI;
Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ and
La Jolla CA. Details,
more stores, last pages.
. . . *Beauty Note:* The lift
of color in lipstick,
opposite, Charles of the Ritz
Cinnamon Stick.

High waists . . . a new focal point.

The look comes from
high-rise waistbands;
short, waist-focused
jackets; wrapping;
a belt



ITALY

The blouson . . .

another key jacket.

A blouson that's small,

controlled, above the waist

. . . sophisticated!

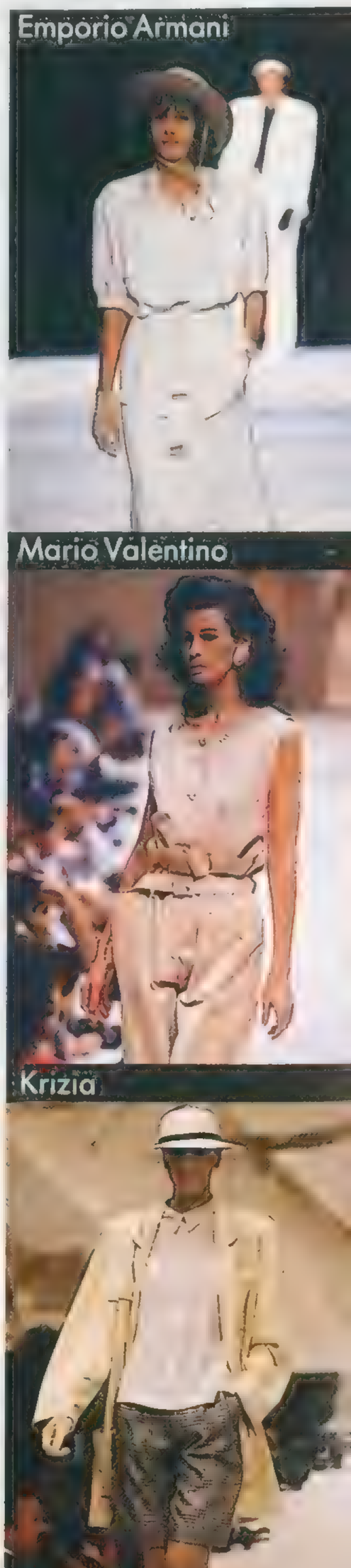
. . . And that's only

the beginning—

everywhere

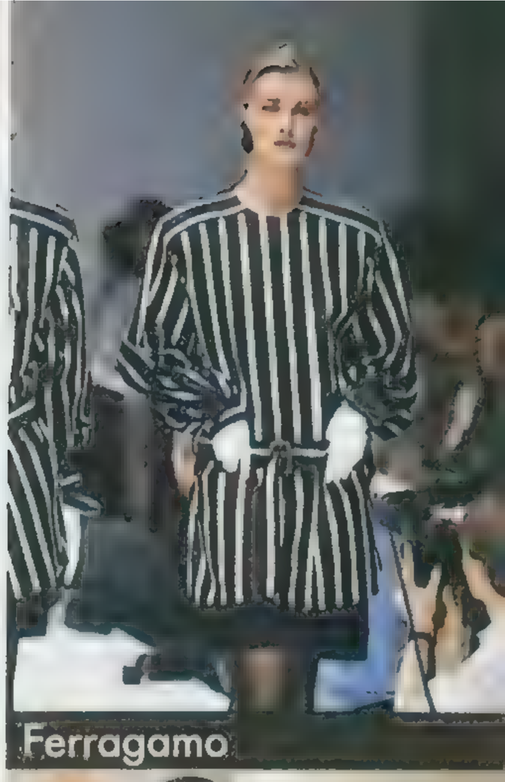
interesting tops,

new shapes



Perfectly polished,
perfectly charming, Krizia's creamy
chamois blouson, *left*,
pulled in at the waist by a leather belt.
Here over a small-print silk blouse,
the new fuller-at-the-top plaid
wool pants. Jacket, about $1075.
Blouse, about $695.. Pants, about $450.
Feb. at Krizia, New York;
Palm Beach; Dallas; Denver;
Beverly Hills; Krizia at
Stanley Korshak, Chicago.

From Moschino, *right,* wide-legged black viscose pants, a drawstring waist; a shiny brown T-shirt; a silky brown suede blouson. Unbeatable for ease and simplicity. Pants, about $380. Blouse, about $245. Jacket, about $1050. Colitti, Millburn NJ; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Neiman-Marcus; Christian Boutique, Canada. To order at Barneys New York.


Ferragamo

Laura Biagiotti

Moschino

Soprani

Pants, P.M.

A new shape in pants: softer at the waist, fuller . . . More news here: stripes! Everywhere, every way . . . day and night

For dinner/restaurant/low-key evening—pyjama/pants dressing that's "dressed," distinctive, but uncomplicated.

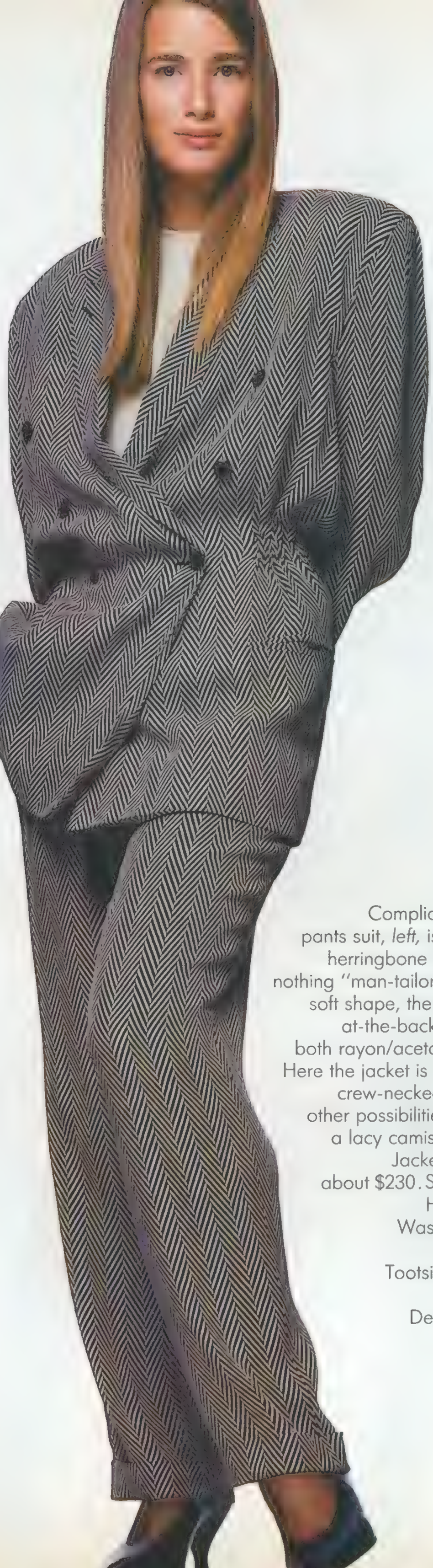
This page: Genny's easy linen/cotton pants with a strong stripe and a black silk flyaway blouse with a silk organza collar. Pants, about $315. Blouse, about $485. Bloomingdale's; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Tootsies, Houston; Giorgio, Beverly Hills; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Bacci's, Canada. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Gilles Tapie

Longer, softer
jackets—a key attraction.
For their softness, polish;
for the new
proportion they set up
over a short skirt,
a long skirt, pants

For all the "active" things a navy suit does—but with more bite—Krizia's wool crepe suit, *this page*. A 7/8-length jacket, lightly shaped with a clean V-neck; a short skirt with a little swing, a little flirt at the hem; and a classic white silk shirt. Jacket and skirt, about $1105. Shirt, about $595. Feburary at Krizia New York; Palm Beach; Denver; Dallas; Beverly Hills; Krizia at Garfinckel's, Washington DC.

Gilles Tapie



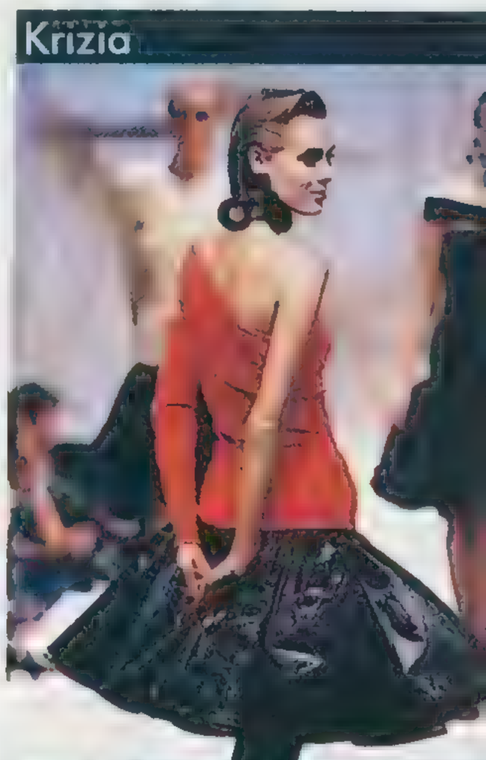
Complice's long-jacketed
pants suit, *left,* is a strong
herringbone pattern, but there's
nothing "man-tailored" in its
soft shape, the way the elasticized
at-the-back jacket and full pants—
both rayon/acetate—fall gently on the body.
Here the jacket is over a
crew-necked silk blouse;
other possibilities—over a chiffon "T,"
a lacy camisole, skin! Pants, about $320.
Jacket, about $765. Blouse,
about $230. Saks Fifth Avenue;
Harriet Kassman,
Washington DC; Tabbi, New Orleans
and Atlanta; Ultimo, Chicago;
Tootsies, Houston;
Maxfield, Los Angeles.
Details, more stores,
last pages.

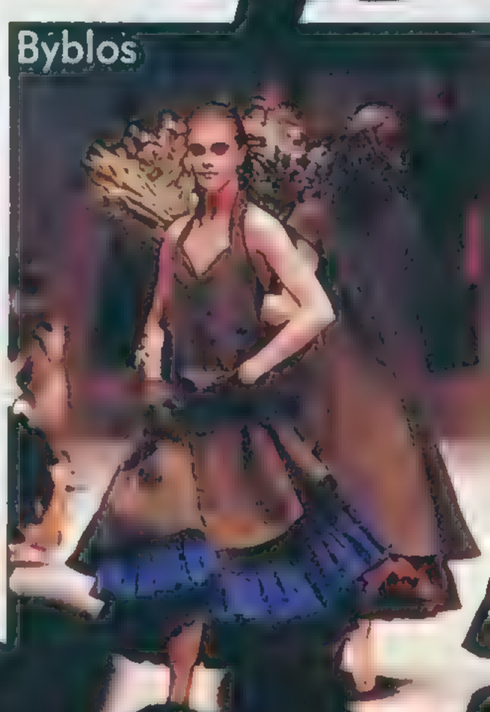
ITALY

Gianni Versace

One of the most beguiling looks in Italy—anywhere—Gianni Versace's, *this page*: A short, whirling double skirt of silk gazar and a silk jersey blouse, both black and white in a mixed, unexpected floral print.

Enhancers: dark legs, "ballet" slippers. Skirt, about $925. Blouse, about $575; Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, San Francisco; Divino, Boston.


Krizia


Byblos

Krizia

Mario Valentino

Fendi

Fendi

Callaghan

A mid-calf version of the skirt, another look that has its own momentum, by Missoni, *this page.* The skirt in black blended cotton with a "starfish" print, a tulle underskirt, and the season's prevailing stretch bustier. About $585. Feb. at Missoni Boutique, NYC; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Details, more stores, last pages.

Gilles Tapie

Fuller skirts . . . everywhere: a softer skirt that flirts, beguiles, moves to a fast beat at night

SPRING '87

INTERNATIONAL

REPORT

PAR

Amid the bustles and tulle, what stands out: clothes that are wonderfully modern. Looks based on a shorter skirt—narrow and wrapped, or swirling, sometimes transparent! And throughout: a certain softness, carefully-picked feminine details that charm, and an unexpected— yet welcome—bareness. The highlights on these six pages...

LEGS, LEGS, LEGS!

Left, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche's "scissor"-wrap skirt, asymmetric striped one-shoulder top. Skirt, about $655; top, about $565. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington DC; Chevy Chase MD; I. Magnin.... The leggy Azzedine Alaïa, *right*—transparent mousseline skirt, panty bottom, and bra top. Bra, about $185; skirt, about $785; panty, about $360. February at If, Soho NYC; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills.... Making the point of color—and stripes! —*above*: the whimsical crush-of-hat at Chanel, by Karl Lagerfeld. These six pages: hair, Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David; makeup, Giana for Clive Summers, NYC. Details, last pages.

Perfectly charming!...the evening dress in two pieces from Valentino, *left*. Narrow through the body, with a beguiling new off-the-shoulder neckline, a short black skirt, black and white underskirts. Valentino Boutique. March at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase MD; Valentino Boutique, Washington DC; Ultimo, Chicago.... From one of the strongest collections, *opposite*—Karl Lagerfeld's—two new ways to get at movement, top and bottom. *Near right*: a streamlined little linen jacket and ingeniously engineered linen skirt. Jacket and skirt, about $935. Late February at Bloomingdale's; Saks Jandel; Stanley Korshak, Dallas.... And a two-piece dress with extra swing, *far right*, in the easy-cut umbrella-shaped cotton-knit tank top, full skirt. Top, about $440. Skirt, about $650. Late February at Barneys New York; Saks Jandel; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

The news is the skirt: shorter, charming, with swing at the hem. Sometimes with a crinoline—for added fullness, flirt—especially at night. New, too, the way pieces move: the way a small, waist-length jacket "pops" over a daytime skirt—taking it to dinner and beyond...

PARIS

PARIS

The fresh, young beat of Paris, expressed, here, by Azzedine Alaïa —designer of the unexpected, of the inventive. What he stands for: a unique body-dressing… now, flirtier, softened…

The newest look of a dress this season—this Azzedine knockout, *opposite*, in a pale parchment color, with narrow sleeves, a deep open neckline. The way to wear it: with darker (black) stockings, new higher, four-inch heels. Dress about $455. Feb. at Barneys New York; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Jet Club, Aspen and Vail CO; Maxfield, Los Angeles….
Extraordinary—for its coloring, its novel approach to the body, to evening, *right*: Azzedine's silk mousseline skirt over a silk taffeta underskirt, matte bra-top. Mousseline skirt, about $739; taffeta skirt, about $780; bra, about $180. Feb. at Dianne B. Men & Women, NYC; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

SPRING '83 / INTERNATIONAL REPORT

N.Y.

Steven Meisel

LEGS, LEGS, LEGS!

First look at a new season

The starting point—a smaller top, a shorter, leggier skirt, sometimes with a crinoline. From a glorious Geoffrey Beene collection, *left*: his fitted pink-and-white check silk jacket over a matching halter; short black silk skirt over a silver-laced black silk slip. Late Feb. at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Balliet's; I. Magnin.

. . . *Beauty Note:* Soft-color makeup—Christian Dior's pale-pink Bonbon lipgloss.

. . . From David Cameron, *above*: his slick leather jacket over a racing-striped "body" top—a smallness that releases into a flurry of black and white ruffles. Jacket, about $680. Top, about $125. Skirt, about $335. Feb. at Bloomingdale's; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; JW Robinson's California. Details, more stores, last pages.

These six pages: Hair, Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Maria de Schneider.

NEW YORK

A shorter jacket, a shorter, softer skirt...

It's what sets up the new proportion, the unmistakable charm of Karl Lagerfeld's new take on a suit, *left:* a navy wool gabardine blouson jacket over a white silk taffeta blouse (the exposed cuff: another part of the season), and matching flared skirt. KL by Karl Lagerfeld. Jacket, about $385; shirt, about $295; skirt, about $225. February at Bloomingdale's; Saks Jandel....

From Patricia Clyne, *above:* a blouson jacket that reverses black-to-blue, over a flirty black skirt that releases in tiers of pleats. Of rayon poplin. Jacket, about $180; skirt, about $140. March at Ann Taylor, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Weinstein's, New Orleans; Purse Strings, Cincinnati OH; Ayla, Ann Arbor and Birmingham MI; Max, Denver. Details, more stores, last pages.

Steven Meisel

NEW YORK

Suits with real softness, real "bearing"...

beautifully tailored, unaggressively styled. One of the best in town, *this page*, from Bill Blass: the skirt's soft, free to move; the jacket's a little longer, shaped; the petticoat's a charming day-to-dinner option. In a subtle Prince of Wales plaid wool over a white cotton piqué shirt, cuffs exposed. March at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin Philadelphia and Baltimore; Montaldo's; Rich's....

Calvin Klein's new wool suit, *opposite*, a longer jacket that holds the hip, a short skirt that flounces below the hip, a whole new treatment that's very pretty, very confident. Jacket, about $610; skirt, about $220. Bergdorf Goodman; Harold, Minneapolis MN. Details, more stores, last pages.

Steven Meisel

This Gold Medal which is not Pure Gold

this is Just to
sAy
thank you for your printS
like your Paintings
thEy have changed
ouR minds

in Just what ways
we may never knOw
tHe difficulties
you and your work have giveN
i cheriSh more than any others

—JOHN CAGE

A tribute to Jasper Johns, on the presentation of the gold medal for graphic art at the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters' Ceremonial, May 21, 1986

Jasper Johns: The Seasons

For three decades Johns has maintained a heroic stance—defiant of fashion, stubbornly serious. Here, an exclusive preview of four new paintings charged with the philosophical and poetic reach of a great American artist.

By BARBARA ROSE

Art, for Johns, is self-creation. He has chosen to paint his own life cycle

For a man rarely seen in public except to receive an award, attend a performance, or look at the work of other artists he admires, Jasper Johns has an uncanny way of continuing to attract the limelight that has followed him since his first one-man show in 1958 at the Leo Castelli Gallery in NYC. The unexpected audacity of his star-spangled American flags and bright targets, topped by a predella of painted casts of anatomical fragments, inspired both the commonplace imagery of Pop Art as well as the literal interpretation of space and form of Minimalism. The seeming simplicity of the single object, the familiarity of the primary colors and well-known images of the flags and targets appeared to reduce the complexity of pictorial illusion to obvious fact, pulling art down from its lofty pedestal and treating it as just another kind of material object.

Picasso's "Minotaur Moving His House," 1936...

All this has changed in Johns's most recent paintings, which are complex, inter-related, illusionistic, and subtly multi-colored with muted, mixed, or "impure" hues. These enigmatic new works, a series called *The Seasons*, are to be shown for the first time in February as part of the Castelli Gallery's thirtieth anniversary celebration. This is particularly appropriate because in 1957 Johns's monochromatic green "Target" shocked Castelli, Johns's only dealer in all these years, into changing the direction of his gallery, acknowledging that Johns's innovations were so far-reaching that they initiated a new chapter in the history of art. Among the very few American artists who have been able to develop, expand, and invent for three decades, Johns has consistently gone against the grain: a representational painter when abstraction reigned supreme, he loaded his work with iconographical content and metaphor when literary subject matter was considered reactionary. During the period when painting was proclaimed dead from coast to coast, he continued stubbornly to paint with oil and sometimes encaustic on canvas.

In this defiantly critical stance, Johns has redefined vanguardism as the position of permanent opposition to the dominant trends and styles. Today, the artist credited with inventing the anti-elitist Pop style is a hermetic painter whose distinctively highbrow art carries on two great art historical traditions: that of the painter as philosopher, as defined by Leonardo, Poussin, Cézanne, and Duchamp; as well as that of the painter as lyric poet, which began with Giorgione and extended to the Surrealists.

The four paintings, produced by Johns during the past two years, to be exhibited next month at Castelli's West Broadway gallery in NYC are a clear synthesis of these two intellectual, artistic traditions. In their defiance of the currently fashionable styles of undisciplined, raucous neo-Expressionism, depersonalized abstract decoration, and intentionally "bad painting" meant to destroy the concept of taste, Johns's new works are as startlingly original as were his images that rocked the art world thirty years ago. Moreover, they are as critical of sloppy thinking and sloppy painting as they are of easy, insubstantial, or merely decorative art. Rooted in art history, they reflect Johns's will to make paintings as meaningful and emotionally charged as those of the Old Masters.

As a young man, Johns was inspired by Marcel Duchamp's use of irony, visual-verbal punning, and his fascination with common objects. In the great cumulative statement of his early concerns, "According to What," the 1964 four-part polyptych, Johns refuted Duchamp's argument that painting was dead by representing—in a systematic taxonomy—all the possibilities still open to painting. Here, a cast shadow (of a bent coat hanger) recalls Duchamp's last painting, "Tu m'," his farewell to works on canvas. In all four of *The Seasons*, already dispersed among four owners, the dominant image is the cast shadow of a man.

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Jasper Johns

OPEN HERE

The figure is the first whole human body Johns has ever painted. Its source tells us much of the artist's current concerns and ambitions.

Following Duchamp's death in 1968, Johns became increasingly preoccupied with Cézanne, particularly with his melancholy late works whose many skulls and references to man's mortality we find in Johns's own recent paintings. Because Johns works serially, not sequentially, creating paintings that are connected rather than repeated, it has been his habit to sum up his thinking from time to time in works like "According to What," which have in turn spawned their own progeny in new creative sequences. This was also the case with "Untitled," 1972, the difficult work that scrambled fragments of human anatomy and the crisscrossed wooden planks to which they were "staked." The theme of fragmentation, specifically anatomical dismemberment, occupied Johns off and on for the next decade. Once I accused him of being as morbid as Géricault, the French Romantic painter who haunted the morgues collecting the severed heads and limbs of executed criminals. "I prefer Leonardo," Johns reprimanded me. "He brought home the whole body."

The search for wholeness and the integration of his own personal history as well as of art history has been Johns's major concern in recent years, as the art of Picasso has come to play the central role in his thought. As early as 1972, Johns had used Picasso's doubled profile in one of his favorite visual puns, the optical illusion known as the "Rubin's figure," which can be seen either as two silhouetted profiles facing one another or as a curved vase. A form of this ambiguous image, in which the eye tricks the mind, is found in "Spring" and "Fall." In the latter, the double profile is that of Picasso. The inspiration for "Summer," curiously the first of *The Seasons* Johns painted, is Picasso's "Minotaur Moving His House," a small work painted during the summer of 1936, when Picasso was fifty-five years old, and in the process of moving his possessions to new quarters. Johns painted "Summer" in 1984–85, the year he himself turned fifty-five and, coincidentally, decided to move his studio from an unassuming wooden building with garage doors in Stony Point, NY, where he had lived and worked since the late 'seventies, to a town house in midtown Manhattan. The "Minotaur" and "The Shadow" of 1953, which represents the artist's own shadow projected across the floor of his bedroom, provide the essential imagery and structure of all of Johns's *Seasons*. For each is dominated by Johns's shadow cast over his possessions and works—the spiritual and material baggage he is now forced to move.

Both Picasso paintings were part of the secret cache of his own works that the master jealously guarded for his own collection; Johns first saw "The Shadow" in late 1979 in Paris (where he was working on etchings with Aldo Crommelynck, Picasso's printer) at the exhibition of *Picasso's Picassos* at the Grand Palais. In *The Seasons*, Johns replaces Picasso's portrait of his alter ego, the salacious, bull-headed Minotaur, with the spectral shadow derived from a cutout of his own projected shadow. A featureless spirit, ethereal and evanescent in comparison with Picasso's earthy, lusting minotaur, Johns's quasi-transparent shadow is a poignant self-portrait of the artist who cannot be distinguished from his art, whose figure literally merges with his works.

Like Picasso, Johns is the greatest collector of his own work. Indeed, the glowing "Fall" has been kept by the artist for his own collection. Unlike Picasso, however, Johns thinks first, acts second, and weighs every stroke. While Picasso could toss off as many as six oil paintings in a single day, accumulating more than five hundred paintings in only one of his houses, the villa La Californie, Johns's entire output of works on canvas is scarcely one hundred paintings. This restriction is the result of the careful, scrupulously perfectionist manner in which he works. For Picasso, painting was play. For Johns, art may be a playful and punning game, but it is nevertheless deadly serious.

. . .and "The Shadow," 1953, provided the essential imagery for The Seasons.

While Johns was painting "Summer" he was asked to illustrate a special edition of the poems of Wallace Stevens. A lover of poetry and friend to many poets, Johns decided to make an etching based on this painting for the book. Although he had not initially conceived the entire sequence of the four *Seasons*, Stevens's poem "Snow Man" made him think of winter and he began rough sketches of the three other paintings.

Other elements like the cast shadow *(Continued on page 259)*

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OPEN HERE

The Seasons

"Spring" (1986)

Private Collection

Private Collection

"Summer" (1985)

"Fall" (1986)

Private Collection

Private Collection

"Winter" (1986)

RIDING HIGH

From boardroom to ballroom, from working ranch to boxing ring, Texas heiress Josephine Abercrombie has life by the horns

By WILLIAM P. RAYNER

If Edna Ferber had wanted to write *Giant* from a woman's point of view, she could have found a fitting heroine in Josephine E. Abercrombie, a sixty-year-old Texas heiress whose avid pursuits are larger-than-life style.

Abercrombie's father, James Smither Abercrombie, co-founder of the Cameron Iron Works, invented a way to prevent oil well blowouts—a device upon which the family fortune was built. According to friends, Josephine enjoyed a very close relationship with her father, who brought her up to be "independent, but never spoiled"; after his death, in 1975, she began to take an active interest in the family business.

Today, Josephine Abercrombie is a director of the Cameron Iron Works and chairman of the board of J.S. Abercrombie Mineral Company, which has interests in real estate, investments, as well as oil and gas development. In 1982, she was cited as one of the four hundred richest people in America by *Forbes* magazine.

Despite her business clout, Josephine Abercrombie is probably best known as a boxing promoter—albeit possibly the only one in the country who is dressed by Balmain, Chanel, and Adolfo, and flown to matches in her private jet.

"I love the competition," says the woman who was introduced to the sport by her father when he took her to Golden Gloves matches. "Boxing is a sport that builds character and takes courage."

Racing with the moon twenty-nine thousand feet above the Texas landscape in a Hawker Siddley jet plane, and listening to banter between Abercrombie

(Continued on page 259)

Harry Benson

RIDING HIGH

BOARDING HER JET

AT THE ASTRODOME

IN THE LIBRARY OF HER HOUSTON HOME

RIDING HERD

Abercrombie's larger-than-life style—blood sports, big business, and her favorite Texas-size charities keep her on the go

OVERSEEING CONSTRUCTION AT RICE, HER ALMA MATER

A TEXAS-STYLE PICKUP

OFFICE AT HOME

GETTING A LIFT FROM HER PRIZEFIGHTERS-IN-TRAINING

RICE UNIVERSITY TRUSTEES MEETING

People Are Talking About

Whether you're rolling in it—or recoiling from it—there's no leaving home without it. Money. It's the metaphor of the moment . . . for everything from our sex lives to our morals. Here, a look at the glitz, the glamour, the totems and taboos—life in the gilded 'eighties

FLAUNTING it

Today, money doesn't talk, it hollers. By HOLLY BRUBACH

In *The Custom of the Country,* a chilling novel that takes place at the turn of the century, Edith Wharton documents the rise of Undine Spragg, a hell-bent social climber from Apex City who clambers her way to the topmost rungs of New York's society. What's so disturbing about Undine is not so much the brutal strategy by which she makes her way to her goal as the moral havoc she wreaks when she gets there. For having arrived, she confirms what the reader has come darkly to suspect, that her highest satisfaction in life comes from *things*. The flagrant display of wealth becomes for Undine not the means by which she can move in the highest circles, lulling the rich into thinking she is one of Them, but an all-consuming end in itself. Choosing her ostentatious way of life over her marriage and her son, she shrilly insists on *more*—more clothes from Paris, more jewelry, more of the opulent accoutrements of a moneyed life. When I first read *The Custom of the Country* ten years ago, I thought Undine Spragg reprehensible. I still do. But lately, upon rereading, I have arrived at the conclusion that, apart from the question of right or wrong, she was a woman ahead of her time. Her time is now.

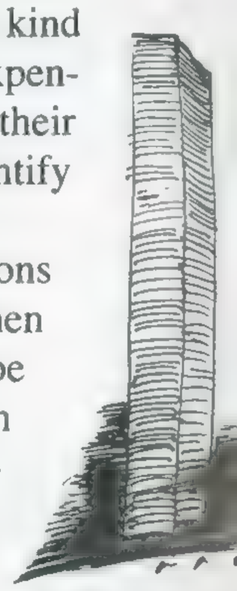
The wealth that in Undine's day was kept discreetly under wraps is today out in the open, flaunted on the street. Whether a lot more people have a lot more money now than, say, ten years ago I'm not qualified to decide; however, I am certain that a lot more people now *look* as if they have a lot more money. "Tasteful" gold wedding bands have given way to multi-carat diamond rings; beaver coats to sables; pigskin, corduroy, and denim to crocodile, cashmere, and flannel. Money today shows itself with different emphases in different places: in New York, it is most apparent in the clothes people wear; in L.A., in the cars they drive; in the suburbs, in the houses they live in.

Twenty years ago, everything was clearer cut. If you knew people who sent their children to private school, went away for the summer instead of for a mere week at the beach, or went on a safari in Africa, you knew they were rich. Other people, aspiring to be rich, bought reproductions of things only wealthy people could afford—antique furniture, real jewelry, designer clothing.

But today, even the prototypes are owned by people who are solidly middle class. They surround themselves with the trappings of the rich as rewards, ongoing reminders to themselves that they have made it. Inevitably, of course, now that those trappings are common currency, their aura is declining in value. There is little left to distinguish the truly rich from the would-be rich. Live-in servants, perhaps. Hallowed art (Old Masters, Impressionists). Gems that have names and couture clothing. And often, a past. An acquaintance, a waiter for a high-class catering company, was describing to me a Park Avenue party where he had worked: the Regency furniture, the antique silver and china, the magnificent paintings, didn't impress him—he'd seen all that before—but the dining room was lined with portraits of the hostess's ancestors, "and you can't buy those," he said.

The route by which we've arrived at this state of affairs is retraceable, it seems to me, at least as far back as the advent of the designer craze in the 'sixties. Suddenly, women could buy a scarf "signed" by a designer whose clothes they had never been able to afford, and that scarf was empowered to lend cachet to the most ordinary outfit. Over the course of the next ten years, people who wanted to show that they had attained a certain level of income and taste bought into trends that glorified the status handbag (Louis Vuitton), the status loafer (Gucci), the status watch (the Cartier Tank, a Rolex), the status pen (Mark Cross, Mont Blanc). What set these few select items apart from others of their kind was that they were instantly recognizable, known to be expensive, and worn by rich people who didn't mind divulging their assets and by upper-middle-class people who wanted to identify themselves with those who were better off.

Together these folks conspired to break down the sanctions against publicly reveling in one's wealth, which had until then been considered vulgar. Vaunting your money could now be excused as long as the form in which you vaunted it was in good taste. Couple this with a shift in the political winds toward more conservative values, and there were no more holds barred. The arriviste, demonstrating what we all want to believe— that America is indeed the Land of Opportunity—is today a patriot. "Nouveau riche," once a put-down, is now, if it is used at all, a simple statement of fact. In some circles, it's a compliment, a testimony to one's genius.



Eugene Mihaesco

MONEY

The new rich no longer labor under the set of assumptions that until recently was used to justify their inferiority. Now, as before, they lack the pedigree the old rich have; but whereas the new rich used to be thought uneducated in their taste, which ran to the gaudy, they now are schooled in varieties of jewels, the names of maître d's at four-star restaurants, period styles of interior decoration. Now, as before, the nouveau riche spend their money on themselves. And why not? they defiantly imply. After all, we worked for our money. We earned it. When the new rich surround themselves with aggrandizing things today, they regard those things as reflections of their personal merit—their intelligence, their initiative, their resourcefulness, their discipline. The rich man is assumed to be a great man, and his money is all the proof that anyone asks to see. The rich woman is assumed to be . . . the wife of a great man.

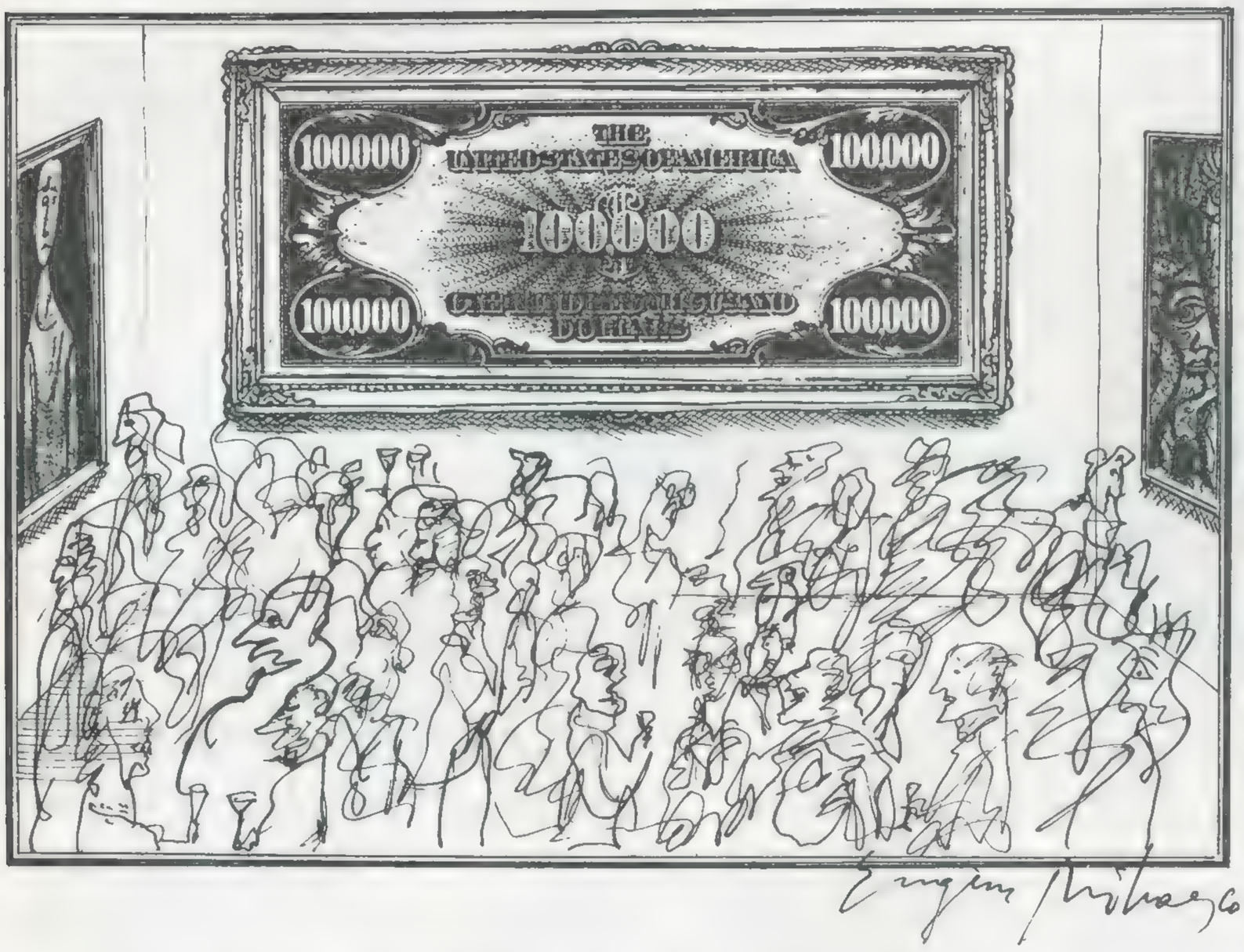
The *ancien riche* still exist but are no longer very visible, having been steamrollered by the *Dynasty* style of the nouveau riche. The old rich seem, as ever, faintly apologetic about their money, having some compunction about setting out in this life with an edge on everyone else—but perhaps having less compunction than in the past. They were brought up not to buy too many expensive-looking clothes, not to gussy up their houses, not to drive Italian-made hot rods. Partly, of course, this was due to each generation's fear that the next would turn out to be a litter of wastrels and to an abiding conviction that if one inherited wealth, it was not one's to spend. But besides all that, there used to be the admonition, so self-evident that it rarely needed explaining, that to go about advertising the vast extent of one's wealth to people who were not as well-off was arrogant and rude; good breeding did not boast of its advantages. How quaint that view now seems.

"The arriviste is today a patriot. 'Nouveau riche,' once a put-down, is now, if it is used at all, a simple statement of fact. In some circles, it's a compliment, a testimony to one's genius."

I keep wondering, " Is this new extravagance all right?" Solidly middle class myself, sitting here in my one-bedroom hovel wearing a Chanel suit, I am in no position to pass judgment on my neighbor; and as to whether all this is all right *(Continued on page 256)*

WRITING it

Before tax reform, one could confuse a seduction with a deduction. Now, a dinner date must be love. By JOAN JULIET BUCK



The food is excellent, the conversation subtly disturbing, personal, intense. His hand reaches across the table for hers and holds it for an electric few seconds. She is dizzy with possibility; he calls for the bill. She is ready to hand her life over to him, or if not her life, her body. He peers at the bill, a first sign of financial caution; but he does not put his glasses on to do so, and he does not move his lips to add up the various items. This might be love. He takes out a card to pay—not a green one, too common, or a platinum one, too showy, but a discreetly solvent gold American Express card. She is wondering if she left those tights on the bed, if she remembered to put her shoes away. Love! Carefully he tears the blue sheet from the back of the credit-card receipt, and turns to her, his pen poised in his fingers. "Now," he says, "who are you?" She is ready to say, "Yours, yours," but holds back. "What about," he continues, "that French journalist—what's his name? André, André Michel. That's it." And as he writes ANDRÉ MICHEL, RE EUROPEAN LAUNCH on the receipt, her heart sinks and she knows it's not love. Just deductibility.

The rules set by the IRS concerning tax deductibility have for years influenced the behavior of Americans. As citizens of a nation conceived in liberty, we crave rules. With the decline of church and family, we are left with the moral imperative to succeed, but without details on how to live. Thus the success of self-help techniques, how-to books, analysts, wardrobe coordinators, decorators, and television gourmet cooks. These specialists offer rules, but no abiding context in which they must be followed, so the rules degenerate into mere hints. Were it not for the strict authority provided by the Internal Revenue Service, we would have remained rudderless, adrift. The IRS answers our prayers, fulfills our dreams of order.

The Internal Revenue Service is perfectly placed to be our master of etiquette, our ethical guide. The IRS is the ultimate judge of the tangible proof of success: Money. It wields an authority of steel: if we don't respect its laws, it puts us in prison. The IRS provides Americans with a way of life, a coherent goal to action, and an article of faith. Until this month, any expense incurred in the pursuit of business was deductible from taxes. One hundred dollars spent feeding a business contact by a person in the 50 percent tax bracket reduced his income tax by fifty dollars.

The ruling principle used to be that if something was good for business, it came at half price. Meals in restaurants were easier to write off than meals at home, which fell under the turbid heading of home entertainment: The veal roast and new potatoes had to be set off against guests of such enormous influence that the celebrity dinner came into being, as proof, not of unbridled social climbing, but of compliance with IRS rules. Theater audiences came to be composed solely of members of theatrical professions, whose tickets were fully deductible as business expenses, and of business types from out of town enduring the goodwill—in the form of "business entertainment"—of local manufacturers.

For those in the profession of digesting and recycling information—media toilers—the primary materials of their trade consisted of newspapers, books, magazines, cable TV, and paper clips. These were to the paper-eating media as wood is to carpenters, makeup to actresses, shoes to dancers. The great difference between employees and the self-employed was that after a business lunch, the employee filled out a little slip and sent the lunch bill down to the accounting department, while the self-employed carefully spelled out, for the use of the IRS, the purpose of the lunch, the professional hopes and specific project attached to the ingestion of two won ton soups and sixty-five spareribs. "Let's have lunch," widely taken to be a polite way of saying, "See you around sometime," actually meant "I can write you off. Try to sell me something."

Eugene Mihaesco

OFF

Because death and taxes are both unavoidable, fear of death is transferred to fear of taxes. The laws on deductibility of business expenses offered a means of dealing with the fear, and the American obsession with business deductions has followed the curve of the tax rate. Some twenty years ago, when the maximum tax rate was 90 percent, business deductions represented a tax cut of 90 cents per dollar spent. When the rate went down to 50 percent, so did the advantage of spending.

All hopes for survival were pinned on the margin of deductibility, for what business deductions meant to the soul was this: If you spent money only on your business, the ultimate authority would demand less money from you. Therefore, if you turned life to business, pleasure to business, every waking, spending moment to business, you would be spared. Some Puritan memory helped develop a character trait in Americans that remains absent in the inhabitants of other industrialized countries: a horror of pleasure for its own, unreimbursable, purpose. An American friend in Paris recently went to a ballet gala and remarked on the presence of children. I suggested that perhaps in the States parents did not take children to evening events. ''It isn't that,'' he said. ''It's that gala tickets are expensive, and children aren't deductible guests.''

The obsession with making one's every activity deductible took many forms. There are stories about Hollywood studio heads who would give bar mitzvahs or weddings, invite two thousand guests, call the lavish feast a business expense, and attempt to write the whole thing off. The realm of personal and the realm of business became unbalanced. The personal, being unreimbursable, lost ground. Embarrassing moments we have all lived through include the end of a friendly dinner when everyone at the table eyed the tab from the check that had been paid: never mind the food, it was the deduction that counted. One can imagine that in these new, stricter times, the waiter, having recited the specials of the day, will ask, ''Now is it business or pleasure?'' and if the answer is, ''Pleasure,'' no receipt will be given. But what American would be hedonistic enough to announce, ''Pleasure''?

I recall a time a few years ago when it seemed to me that the only correct way to live would be to spend every penny at the stationery store. Something about the vocabulary of IRS rules convinced me that the good way to live *(Continued on page 258)*

The Colbys: Stephanie Beacham

SPOOFING it

The TV rich are very different from the real rich. By LISA ROBINSON

Have we had it with the nighttime television soaps that flaunt the homes, the clothes, and the nasty habits of the very rich? Stephanie Beacham, the formidable British actress who has just about walked away with *The Colbys* (the *Dynasty* spinoff now in its faltering second season), chides the scripts for being a touch obvious. ''We have to say a line like 'Are you enjoying your caviar?' '' says the thirty-nine-year-old Beacham, who, with delicious wit, plays a much older Sable Colby—the manipulative wife of patriarch Jason Colby (Charlton Heston). ''Barbara Stanwyck [who left the show after last season because, according to Beacham, she got ''bored and cross''] used to call the show a 'radio play.' ''

The people who make these television shows take nothing for granted; they remind us constantly that we're watching millionaires. Far more glamorous than the Ewings of *Dallas* and the Carringtons of *Dynasty* (who live, after all, in Denver), the Colbys of Los Angeles inhabit a world of Monet- and Picasso-lined walls and satin-canopied king-sized beds. With a production budget rumored to be nearly one million dollars, each episode has fires glowing in the marble fireplaces, Baccarat crystal gracing the breakfast table, and two-hundred-dollar floral arrangements perfuming every corner of the Colby mansion. When Jason Colby leaves the house, he doesn't just have the car brought around; instead, he pointedly asks for ''the limo.'' No blue-blooded man of wealth would ever say ''the limo'' except in the escapist world of the televison rich.

But the nonstop fashion show is what really unglues the plot: Beacham can usually be found waltzing around in upswept hairdos, emerald necklaces, and taffeta décolletage designed by Nolan Miller. ''Never mind all those low-cut gowns I wear in the middle of the day,'' says Beacham, whose impressive body gets shown off on *The Colbys* whenever possible. ''What about those constant tacky mauve negligees? I know rich people, and they wear comfy clothes. I finally convinced the producer to let me wear what rich people actually might wear at home: a cream silk blouse, cashmere cardigan, and suede pants. And see these nails?'' She points to her Sable Colby claws. ''They've never been in the earth; I need a Victorian boot hook to pull up my 501s.''

Beacham has a healthy repect for the money she earns, but her feelings about Hollywood are mixed. She's impressed by the culture (''There's so much money here that you *do* get the theater, the opera'') and by many of the pros (Charlton Heston especially). But even though a room is always ready for her daughters' visits, she won't bring them to live with her in Los Angeles. '' Children get their first Porsche here at sixteen,'' she says with disdain.

Brigitte Lacombe

Details, last page

PSYCHING it out

If money can't buy happiness, why are we spending like crazy?

By STEPHEN DRUCKER

The 'eighties are officially roaring. So this is what a Jazz Age feels like. Big money. Fast money. Make it, spend it, nothing feels quite like it.

The new language of money is exciting: leverage, arbitrage, *takeover*. The heroes of 'eighties money are inspiring: Iacocca, Rohatyn, Trump. As high-concept entertainment, money is positively arousing: life-style newspapers, designer television, sex-and-shopping novels. On the seventh day, God rested; we watch *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*.

Win a mega-lottery, open an I.R.A., market a chocolate-chip cookie, take up the New Work Ethic and its fourteen-hour days—the message of the 'eighties is that anybody can make a million. In the United States right now, there are already more than one million millionaires.

But being rich these days takes considerably more than a lone million. According to a current rule of thumb, twenty million in the bank is what one needs never to work again and to keep up with the Colbys. Texans have the right idea. They count their millions fifty at a time; they call this postmodern denomination a "unit."

America has, of course, been through fevers such as this before. The Gilded Age—the late 1880s—produced a crew of Robber Barons who have long since mellowed into folk heroes. The 1920s set the standard by which "roaring" continues to be judged; Henry Ford was in his day as much of a celebrity as Lee Iacocca is now, and he even considered running for President in 1924. The 1950s were, in a middle-class way, every bit as gaga for the buck.

But something is different about America's latest binge. This time, it seems so urgent. Is what we're feeling a basic, biblical suspicion of money? Is it the changes that two incomes have wrought on marriage, moving it from social contract to business partnership? Is it that, this time around, America simply expects too much of the dollar?

Last summer, *The New York Times Magazine* ran an odd piece of beach reading entitled "The Faster Track: Leaving the Law for Wall Street." With this article the "newspaper of record" was taking note of an interesting phenomenon: the defection of some of America's best and brightest minds, largely under thirty years of age, from the law to investment banking—put more crudely, from salaries of "less than $80,000" to salaries of "more than $200,000."

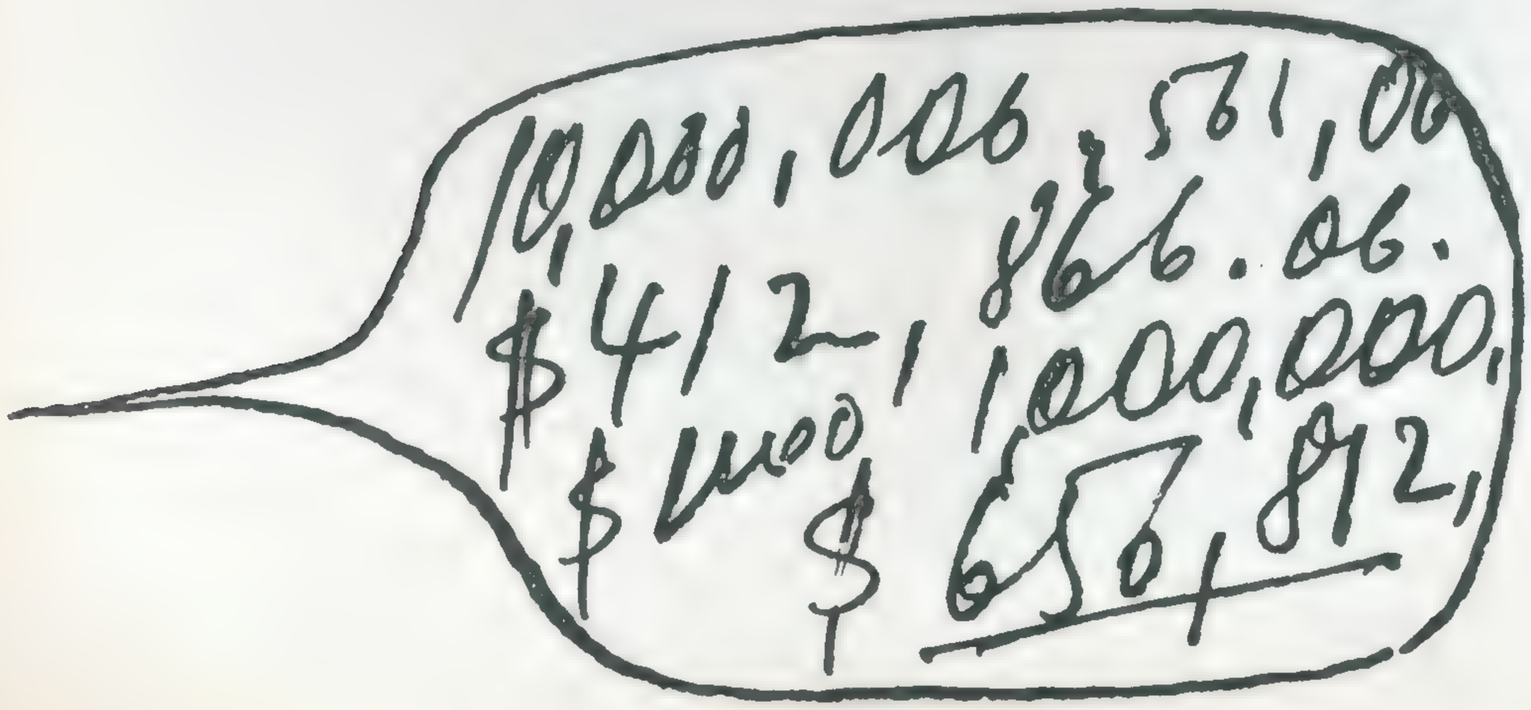
There they were, the archetypal Yuppies—"the last stage of conspicuous narcissism," as they are called by Robert Reich, a Harvard professor of political economy and author of the upcoming book *Tales of a New America* (Times Books). "Every generation has a heroic career path," says Reich. "Fifty years ago, it was the New Deal service. Twenty years ago, it was advocacy law. In the 'seventies, it was investigative journalism. The role model of the 'eighties is the paper entrepreneur."

Paper entrepreneurs are not, he believes, a heroic breed, and they have created a distorted sense of prosperity. "The 'eighties economy is about the rearrangement of money, moving it from one pocket to the other. Doing deals. Making it quickly, then getting out," says Reich. "You don't read about new products, new inventions, new processes. Henry Ford made a fortune, but he also created a car and a $5-a-day job for Everyman. Our economy is a house of cards, a sophisticated chain letter, a casino."

A casino, of course, can be very stimulating. Dollars have certainly never felt more like chips. On Manhattan's Columbus Avenue, an ice cream cone can cost two dollars; so might the most extraordinarily sophisticated computer microchip. The least expensive car to take you to the mall, the Yugo, costs $4,000, yet you can fly to London from New York City for $200. A college education costs $60,000; so might a Tiffany lamp.

"Money has become uncoupled from things," says Reich. "We no longer pay for intrinsic worth, but for what things represent." All the world's an auction.

What, precisely, is the value of the 'eighties dollar? A simple statistic from the Economic Policy Institute in Washington, DC, puts the dollar in perspective. In 1965,



Eugene Mihaesco

the minimum wage was $1.25; today it is $3.35. But $1.25 in the 'sixties was the equivalent of what $4.27 is in the 'eighties. If we have a Weimar mentality, if we live on the edge, it is hardly surprising. Not quite sure what the dollar will buy tomorrow, we are spending with a vengeance today.

"The inflation of the 'seventies lasted a very short time, but its effect was extraordinary," says Grace W. Weinstein, a financial columnist and the author of *Men, Women & Money: New Roles, New Rules* (New American Library). "We still have a built-in mechanism that says it's better to buy now—tomorrow things will only cost more."

And so we binge: a VCR in every pot. If you can't be rich, you can at least settle for the symptoms. But, claims Reich, the American standard of living must be measured in more subtle ways than VCRs-per-household if it is going to accurately reflect our sense of prosperity.

We have already, Reich contends, made a lot of sacrifices. His assessment of the current American standard of living goes like this: "We are borrowing like mad from abroad. Women are working, primarily to prop up family incomes. And we're having smaller families, only one to one-and-a-half children per household—we can't afford to have more children. Right now, the American standard of living is up against the wall."

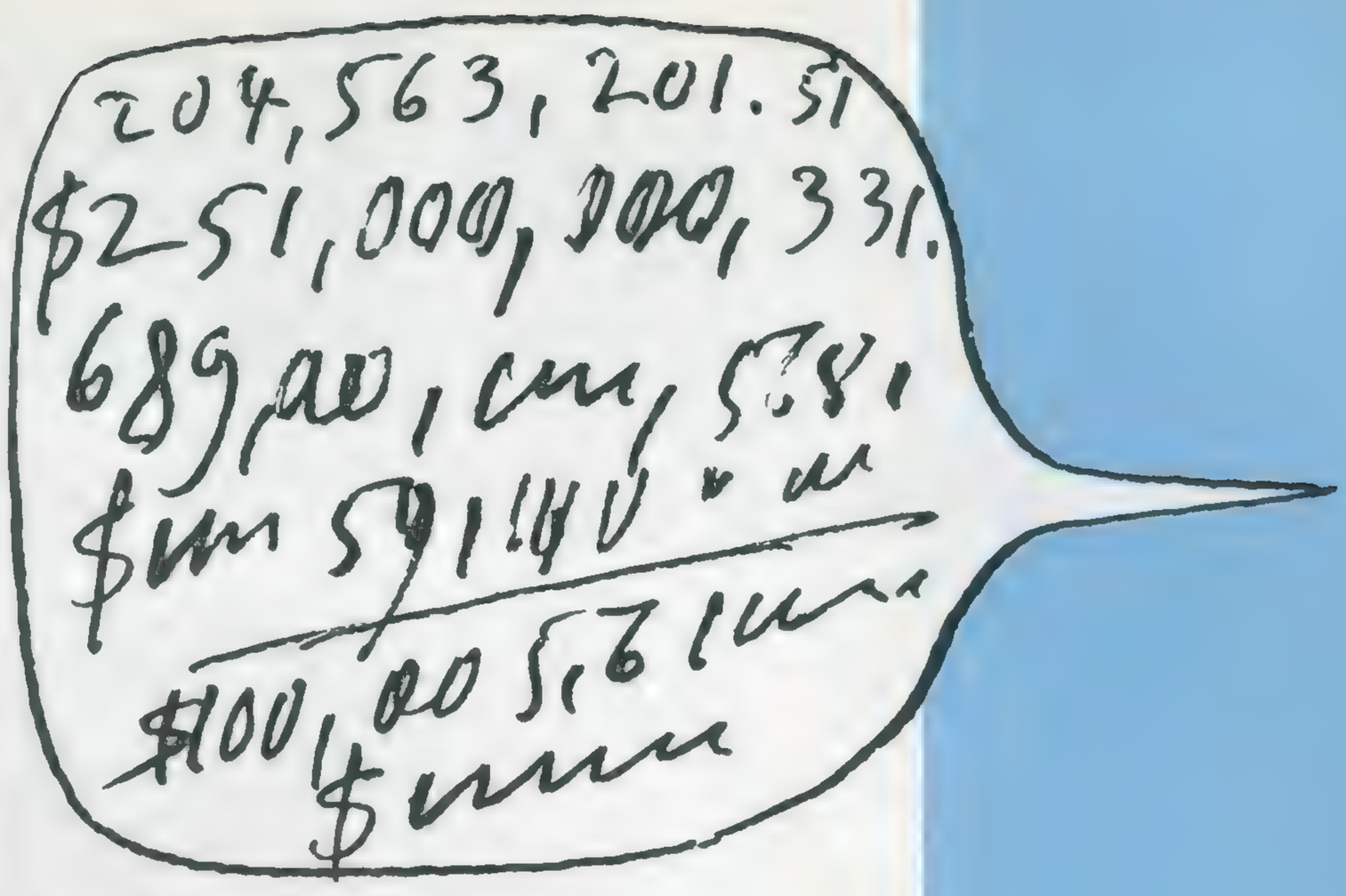
Still we believe: money is sexy, money is stimulating, money is magic. As cosmetics entrepreneur Elizabeth Arden once shrewdly observed, "Nothing that costs only a dollar is worth having."

Nobody is immune. We are all, secretly or (these days) not so secretly, money voyeurs. It is to this streak in each of us that Robin Leach appeals with *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* every weekend—in tabloid language, with Walter Winchell urgency. Money as news.

Make no mistake about who is tuned in. "*Lifestyles* is the most-watched television show in its time slot for families with incomes over $40,000," the British-born host reports in a calm voice, the voice he reserves for lesser matters than the $140-million daily income of the sultan of Brunei. "*Lifestyles* is Donald Trump's favorite show. David Rockefeller gives cocktail parties around it.

"In the last few years, sales of caviar and Champagne have gone up, the trade organizations tell us," Leach says. "You see, no matter how much we want J.R. to be evil on *Dallas*, we really do want to believe that money can buy happiness."

If money feels so good, can it possibly be good for us? Great minds tend to adhere to the root-of-all-evil line; most of us accept such pronouncements grudgingly. Psychologists and *(Continued on page 258)*



Getting high on it

Drug abuse is big business—and the cure could be free enterprise.

By RORY O'CONNOR

America's leaders have gone to great lengths in recent months to focus attention on the issue of drug use and abuse. Perhaps predictably, the debate has centered on politics and morality. A more productive way to view the issue, however, is as an economic problem, better understood through financial analysis than political rhetoric or moral fastidiousness. Drugs are merely commodities, and like other commodities—wheat, concrete, or pork bellies—they are subject to the laws of supply and demand. Given a sufficient demand, someone somewhere will provide a supply.

The demand for drugs in mid-'eighties America is, as anyone who scans the headlines knows, astonishingly high. Drugs are big business: a comprehensive survey conducted in 1985 by the National Institute on Drug Abuse found that almost one in four Americans twelve years or older had used drugs in the previous year. But this level of drug use is really nothing new: except for cocaine—now taken at least monthly by nearly 5.8 million Americans, a phenomenal 38 percent increase over three years—the number of Americans consuming illicit drugs has remained stable or declined slightly during the last seven years.

The complicating factor at work here, the crucial difference between drugs and other commodities, is simple: drugs are illegal. As a result, the market is distorted, and a dealer can make a lot more money from drugs than from pork bellies. Exactly how much is anybody's guess, given the illicit nature of the business, but estimates of the dollar volume of narcotics trafficking range from $27 billion to more than $100 billion a year. This gigantic underground drug economy has led directly to an unprecedented increase in crime, the corruption of law-enforcement and criminal-justice systems, the destruction of entire communities, and the breakdown of many previously cherished values and mores. In the untaxed, unregulated subterranean drug economy, money *(Continued on page 256)*

Rory O'Connor *is a print and broadcast journalist who has reported extensively on drugs and organized crime.*

DAWN STEEL: THE MOST

power

Phillip Dixon

Million-dollar instincts have taken her to the top of the Paramount mountain in five short years. By LIZ SMITH

As every filmgoer knows, Paramount's logo is the mountain—rugged, forbidding, and, naturally, hell to climb. For Dawn Steel, widely considered the most powerful woman in Hollywood, it's been a clear ascent, beginning with *Flashdance*, and followed by that other bobbysoxer *Footloose*—to say nothing of *Star Trek* and *Top Gun*. Now the president of production at the Paramount Motion Picture Group, she's in the enviable, and almost impossible, position of being able to say "yes" as well as "no" to movie ideas. She oversees some one hundred films in development per year, as well as, currently, the ten movies Paramount has in production—a record in contemporary Hollywood.

Steel, forty, is married to *Heart Like a Wheel* producer Charles Roven. They expect their first child in March. When we "took" a business breakfast at New York's Ritz-Carlton, the dynamic Dawn came up like thunder. What a relief to interview someone who hasn't said it all before, who isn't a household name. (I did know *something* about Dawn—she invented designer toilet paper, by putting the Gucci imprint one of the few places it had never been before.) And how terrific to talk to a woman who is both remarkably candid about the ins-and-outs of a not always logical business, and appealingly soft-spoken about the unmistakable influence she has on what shows up on movie screens everywhere.

Liz Smith: *Did you ever think about movies before you got into the business?*
Dawn Steel: No. Except on Friday or Saturday, deciding what movie I was going to see. I always loved movies. But at some point I decided enough with toilet paper. That wasn't the mountain I wanted to climb. I had worked since I was sixteen; I took my first vacation ever. I went to Europe for a month and roamed around. When I got home, the phone was literally ringing as I walked into my apartment. It was an old friend of mine, Craig Baumgarten, who had just gone to Paramount Pictures as a production executive, and he said, "What are you doing with your life?" I didn't have a clue. He said, "You know, if you can merchandise toilet paper, you can merchandise the movie business." In any event I got to Paramount and wound up right in the middle of merchandising *Star Trek–The Motion Picture*.

Talk about climbing a mountain! The irony is, it was the Paramount mountain. Now, *Star Trek* was a nightmare from a production standpoint: it was way over schedule, way over budget. How was I to do a promotional tie-in with Coca-Cola or McDonald's when I had nothing to show? But I managed to convince McDonald's to do the first movie tie-in of its kind: commercials with the Klingons, the alien bad guys, eating Big Macs and drinking Coke. It was a huge promotion. They paid Paramount a huge amount of money in royalties for the right to use *Star Trek*'s name, and we had McDonald's and Coca-Cola selling our film.

LS: *Did anybody say, "Hey, not bad!"*
DS: I got a call from the then president and chief operating officer Michael Eisner after I had produced a huge laser extravaganza to convince the toy and T-shirt companies that they should license the *Star Trek* name. I was *convinced* that he hated the show and that I was going to be fired. But he said to me, "What do you want to do with your life, your career?" At that point, the only other thing I wanted to do, for some reason, was run Bloomingdale's. But I said, "I don't know, Michael. I haven't had a chance to think about it. I've been busy doing this show."

He said, "I don't care what you want to do. I've changed your title. You're Vice President of Production." I remember saying, "Michael, I don't know anything about production." He said, "Neither does anyone else, Dawn. Good-bye, good luck, and break a leg." And that was it.

I was thirty-two years old and starting from scratch in a totally foreign environment, which made the next two years the worst of my life. I had never read a screenplay. I had never met a director. I didn't even know what you were supposed to talk about.

LS: *Do you think a lot of the movie business is a matter of flying by the seat of your pants?*
DS: Yes, it's all instinct. But if you have instincts, they're portable. And mine were pretty good in merchandising. Certainly, knowing what the American public wants, or thinking you know, is what the movie business is about. It also takes an enormous amount of talent, creativity, passion—because it takes so long to get a movie made—and a *huge* amount of energy. Only when I got to California did I start seeing a nutritionist! My energy was crucial!

LS: *Let's go back a step. You're studying production, in effect? You weren't really producing any movies during those two years?*
DS: No, but at the end of two years I got lucky. Not only do you have to have good instincts, you have to have a huge amount of luck. There was an agent, Melinda Jason, who kept calling me. She told me there was a script I absolutely had to read. Now, nobody else would read the script. No one else would even return her calls.

(Continued on page 254)

Liz Smith *is a syndicated columnist for "The New York Daily News" and a reporter for NBC's flagship TV station in New York City.*

A witty, learned, and always surprising critic makes his name unmaking myths—from the pretensions of modern art to our macho vision of Australia.

By MARSHALL BLONSKY

Robert Hughes, *Time* magazine's art critic since 1970, has leapt into national celebrity by dint of idiosyncratic, passionate prose that scorns the trendiness and commercial rhetoric of today's art scene. His withering *mots justes*, his TV presence (his best-selling book *The Shock of the New* became a popular PBS TV series in 1981), and his relish for controversy have brought him notoriety in the art world, particularly among younger artists whose work Hughes, forty-eight, has more or less dismissed. "As a self-styled scourge, Hughes is a breath of fresh air, although some of it is hot," says Paul Taylor, a fellow Australian expatriate and young art critic. Yet even those at the receiving end of Hughes's criticism can concede the morality in the fervor of this esthete trained by the Jesuits, saturated by European beauty in his youth.

This month, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publishes *The Fatal Shore*, a nearly seven-hundred-page history of the deportation of petty criminals from Georgian England to the resettlement bush that became Australia. Curious about the brutal psychic legacy of penal life in Australia, Hughes spent ten years in Australian, English, and Irish archives reconstructing the convicts' day-to-day life of starvation, enslavement, flogging, the repressed history of yet another Gulag.

For Hughes, who has been living in the United States since 1970, it was important to show that the American vision of Australia as the Wild West of our nostalgia is but a dream, the frightened fantasy of a people approaching the millennium without project or hope.

Marshall Blonsky: *The most popular image of Australia in America probably comes, regrettably, from the TV production of "The Thorn Birds." What did Australians think of it?*

Robert Hughes: Hilarious. People would sit up to watch it with a can of beer and piss themselves with laughter. They liked it for those ridiculous Hollywood extras talking in fake Irish accents, and the two poor little kangaroos borrowed from the Los Angeles zoo. Not a foot of film was shot in Australia, and it looked and sounded about as much like home as Malibu does.

MB: *What is the general American view of Australia?*

RH: Americans' fantasy Australia is the outback, the vast desert with the gingerbread house and the front drive fifty miles long. The house is full of mad aunts, and there's a tormented priest and Rachel Ward growing older and older by the minute and Bryan Brown exhibiting his ropy muscles and cutting cane. Sensitive younger sons of the family are trampled upon, have to learn to ride horses and shoot straight. There are powerful mothers and weak, drunken fathers, etc. It's a pretty macaronic kind of picture.

You see, America sees Australia as something like Texas, only a hundred years ago; a frontier society like Americans' nostalgic vision of their own West. It's pretty much wrong.

First of all, about four of five Australians live in cities. Most *(Continued on page 252)*

Marshall Blonsky *teaches critical theory at the New School for Social Research in NYC and edited "On Signs," a collection on semiotics published by Johns Hopkins University Press.*

ROBERT HUGHES: THE ART OF bushwhac

king

THE BOURGEOISIE

Day-to-dinner answers:

Starting, *here,* the first of three fast-change dresses with unexpected bareness—bare arms, bare shoulders—that makes them great day-to-dinner choices. Perfectly suited, *right,* for day, for the office: Cathy Hardwick's small fitted black linen jacket, matching short dress with soft circle skirt. *Left,* perfect for night minus the jacket (instant bareness), plus a flirty multitiered petticoat. Instant delight! Jacket, about $112. Dress, about $135. Turnout February at Lord & Taylor; John Wanamaker; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. Dress at Woodward & Lothrop. The Antique Boutique nylon petticoat, about $35. The Antique Boutique, NYC & Boston. On these ten pages: hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri salon, NYC. Details, stores, last pages.

the fast-change dress

Patrick Demarchelier

day-to-
dinner:
the fast-
change
dress

Another two-in-one look, *here*, by Michael Kors. The dress: with a short, swingy divided skirt, strapless top. The "jacket": a white cotton wrap blouse with French cuffs! Together, *right*, they're great business partners; at night, *left*, the dress steals the show. Wool crepe dress, about $415. Blouse, about $175. Late January, blouse and dress at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia and Baltimore; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis MN; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Details, more stores, see last pages. . . . *Beauty Note, opposite:* Day-to-dinner makeup that's as fast as adding a darker lip color—Cover Girl's Spicy Peach.

Patrick Demarchelier

day-to-
dinner:
the fast-
change
dress

Patrick Demarchelier

Donna Karan's slim racy black merino wool dress, *left*, goes more places because it reveals less! To the office, a business dinner—and out after. With matching cardigan, *above*, it covers every other daytime or business situation. Donna Karan New York. Dress, about $260. Cardigan, about $300. Saks Fifth Avenue; Charles Sumner, Boston; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Jamie, Nashville TN; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. Fashion information, next to last pages. . . . *Beauty Note:* Soft, minimal nighttime color, *opposite*—Maybelline's Sunburst Coral blush, Peach Mocha lips.

This season there's an abundance of pretty day looks based on short skirts that are polished enough for work. Skirts that are pleated, divided, flounced . . . you name it! The tops: long and narrow to hips, or cropped and cinched at the waist. Four versions on these four pages, starting, *left,* with OMO Norma Kamali's jaunty schoolgirl pleats in grey cotton fleece. With her long, narrow, strong-shouldered jacket. Skirt, about $120. Jacket, about $140. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Very easygoing, *right,* Michael Kors's graceful circle skirt—in seasonless grey cotton/wool jersey—and small navy cotton/wool jersey crew-neck tank. Skirt, about $255. Top, about $160. Late January at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Harry B's, Nashville TN; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; The Gazebo, Dallas TX; Montaldo's. Details, more stores, last pages.

daytime
answers:

the rise of skirts!

Patrick Demarchelier

daytime answers: the rise of skirts!

Newest—freewheeling—short skirts are soft and divided! *This page:* Michael Kors's kickier skirt adds zip to a short-sleeved crew-neck wool/cotton jersey dress. About $460. Late January at Bergdorf Goodman; Razook's, Greenwich CT; Harriet Kassman, Washington DC; Marissa Collections, Naples FL; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Tootsies, Houston.... Divided to win, *opposite:* Giorgio Armani's navy/white zigzag print wool crepe skirt and hip-length navy cotton sweater. Understated—with a modern edge! Divided skirt, about $320. Sweater, about $310. Turnout at Bloomingdale's. Sweater at Filene's. Skirt at Mary Ellen Couture, Memphis TN; Ella Pryor, Houston. Fashion details, more stores, last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

TOUT BLEU

Bikini or maillot? Maillot or bikini?
Both are "strong suits" this season. Bolder,
barer, graphic . . . more inventive
in cut and in fabric—a message that comes
across loud and clear on these eight pages.
The choice is yours. . . .

BIKINI

Forty years after its debut on French
beaches, the bikini's back—
stronger, better than ever! Clean and graphic
—the simple, sensational bikini, *this page*.
From Ellen Ann Dobrovir, with
a white cotton/Lycra bandeau top, black
bikini bottom. About $70. Henri Bendel;
Infinity, Cedarhurst NY;
Just Add Water, Dallas TX. . . .

MAILLOT

Now with new back interest—
eye-catching variations on the classic racer back
—asymmetric, daringly cut.
Perfect example, *opposite*: the black
super-high-cut maillot from Jag/DeWeese,
with a removable yellow brief
(not shown here) to slip underneath.
In nylon/spandex. Maillot and brief, about $49.
Saks Fifth Avenue; Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY;
Pulse Sport, Boston; Ivey's Carolinas;
Foley's, Housto[illegible] Dee Dyke Swimwear,
San Fernando Valley CA. [illegible] pages, hair,
Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David;
makeup, Marc Schaeffer. Details, more
stores, last pages.

King

takes

MAILLOT
More of the evolution of the barer racer back, here in a beautifully shaped, asymmetric "tank." By La Blanca. Of Antron/Lycra. About $42. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Ivey's Carolinas; Burdines; JW Robinson's California; Liberty House of Hawaii.

DOUBLE

BIKINI
A fiery print, silk-screened in "sequins"—in a bare minimum bikini, from Catalina Juniors. About $32. Macy's, Herald Square; Burdines; Swim 'n Sport Shops, Ft. Lauderdale FL; The Cricket Shop, Palm Beach and Delray Beach FL; Foley's, Houston; The Bon, Seattle WA. Hair here, Odile for Bruno Dessange. Details, more stores, last pages.

Snakes

MAILLOT
Perfect combination
of the athletic, the sexy...
and another new back view—
Claude Montana's
cross-back suit. About $110.
Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC;
Saks Jandel; Caron Cherry,
Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo,
Chicago; Neiman-Marcus;
Claude Montana
Boutique, Beverly Hills.

DOUBLE

tankes

BIKINI
Strong "referee" striping sharpens one of the season's prettiest—and barest—bikinis, now with an underwire top. In nylon/spandex, from Gottex. About $48. Bergdorf Goodman; Ivey's Carolinas; South Park, Charlotte and Raleigh NC; Ann Scanlon Resortwear, Ft. Lauderdale FL; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Louisville KY; Cedric's, Edina MN. Details, more stores, last pages.

BIKINI
In the most unexpected fabrics: gold lamé and black velvet, a terrific suit with high-cut briefs. By Yves Saint Laurent Beachwear. About $65. At Bloomingdale's; Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Water Wear, Hackensack NJ; Sakowitz; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Eaton's, Canada.

DOUBLE

King

...kes

MAILLOT
A silver-gray one-piece shown
of Wetsuit Blue—that's what
maki[illegible] racy, shaped
look, streamlined. From
the Anne Cole Collection;
Ashanti Stretch Lurex & Taylor,
Carson Pirie Scott,
Chicago; Jacobson's;
Neiman Marcus, Bullock's
Duluth, more stores.
[illegible] pages.

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works? The best news of the season—a wealth of new skirt shapes for night, for day . . . easy day-to-dinner dressing changes . . . turning longer warm-weather jackets to a look that's very new

What works? This season, the answer, for many women, is going to be a shorter skirt: one that stops at the knee or above but also one that's softer, with a softness that comes from either unpressed pleats or gathers, from layers, tiers, or a swingy, on-the-bias shape. At night, for dinner dressing, for more "serious" big-time evening, it's often a new skirt with some visibly "feminine" detail—ruffles, bows, poufs, or even a crinoline. The point is: **new shorter lengths, at this fashion moment, are garnering the lion's share of the news.** These skirts come with their own particular rules to what works best when you're dressing.

How to wear a shorter, softer skirt? For night, Geoffrey Beene's black skirt and tiny bustier top (2) offer a good illustration. Bare, full-skirted, leggy, it's nighttime dressing going all the way: **a short dress this season, you'll find, is easily as "dressed"—as very special—as a full-length one.**

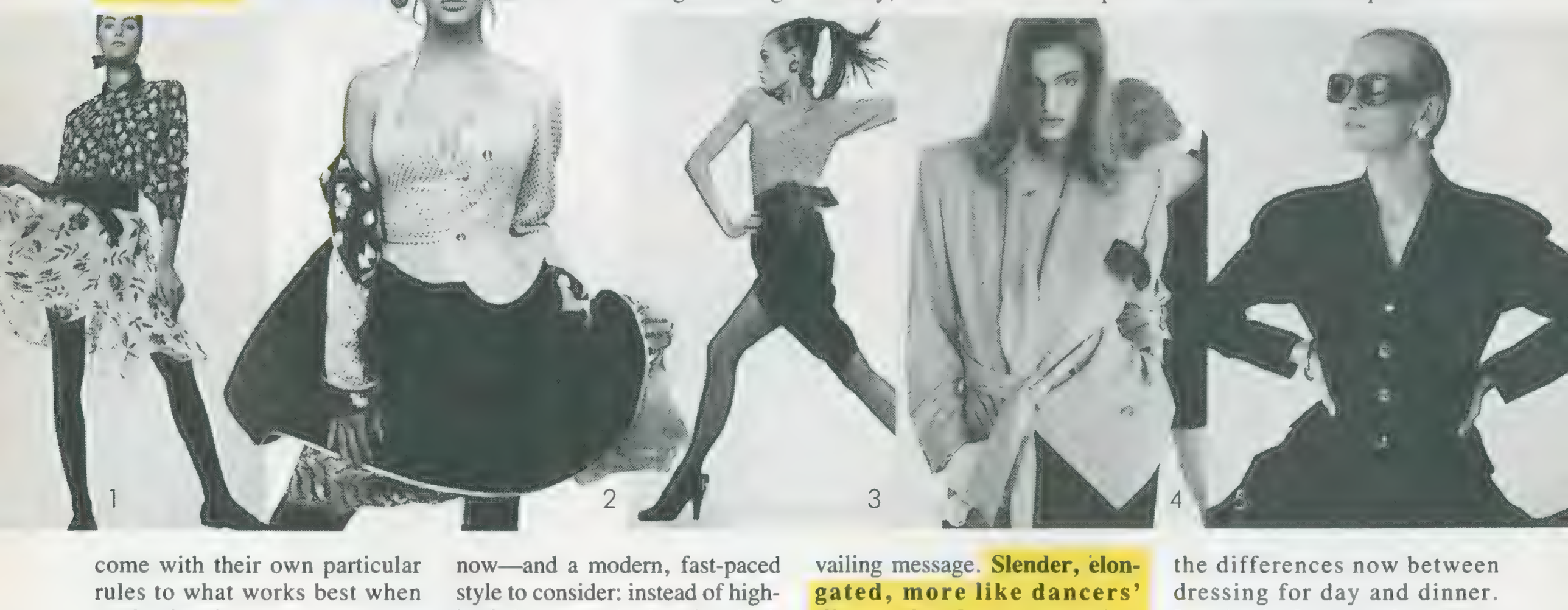
Versace's black-and-white floral-print blouse and full, double-layered organza skirt (1) represent another way of looking at night—more in the realm of dinner dressing than big-time evening. But despite a difference in the level of dressing, the prevailing shapes remain the same: a small top and fitted waist, a new soft skirt shape—one cropped to the knee and with some sense of movement. That movement may be achieved in any number of ways—a flounce, a ruffle, a drape; from unpressed pleats or some way of controlled fullness. Another difference in evening dressing now—and a modern, fast-paced style to consider: instead of high-heeled pumps, the low-key look of little black suede ballerina flats.

By day, the new shorter skirt is also the season's starting point. The best skirts are soft rather than crisp, without a lot of bulk to them (lightweight fabrics such as jerseys, tropical wools, silk-and-linen blends tend to fit the bill). For spring, designers have given more thought to new skirt shapes than they have in years; there are many sides to the short skirt equation: look at YSL's above-the-knee, tulip-hemmed skirt (3), for instance. Worn with a single-sleeved striped jersey, it's a narrow shape with a totally streamlined look; it's not, though, simply a familiar chopped-off "tube." **A sign of this season's new skirts is some very clear design thought at work: tulip-wrapping, a difference in styling at the waist or hips, a back panel that offers ease.**

Also to take note of: the range of heel heights that work with these shorter skirts. On runways in Italy, flat shoes were the prevailing message. **Slender, elongated, more like dancers' slippers than heavy moccasins, flats present a very charming shoe option.** Many women, in fact, will probably feel more comfortable in classic slingback pumps. With dark stockings, both shoes are good short-skirt options.

Another pivotal piece this season? A jacket—short and fitted—or much longer, decidedly over the hip in length, and softly tailored. The surprise is that both work equally well with shorter, softer skirts. Calvin Klein's double-breasted houndstooth-check wrap jacket, belted and with peak lapels (4) is a style one can easily see with trousers. This season, however, this kind of soft longer jacket takes on a new look worn over a short skirt for a different proportion.

The other jacket—smaller, chopped, often fitted—is easily a natural with these skirts. Cathy Hardwick's in black linen (5), worn over her strapless black linen dress with its round, swingy skirt, also offers a little bit more—and it's a clear example of some of the differences now between dressing for day and dinner. Imagine it, for example, without the jacket but with the added flirt of a crinoline or a petticoat and a change of accessories: rhinestone-bow earrings, high heels, sheer dark stockings. It becomes, quickly, evening dressing, **one of the easiest day-to-dinner answers around.** Those sorts of fashion answers are what we all look for—year after year, season after season. ▽



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health style

Conquering the cold...meatless meals...gaining weight...stamina pluses...contact-lens news

utdoor activity—skiing, sledding, walking—can be wonderfully invigorating at this time of year *if* you dress for protection. Still the best advice: to dress in several lightweight, warm layers. Not only does air trapped between layers of clothing act as natural insulation, but peeling off a layer if you become too warm can be vital to preventing the dangerously rapid body-temperature drop that can occur when perspiration is "trapped" against the skin in cold weather.

How much clothing you need to wear should be determined by the outdoor temperature, wind strength, and the level of physical exertion you have planned, advised Emily Haymes, Ph.D., professor of movement science and physical education, Florida State University. For moderate exercise (e.g., walking) at a windy 32°F, you should probably start out wearing three layers of clothing on your upper body, two layers on legs, one pair of warm socks, mittens (warmer than gloves), and a knitted hat.

What's key: that the fabric worn against your skin is one that won't lose its insulating power if you begin to perspire. Wool underwear is one good choice, as wool is one of the few fibers that still help to retain body heat when wet; silk knits or synthetics such as polypropylene and Thermax (the latter worn by Anne Bancroft during -40°F days on last year's North Pole expedition) maintain heat by "wicking" moisture away from skin. Cotton T-shirts or long-sleeved underwear are not good choices because they lose their insulative properties when wet.

"In choosing an outermost layer, what you want is a good wind break," said Dr. Haymes. "During downhill skiing, for example, wind force can be increased by the skier's own speed against the wind." In studies in which exercisers rode stationary bicycles in an indoor environment simulating -5°F temperatures and nine-and-one-half miles-per-hour winds, Dr. Haymes and her colleagues found that the synthetic fabric Gore-Tex was an effective upper-body wind break; down feathers in a nylon shell is another possible choice.

Experts agree it is wise *not* to venture outdoors any more than is absolutely necessary (between home or office and your car) when the temperature drops below 0°F, the level at which the risk of frostbite, especially of fingers or toes, is increased.

diet news

More experts are realizing that losing weight is a multifaceted process—encompassing psychological motivation, exercise and diet control. Example: this month Weight Watchers International adds an exercise plan, and a "self-discovery" plan to its Quick Start Plus diet program. The exercise plan focuses on low-intensity, long-duration aerobic activities—e.g., walking, stationary and outdoor bicycling, swimming, jogging. The self-discovery plan—designed to help a woman to learn why she overeats as well as how losing weight can improve self-esteem—uses questionnaires to pinpoint "eating triggers."

Aid for any weight-conscious woman: Weight Watchers' 1987 Engagement Calendar (New American Library) with grids to chart daily eating, appealing low-calorie recipes. (For more news, booklets to order, see Health Style Guide, page 248.)

Healthiest home state? While heredity and habits have been proven to contribute to longevity, a new study suggests that where you live may also make a difference. A report from the National Center for Health Statistics indicates that men and women living in Hawaii have the longest life expectancy—77 years—of all Americans, topping the national average by over three years. Shortest life expectancy in the nation: 69.2 years, in Washington, DC. Differences in the populations of the two areas undoubtedly play a part, and experts emphasize that many factors do help to determine life expectancy; but one theory is that living in a sunny, tropical environment may help to extend your life . . . .

Black Women's Health Alert

Several new studies point to a need for increasing black women's self-health awareness. Statistics from the National Cancer Institute (NCI) reveal that, for reasons not yet understood by experts, black women may be at special risk for developing breast cancer between ages twenty and forty, making the need for *all* women to learn proper breast self-exam techniques at as young an age as possible all that more important, said Claudia R. Baquet, M.D., M.P.H., NCI minority field program director.

Compounding the problem: in an American Cancer Society (ACS) survey, black women of all income levels lagged behind other women in recognizing early warning signs of cancer, including a lump or thickening in the breast. "Too many women try to ignore a lump in their breasts—or put off going to a doctor—out of fear and because they're unaware that, with early detection, breast cancer treatment has a high success rate and does not stop a woman from going on to live a full, satisfying life," said the NCI's Dr. Baquet.

For more information on breast self-examination, and other methods of breast cancer prevention and control, call the NCI hotline at 1/800-4-CANCER. A local ACS office can also provide informative booklets on breast self-examination.

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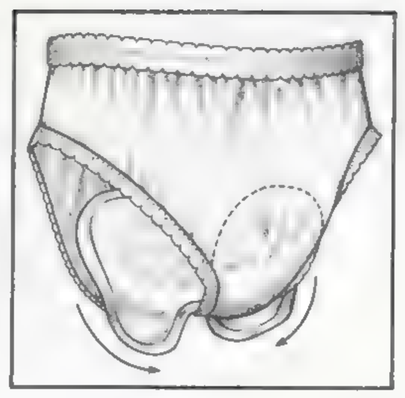

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CONTACT LENS CONCERN

More than fifteen million Americans now wear soft contact lenses—and most of them are women. Studies show that as many as 95 percent wear these lenses without any difficulties; but reports of increased problems (i.e., eye infections, corneal abrasions) in soft-contact-lens wearers have prompted new concerns about contact-lens care. A common mistake: many soft-contact-lens wearers don't make a distinction between cleansing and disinfecting—or try to take "short cuts" when they're tired/busy. "To cleanse a lens, you 'massage' it in a soapy saline solution that removes oils and particles from its surface; disinfecting uses heat or a chemical solution to remove bacteria, fungi, or viruses to sterilize the lenses," said Spencer E. Sherman, M.D., assistant clinical professor of ophthalmology, Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, NYC. Both steps should be performed every time a woman removes her lenses, can be done in under half an hour. In addition, once a week, lenses should be cleaned with an enzyme solution to remove protein deposits. "Women should also be sure to discuss the roles of different kinds of solutions with their doctors," said Joseph Z. Krezanoski, Ph.D., vice president of research and development at CooperVision Ophthalmic Products (makers of contact lenses and solutions). "For example," said Dr. Sherman, "contrary to what some women believe, mixing saline solutions by using distilled water and salt tablets could be dangerous. 'Distilled' does not mean 'sterile'; organisms that exist—in fact, thrive—in distilled water can cause serious eye infections." These "homemade" saline solutions, if used at all, should be boiled, as when disinfecting lenses through heat. Experts advise women to remove contact lenses from eyes at first sign of redness, itching, discomfort, swollen eyelids. If irritation persists for twenty-four hours after removing lenses, consult an ophthalmologist.

Your diet: meatless meals

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

Along with advice to eat less fat and more complex carbohydrates, many nutrition experts are now urging women to include at least one meatless dinner in their weekly diets—and there are many good nutritional reasons for this recommendation. A vegetarian meal can help you to add more fiber to your diet and to cut down on your weekly fat and calorie intake. According to the American Dietetic Association, eating plant-based diets has also been associated with the prevention of certain diseases, including coronary heart disease, cancer, obesity, and osteoporosis.

There's also new thinking on what makes a good vegetarian meal. In order to use protein, the body needs twenty-two different amino acids (the building blocks of protein). Most of these amino acids can be made by the body itself, but eight of them must be supplied by foods. Meats generally have the right combinations of all eight amino acids; plant foods, on the other hand, vary in their contents of different amino acids. For years, it was thought that complementary plant foods had to be eaten at the same *meal* to increase the amount of protein the body could use. But latest research indicates that these combinations can actually take place by eating a variety of foods over the course of a day.

According to studies conducted by Vernon R. Young, Ph.D., professor of nutritional biochemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, adults synthesize protein more slowly than children so that the amino acids eaten in food at one meal still may be available for combining with amino acids from foods eaten in another meal later in the day. This "delayed" combining of foods does not work for children (and probably not for pregnant women) whose protein needs are greater and whose bodies synthesize proteins more quickly after a meal is consumed.

What vegetarian foods provide complete proteins? Many women are aware that beans and rice together produce a complete protein; but there are other balanced combinations that are not as well recognized. Examples: grains with dairy products (a pasta with cheese or milk; whole wheat bread with toasted cheese); grains with legumes (split-pea soup with croutons or breadsticks, cornmeal tortillas with beans); seeds with legumes (sesame and chick peas—hummus).

While eating a vegetarian meal away from home may seem like a challenge, many restaurants that are not "vegetarian" by nature feature vegetarian entrees as part of their regular menus—e.g., *minestrone* soup with breadsticks, *pasta primavera,* or eggplant *parmesan* in Italian restaurants; crepes stuffed with *ratatouille* (stewed eggplant, tomatoes, and other vegetables) in a French restaurant; bean *burritos* (soft filled tortillas) or *chiles rellenos de queso* (large green chiles stuffed with cheese) in Mexican restaurants; a vegetable curry served with rice and *dal* (puree of seeds, grains, beans or other legumes) in Indian restaurants. In addition, many restaurants that don't have vegetarian entrees on the menu are willing to make them on request; most restaurants would be able to create a steamed vegetable platter, for example.

If you want to make a meal of choices at a salad bar, add legumes such as garbanzo beans (chick peas) or pinto beans along with sunflower seeds to the usual greens to increase the meal's protein content. When scheduling plane trips, pre-order a vegetarian meal.

When preparing vegetarian meals yourself, be careful not to add extra fat and salt to naturally low-fat/low-sodium foods. For example, rather than making a creamy Alfredo sauce for pasta, combine steaming whole wheat pasta with uncooked chopped fresh tomatoes and skim-milk mozzarella and a sprinkle of freshly grated Parmesan cheese. If you opt to use canned vegetables or legumes, buy those marked "low sodium," or drain and rinse them well before cooking to remove excess salt used in many canning processes.

One often overlooked benefit of adding one vegetarian dinner a week to your usual diet: the creativity, variety you can put into cooking. Many women who begin by eating a vegetarian dinner once a week enjoy the change so much that they begin to choose vegetarian meals more often—giving them a more healthful diet in the long run.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is a professor of nutrition at the University of California, Davis.*

Multi-Vitamins
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Serving Size . . . . . One medium potato (150 grams) about 1/3 pound

% of U.S. Recommended Daily Allowances (U.S. RDA)	
Vitamin A	*
Vitamin C	50
Thiamin	8
Riboflavin	2
Niacin	10
Vitamin B_6	15
Folacin (folic acid)	8
Calcium	*
Iron	8
Phosphorus	8
Iodine	15
Copper	8

Dietary Fiber	2710 mg.
Calories	110
Fat	0 grams
Sodium	10 mg.
Potassium	750 mg.

*contains less than 2% of U.S. RDA of these nutrients

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Source: 1983-84 National Potato Board Composite Study. © 1987 The Potato Board.

health style

chinese food facts

Recent research has raised new questions about a common food sensitivity known to many as "Chinese Restaurant Syndrome." The term, coined in the late 1960's, describes physical reactions thought to occur as a result of consuming foods prepared with monosodium glutamate (MSG), a flavor-enhancer used frequently in Chinese cooking and many processed foods. Symptoms that have been reported to occur about twenty minutes after MSG ingestion include feelings of burning or warmth, pressure or tightness, and numbness or tingling in the face, neck, upper chest, shoulders, and upper arms.

But latest studies indicate that MSG may not be the culprit in causing these reactions after all. In a recent report in the British medical journal "Food Chemistry and Toxicology," Richard A. Kenney, Ph.D., professor, and chairman of the department of physiology at George Washington University Medical Center, noted that in studies done in both England and the United States, there were no differences in sensations produced in participants who consumed an MSG-laced beverage compared to those who consumed a placebo, except when the MSG was in concentrations higher than 3 percent—far in excess of an amount appropriate to the use of MSG as a flavor-enhancer. Dr. Kenney, who has achieved similar results in his own studies, emphasizes that further research into food reactions is necessary to identify other possible causes of symptoms that are incorrectly attributed to MSG ingestion.

Hot-water warning...

Too-hot bath water is a surprisingly common source of household burns—especially in children. Best prevention? Making sure your hot-water heater is at a safe setting (the temperature experts recommend is 130°F) and testing bath water before sitting in it. Good method: the old-fashioned "elbow test." The elbow, it turns out, is extremely sensitive to heat.

Your well-being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

"Don't take yourself so seriously," someone tells you; and there you are, stunned by a simple remark that can wipe out your dreams, plans, and feelings the way a damp eraser cleans a blackboard, leaving it darker and blank.

Most of us have been cut down by this kind of message. It may have been expressed as "Just who do you think you are?" It almost certainly pervaded the atmosphere in which you grew up: a little boy was taken more seriously than a little girl because it was *he* who one day would provide for, defend and give his name and position to a family. Even in our more liberated times, a little girl often isn't seen as the prospective mainstay of others, and in some subtle (and some not-so-subtle) ways, she still isn't taken as seriously.

A woman often is expected to preserve harmony and relationships at all costs. We can resonate to the scene in the movie *Next Summer,* in which Claudia Cardinale, playing Jeanne, finally decides she has had enough of her charming but philandering husband. "Is there someone else?" he asks her. "Yes," she answers. "Me."

Do you take yourself seriously? New thoughts, questions about self-image

What many women need: a concept to illuminate and guide their struggle to find the "me" without losing the "we." "Equality," while desirable, defines us in terms of others. Perhaps a good prescription would be to grow, develop *by taking yourself seriously.*

Taking yourself seriously means knowing and respecting who you are right now—what your feelings, needs, abilities, hopes, desires, and shortcomings are. It means being aware of the impact you have on others. It also means believing you can change. You've been shaped over time into the individual you are today—but today is only a point in a process of becoming. Taking yourself seriously means recognizing where you are in that process, and taking charge of your continued development and growth.

When you take yourself seriously, you're weighing consequences, making decisions, and taking risks. It's easier to do all this when you have the interest and recognition of others adding energy and affirmation. Many find it helpful to try to associate with supportive people by joining a group or class.

If you want to know what aspects of yourself you now take seriously, and which you'd like to change, look at how you spend your time and energy. To judge your potential seriousness about anything, ask what you will do for it, and give up for it. Farrah Fawcett gave up her glamorous image in order to be taken seriously as an actress.

You may ask, "Where do I come off taking myself so seriously when I'm far from being the most important (clever/good) person in the world? Won't I be laughed at? Disliked? Won't I become pompous and selfish?"

One answer is that *only* if you honor and respect yourself can you honor and respect (rather than use) others. Moreover, if you're asking these questions, you already have a sense of perspective and are probably too aware of yourself in relation to others to become *unhealthily* self-absorbed. People who cross that line are "narcissists" in psychological terms. They can't separate their own wishes from what the rest of the world wants. They see and use others only as potential "fulfillers" of their own needs. But the narcissist didn't reach this state by taking herself too seriously; on the contrary, it probably dates back to childhood, when she didn't get the consistent parental love and guidance needed to form a solid sense of self. She hardly *has* a sense of self to take seriously!

The plain truth is that taking yourself seriously helps you to achieve the contentment and fulfillment that make you *want* to give to others freely and openly. You'll occasionally distress people who feel left out or threatened because you've changed the focus of your attention. But the poor alternative is trying to please everyone with the result that you scurry through life resenting what you "have" to do, and depressed because there's a potential "you" buried inside, unrealized.

About two thousand years ago, a famous scholar, Hillel, posed the choice this way: "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? And if I am only for myself, what am I? And if not now, when?"

Last year, an outbreak of herpes made him miss the boat. This year, with the help of his doctor, he missed the outbreak instead.

Whether you have a mild, intermediate or severe case of genital herpes, you should see your doctor to help gain new control over your outbreaks—especially if you haven't seen your doctor within the past year.

The medical profession now has more information than ever before about the treatment of herpes, as well as effective counselling and treatment programs that can help you reduce the frequency, duration and severity of your outbreaks.

If in the past you were told that nothing could be done for herpes, it's no longer true. Herpes *is* controllable.

Ask your doctor about these treatment programs, and whether one of them would be suitable for you.

See your doctor...there is help for herpes

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health style

Milk and fat: how low is low? . . . teeth—beyond flossing

Q What are the differences among whole, low-fat, and skim milks? Where does buttermilk fit in?

A According to the Dairy Nutrition Council, the differences among these milks are that whole milk contains about 4 percent fat by weight; low-fat milk has from 2 to 1 percent fat (and is sometimes sold as "1 or 2 percent" milk); and skim milk has .05 percent fat or less. Most buttermilk is "soured" skim milk, formed by separating butter from milk products.

What these differences mean: about *half* the calories in whole milk come from fat, compared to about *10 percent* of calories from fat in skim milk. These differences add up; the American Dietetic Association (ADA) recommends that women consume three to four cups of milk per day, or the equivalent in other dairy products (recommendations are higher for pregnant and lactating women).

"Adults should drink milk containing as little fat as possible because high-fat diets have been linked to obesity, coronary heart disease, and cancer," said Judy Dyer, M.S., R.D., spokesperson for the ADA. "Lowering the fat content of milk does not significantly affect its nutritional benefits." (A woman should check with a pediatrician before switching a child from whole milk which contains fatty acids important for growth.) Bonus: skim milk provides slightly *more* calcium per serving than does whole milk.

Q I've started using a Water-Pik. Does this mean I don't have to floss anymore?

A No. "Water-Piks and other oral irrigating devices can work as adjuncts to flossing and brushing, but cannot replace them," said Kenneth Burrell, D.D.S., assistant secretary for the Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association (ADA). "These devices can remove food from between teeth, and may help people who wear braces, but they do *not* remove decay-causing plaque nearly as well as regular flossing can."

To prevent irritation to gums, use your Water-Pik at its low setting. "Aim the spray of water so that it's perpendicular to gums," suggested Dr. Burrell, "and stop using it if gums bleed, become painful or inflamed."

Consult your dentist before using any oral irrigating device; certain gum problems may preclude their use. People with certain heart conditions should avoid using these machines as, in rare cases, they may lead to increased bacteria in the bloodstream. Make sure any such device has been accepted by the ADA.

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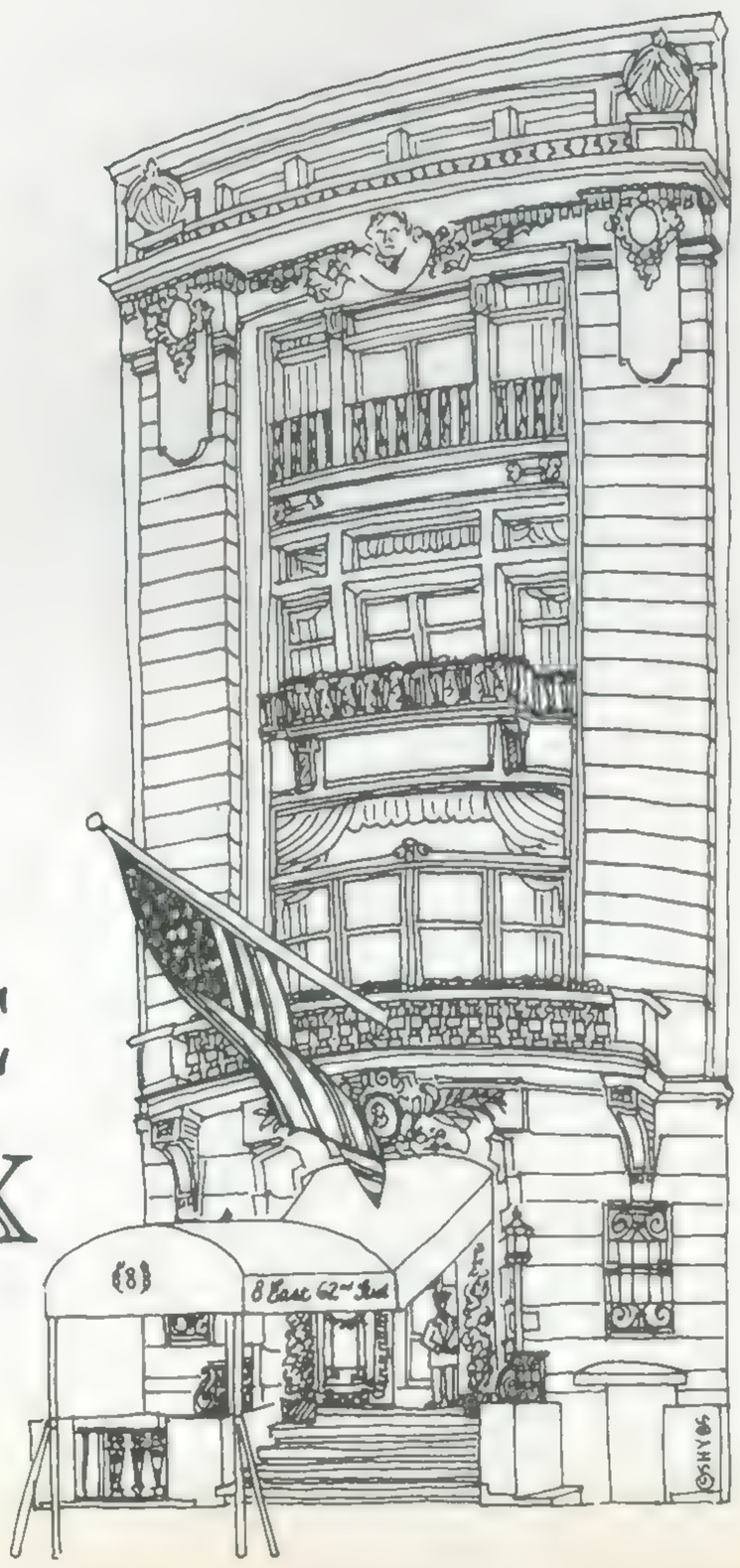

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health style

Have you checked your smoke detector lately? A recent survey by the Centers for Disease Control revealed almost *30 percent* of homeowners' smoke alarms were *non*functioning. Best insurance: test smoke detectors monthly, and replace non-working batteries *immediately*.

STRETCH FOR STAMINA

While aerobic exercise's impact on our heart and lung efficiency is the only aspect of exercise that has a proven effect on physical endurance, more and more experts feel that flexibility and muscle strength also contribute to stamina. "Even taking five minutes to run in place slowly, then doing five minutes of stretching can help to ease muscle tension after a busy day, give you more stamina," said Irene von Estorff, M.D., assistant professor, rehabilitation medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "Daily stretching can build ease and fluidity into everyday movements, and strong muscles can help to support our bodies through a long day of activities. Also, a woman who has tight, weak muscles won't be able to carry on an aerobic-exercise program as vigorously or as long as a woman who is flexible and strong."

One important caution: Don't try to do too much all at once. Gradually increase the length of a stretch, or the number of repetitions in weight work. Overexercising is a key cause of injury, muscle soreness, fatigue.

EATING RIGHT

Surveys have shown that most families rely on a handful of recipes for the majority of their meals—and that simply eating a greater *variety* of foods is a good first step towards getting the balance of nutrients essential to a more healthful diet. In the chart *below*, we've highlighted the special features of eight recipe books that not only have won praise from Vogue's nutrition experts but also are written with an eye towards the pleasure, the satisfaction of eating. The idea: to enable a woman to switch to a low-fat, low-sodium diet—or to prepare "special" meals (e.g., low-calorie, vegetarian, or for a diabetic)—with less effort, more enjoyment. . . .

	Menu Planner	Calorie Analysis	Nutrient Analysis	Includes Meat Recipes	Includes Weight-loss plan
Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet By Craig Claiborne with Pierre Franey (Times Books)	Yes	Recipes and ingredients	Sodium, fat, and cholesterol in recipes and ingredients	Yes	No
Eat Right, Eat Well—The Italian Way By Edward Giobbi and Richard Wolff, M.D. (Knopf)	No	Recipes and ingredients	Cholesterol, protein, fat, and carbohydrates in recipes and ingredients	Yes	No
The American Heart Association Cookbook (Ballantine Books)	Limited	Recipes and ingredients	Fats and cholesterol in ingredients	Yes	No
The American Diabetes Association/The American Dietetic Association Family Cookbook, Volume II (Prentice-Hall)	Limited	Recipes only	Cholesterol, protein, and fat in recipes	Yes	No
Weight Watchers Quick Start Program Cookbook By Jean Nidetch (NAL Books)	Yes, with exchange lists for each recipe	Recipes only	Cholesterol, protein, fat, carbohydrates, and sodium in recipes	Yes	Yes
Recipes for a Small Planet By Ellen Buchman Ewald (Ballantine Books)	No	Per gram of usable protein, in ingredients	Protein in recipes and ingredients	No	No
Laurel's Kitchen By Laurel Robertson, Carol Flinders, and Bronwen Godfrey (Bantam Books)	Yes	Ingredients only	Vitamins, minerals, amino acids, fats, carbohydrates, and sodium in ingredients	No	Yes
The Living Heart Diet By Michael E. DeBakey, M.D., Antonio M. Gotto, Jr., M.D., Lynne W. Scott, R.D., and John P. Foreyt, Ph.D. (Simon and Schuster)	Yes, with exchange lists for each recipe	Recipes and ingredients	Protein, fat, carbohydrates, cholesterol, and sodium in recipes and ingredients	Yes	Yes

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"I enjoy sex, but I'm not ready to die for it."

"I never thought having an intimate relationship with someone could be a matter of life or death. But with everything I hear about AIDS these days, I'm more than uncomfortable. I'm afraid."

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health style

WANTED: WEIGHT

An underweight woman has to work just as hard to gain five pounds as the overweight woman does to lose five, said Joyce Price, R.D., chief of clinical nutrition, Duke University Medical Center. While thinness has become an ideal for many women, experts feel that a woman who is 15 percent or more below the accepted weight for her height and body build (as listed on Metropolitan Life Insurance tables) would benefit from a weight-gain program.

A tendency to thinness, like heaviness, can be familial, or the result of high energy output, as in excessive physical activity. The "setpoint" theory—that one's weight stabilizes at a point where the body feels comfortable—may help to explain why underweight women struggle to put on pounds.

Since unexplained weight loss can signal a medical problem, a woman should consult a doctor about any sudden loss of weight, said Kelly D. Brownell, Ph.D., associate professor, psychiatry, University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. Even if you've always been thin, it's important to have regular medical exams, as sustained low weight can produce problems such as vitamin deficiencies or disturbance in ovulation.

Before launching a weight-gain program, Dr. Brownell suggests keeping a one-week diary listing daily food choices, calorie counts, when you eat and with whom as well as mood and hunger levels. By eating an additional 500 calories daily, a woman should be able to gain about one pound a week. A food diary can also signal situations that lead to skimping on or neglecting food altogether.

Specific weight-gain strategies:

- Set aside time at each meal to unwind before eating—and schedule a fixed time to eat lunch at your desk. Tension often contributes to a loss in appetite.
- If large meals make you feel stuffed, divide daily calories into three meals, three snacks.
- To delay a feeling of "fullness," don't start with clear soups, don't overload on bulky, low-calorie vegetables or salad greens, and drink beverages *after* meals.
- "Choose higher-calorie vegetables and fruits such as avocados, corn, peas, chick peas, grapes, bananas, figs, and dates over lower-calorie lettuce, asparagus, berries, and melon," says Price.
- Include protein (meat, chicken, fish, eggs) and a small amount of fat in each meal.
- Snack on nutritionally dense, high-calorie foods such as cheese, nuts.
- Don't neglect exercise. Moderate activity is important for strength, cardiovascular fitness, and emotional well-being and will not counteract the effect of increasing daily calories.

If you think you might benefit from a professional's expertise and support, consult a qualified nutritionist or registered dietitian. Ask your doctor for a referral or contact the American Dietetic Association, 430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611.

—AMI S. BRODOFF

VOGUE

A HEALTH STYLE GUIDE

LITERATURE

1 ☐ AMERICAN PLASTIC SURGICAL COMPLEX: Information about the complex and Robert L. Cucin, M.D., Director.

2 ☐ BURROUGHS WELLCOME CO.: "Herpes. The good news is that it can now be controlled." — general facts.

3 ☐ THE POTATO BOARD: Charge up your diet with potatoes— America's favorite vegetable. Low-calorie potato recipes and nutritional information.

4 ☐ PRESBYTERIAN-UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MEDICAL CENTER: "How to Get Into Shape" — advice on beginning a fitness program.

5 ☐ UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FOOD SAFETY AND INSPECTION SERVICE: "The Safe Food Book: Your Kitchen Guide."

6 ☐ U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES: "Questions and Answers About Breast Lumps."

PRODUCT SAMPLES

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Adapted from Fagerström, K-O: Tolerance, withdrawal and dependence on tobacco and smoking termination, Int Rev Appl Psychol 32:29-52, 1983.

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CHEMICALS

(Continued from page 159)

OFFICE HAZARDS

The most commonly handled substance in most offices is paper; the most frequent complaint is dry, itchy fingers and palms. "Paper absorbs skin oils, removing skin's natural barrier to moisture evaporation," explained Robert Auerbach, M.D., associate clinical professor, dermatology, NYU Medical Center. Friction between paper and skin can irritate already-dry skin, leading to redness, itching, cracking. Best defense: minimizing contact between skin and paper when possible—e.g., using tools such as letter openers; applying a thin coat of a rich lanolin or petroleum jelly-based moisturizer to hands regularly throughout the day (as often as every half hour if you're especially prone to chapped, red hands). These steps can also help to prevent paper cuts which, while not a serious problem on their own, can open the skin to risk of infection by bacteria (to keep clean, always cover even a "minor" paper cut with a bandage).

Moisturizing can be an important *preventive* step but does not mean using a fragranced moisturizer, which can further irritate sensitive skin. When skin dryness becomes severe, there are stronger over-the-counter "medical" moisturizers a dermatologist can recommend. Once you get to the point at which skin is cracking, red, itching, or bleeding—or if a rash-like reaction develops—examination by a dermatologist is essential. In some cases, a cortisone cream may be the recommendation; but doctors advise *against* routinely self-medicating with over-the-counter cortisone creams. Allergic reactions to cortisone itself, while rare, can occur; and these creams are not a solution to every skin problem. Once skin has healed, a dermatologist can recommend further preventive steps, and rigorous moisturizing with a *non*fragranced product should be continued.

Coated papers such as carbonless paper forms with encapsulated inks have been associated with "outbreaks" of skin rashes among office workers. The reactions occur primarily on the face and neck, leading experts to theorize that the encapsulated ink solvents, released into the air under pressure of a typewriter key or pen, contact the exposed skin of the face or neck. Other experts suggest that these ingredients are transferred from hands to the thinner, more sensitive facial skin, where the reaction occurs.

Women allergic to nickel should be aware that the metal shows up in scissors, letter openers, metallic pens, chrome furnishings. (Items made from pure stainless steel don't contain nickel.)

IN AN ART STUDIO

In general, paints and other art materials should be used with care, in an environment in which fumes will be quickly ventilated, and in which food, beverages, and cigarettes are kept far away from art materials. Any woman who works with art materials should educate herself as to choices available, evaluating them for safety as well as desired result.

In some cases, note experts at the Health Hazards in the Arts Program at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, safer materials can be substituted for more dangerous ones, as in the case of using water-based silkscreen inks rather than harsh solvent-based inks that can irritate skin and may cause respiratory damage when inhaled over a long period of time.

> "Many solvents dry skin, cause 'cross reactions' with common substances"

The biggest skin problem anyone who works with paints is likely to encounter, say dermatologists, is not from getting paint on the skin but from *attempting to wash it off*. While water-based paints can be washed off with gentle (non-detergent) soap and water, oil-, alkyd- or enamel-based products are often removed with turpentine or other solvents, but non-irritating waterless hand cleansers should be used instead. Always read labels carefully before using *any* type of solvent on the skin. With repeated use, many such solvents can not only dry out skin to the point where it cracks and bleeds, but can also induce allergic responses that may cause your skin to "cross-react" with other everyday substances later on. Once a woman develops an allergy to turpentine, for example, explained Alexander Fisher, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology, NYU Medical Center, she may also react to seemingly unconnected but chemically similar substances such as chrysanthemums. If you experience an allergic reaction to an acetone-based solvent, be sure to check that any nail-polish remover you use afterwards does *not* contain acetone.

Epoxy-type and lacquer paints (often used by sculptors) contain ingredients that have been known to cause allergic reactions, as do photographic film developing mixtures, which should be kept away from the skin whenever possible. Photographers, or anyone working in a darkroom, should also be careful that solvent-based cleaning agents used to rinse film-developing tanks do *not* come into contact with the skin.

If you develop a skin reaction after using art or photography materials, *bring the product and product information along with you to a dermatologist*, who can perform a patch test to determine if you are allergic to a specific ingredient.

IN A HOSPITAL

Women who work as health-care professionals may be prone to skin problems that, ironically, are side effects of efforts to maintain a sterile environment. Wearing rubber gloves for hours at a time can cause hands to perspire, not only exacerbating a tendency to dry skin, but making hands potentially more sensitive to any cleansers or medications that a woman comes into contact with immediately after removing the gloves. In some cases, an allergy develops to rubber gloves, in which case substituting hypoallergenic rubber or plastic gloves can usually eliminate the problem.

Frequent hand washing and use of antiseptic cleansers—up to twenty-to-thirty times a day in some cases—can strip skin of essential oils that need to be replenished, something many doctors and nurses don't take the time to do during a busy day. If a nurse's duty also includes bathing bedridden patients, each bath adds further "insult" to her hands, multiplying the chances of developing raw skin.

In some cases, allergic dermatitis can develop from handling topical or systemic medications before they are administered to patients.

—SHARI MILLER SIMS

HYGIENE

(Continued from page 160)

are *not* spread by use of bar soaps in office environments.

Office makeup, which most women now store in a desk drawer, should be kept safely away from pens, pencils, etc. Despite preservatives, *all* cosmetics, it is now believed, should be replaced at least once a year, mascara every six months—and should *not* be shared. Foam makeup sponges—a modern woman's essential "tool" for sheer-looking makeup—are vulnerable to bacterial contamination; rinse thoroughly after every use and either keep the sponge in a case with holes for ventilation or allow it to dry *completely* before putting it away.

WHERE TO GET MORE INFO

Along with a concern about health hazards in the workplace comes a need among women for more information. Here, organizations geared to provide help, to provide physician referrals, and to assist women in cutting through red tape.

American Public Health Association, 1015 Fifteenth St. NW, Washington DC 20005; (202) 789-5600.

The Center for Occupational Hazards (artists' information), 5 Beekman St., NYC 10038; (212) 227-6220.

Columbia University Women's Occupational Health Resource Center, 117 St. John's Place, Brooklyn NY 11217; (718) 230-8822.

Doctors for Artists, 105 West 78 St., NYC 10024; (212) 496-5172.

Environmental Protection Agency Public Information Center, 401 M Street SW, Washington DC 20460; (800) 828-4445.

Food and Drug Administration Center for Devices and Radiological Health (VDTs), Division of Consumer Affairs—HFZ 210, 5600 Fishers Lane, Rockville MD 20857; (301) 443-4190.

National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, Division of Standards Development and Technology Transfer, 4676 Columbia Parkway, Cincinnati OH 45226; (513) 533-8326.

Nine to Five National Association of Working Women, 614 Superior Ave. NW, Cleveland OH 44113; (216) 566-9308.

School of the Art Institute of Chicago Health Hazards in the Arts Program, Health Service Office, Jackson Blvd. and Columbus Drive, Chicago IL 60603; (312) 443-3789. ▽

SKIN IN THE WORKPLACE

(Continued from page 159)

anyone with that kind of office should protect her/his skin with a sun block or sunscreen as a matter of course when getting ready for work in the morning—as important in winter as in summer if you live in a warm climate.'' Dr. Lefkovits also has a warning for light-skinned women who work continually under fluorescent light. ''The parabolic reflectors used on many new fluorescent light fixtures today for extra brightness mean people can receive unfiltered light, direct from the tube, which over a long period of time may cause skin damage. Again, anyone working under these conditions should wear a sunscreen automatically.'' This advice, he stressed, is particularly important for women taking birth control pills and pregnant women—there are many more in the work force today.

As a member of the educational advisory panel of Birthright, a new prenatal skin-care line, Dr. Lefkovits pointed out, ''With pregnancy, the single most common skin problem is the development of what is commonly known as 'the mask of pregnancy' or melasma. Our melanin (pigment) supply is influenced by pituitary and cortical functions, and by progesterone and estrogen, the female sex hormones whose levels change during the ovulatory cycle. Women who are pregnant or take the Pill can develop increased skin pigmentation from exposure to long-wave ultraviolet light, perhaps in response to the hormonal effect on melanin.'' (Suggestions: Birthright's ''Pregnancy Mask'' Preventative Creme offers total protection from the sun, applied beneath moisturizer/makeup; the new all-in-one protective moisturizer Swedish Secret. Next month, the first ''super block'' from Elizabeth Arden with an SPF of 34.)

For sensitive, allergy-prone skin, the right choice of cleansing cream is all part of a working day's defense. ''The creamier a product feels,'' said James Bollinger, Ph.D., director of cosmetic research and development for Allercreme, ''the more likely it is to cause 'bumps' under the skin. It's often 'creamy' because of the amount of mineral oil in the formula. It's often wiser to use a light cleanser in early morning, a deeper cleanser at night. (Suggestion: Allercreme Glycerin Cleansing Bar.) Using a concealer to cover breakouts isn't always a good idea either—especially in liquid formula, which can contain more oils and esters and may have a tendency to block pores. Better to use a tinted, medicated type of cream as a coverup.'' (Suggestion: Noxema On-The-Spot Acne Medicine in totable tube.)

Dr. Grove continued, ''In winter, scrubs and exfoliants should be used sparingly—and it's important to switch to a gentler toner or not to use too much astringent. Watch your office habits, too. Don't, for instance, 'balance' the phone or press it for too long against your skin—easy ways to cause irritation. Skin *is* easily traumatized, especially when parched.''

(''Rescue'' products: Clarins Beauty Flash Balm, Discipline's Emergency Cream.)

For those who work in unusual jobs that require frequent hand washing or exposure to chemicals, a ''defatting'' of skin invariably takes place, as the thin skin on the hands has little chance to retain natural sebum.

What helps? Soak hands in warm water laced with a rich bath oil, not gel or foam. Run them in and out several times until saturated. (Suggestion: Ciara Perfumed Bath Essence from Ultima II.) Look for hand products with antibacterial, lubricant properties, or humectant formulas that spell out polyunsaturates and other lubricants as part of the formula. (Suggestion: Neutrogena's Norwegian Formula Emulsion.)

> ''Stretching, a fast walk around the office during the work day may benefit you''

The relationship between posture and mental attitude is easy to see—the way you sit, walk indicate state of mind and, according to James Leyden, M.D., professor of dermatology, University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine: ''There's no doubt an oversedentary life has a biological effect on bone and muscle. Both are affected by inertia—collagen in the bones gets thinner, is resorbed. As the same kind of tissue is involved in the skin, theoretically speaking, it could be that lack of movement, physical activity, day after day, may influence skin more than we realize. It would appear that some stretching and/or a fast walk around the corridor or block during the working day may be beneficial.'' ▽

INDOOR AIR

(Continued from page 159)

fabrics, furniture glues, carpets), and photocopy-machine exhaust. One recent study suggested that even when no single indoor pollutant is present at a level high enough to adversely affect health, breathing in a mixture of contaminants can have a deleterious effect on workers' motor skills, concentration, and comfort.

Positive news: in cases in which complaints have led managements to inspect, overhaul, and upgrade office ventilation systems, the majority of workers have noticed improvement in respiratory and skin problems, and experts feel that exposure to pollutants associated with short- and long-term health risks has also been decreased. Can opening a window help? It depends; in many cases, outdoor city air is high in pollutants as well. As for individual room air filters, experts note that these can sometimes provide some relief, but filters must be changed often to prevent reintroducing bacteria or chemicals into the air.

''Ideal'' skin environment—temperature of 60-68°F with 50 percent humidity—is found more often outdoors than in the typical office building. With heat in winter, air-conditioning in summer, air in most offices is so *dry* that moisture is drawn from skin's surface into air.

''Lack of humidity can push a woman with dry skin into an eczema-like condition (redness, itching, flaking)—a problem common in women over fifty, whose skin is already drier and more sensitive due to age changes and sunlight,'' said NYU's Dr. Auerbach.

Just the opposite problem—less-than-adequate air cooling—occurs in summer, causing what seems to be an increase in skin oils but is actually the result of oil's accumulating on skin's surface; if trapped under moisturizers or makeup, the oil can exacerbate a tendency to acne breakouts. Both of these problems should always be brought to a dermatologist's attention, as use of prescription products may be necessary.—S.M.S.

THE LIGHT FACTOR

(Continued from page 160)

S. Rigel, M.D., clinical instructor of dermatology at NYU Medical Center. ''Also, most fluorescent lights have a glass or plastic cover that filters out much of the UV radiation.''

There is some evidence that people who take certain medications (some antibiotics, diuretics, hypertensive drugs) or who wear certain perfumes, or who wash their hair with tar-based shampoos may have phototoxic reactions from sitting too close to an uncovered fluorescent light or from sitting too close to a window on a sunny day, as UV can penetrate most window glass. Skin may become red, itchy. Wearing a sunscreen or makeup that contains sunscreen may help to prevent these reactions.

Today's high-tech offices have produced concern about another source of light—the electromagnetic waves given off by video display terminals (VDTs). While medical experts' prime concern has been VDTs' effects on eyes, and studies are also underway to determine what—if any—danger VDTs pose to pregnant women, there have also been cases reported in which people who had worked at VDTs for three hours or more experienced redness, itching, and tingling in exposed skin areas. Fair-skinned women seem particularly prone, and VDT exposure may also worsen preexisting cases of rosacea (an acne-like condition characterized by broken capillaries and redness on the face). Usually, the skin reactions disappear about four hours after moving away from the VDTs. Though no scientific studies have been done on VDT skin reactions (some are in progress), one theory is that the dust that the electromagnetic monitor attracts may be the cause of irritation to skin (see page 160). Other experts believe that the electromagnetic waves might have a direct effect on skin to cause these reactions. Wearing sun block on exposed skin areas may help to prevent these reactions. Another idea: moving the keyboard of your computer as far away from the monitor as possible, without inducing eye strain. —LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

(Continued from page 212)

zoo. Today the bush, the putative frontier, is no longer close to the experience of most Australians. But we re-experience it through cigarette commercials. Australians love their myth about being "fundamentally" a bush nation, closer to reality, somehow, than the media-ridden Americans; they believe they are the sons of infinite space. This is a fiction. But it chimes quite well with the American fiction. So, of course, we are just bloody delighted when the Yanks talk about us as real men in a real landscape.

Our actual historical experience is totally different from the Americans' in their West. In America, one became freer and richer by moving out. "Go west, young man!" But in early colonial Australia, once you left the coastal rim you didn't become liberated, you became dead. Australia was a prison, and space was its wall. The small settler with his twenty acres of scrub faced inconceivable hardships. Space bred hope in America. In Australia it bred a corrosive pessimism, along with the feeling that Nature was just raw material, to be exploited any way you cared to. As for the interior, it was hateful. Our Walden Pond was a dried waterhole, with crows. So there was never anything like the American Transcendentalist movement in Australia. The idea of Australia as a paradise, which in parts it really is if you know how to live in it, came to us quite late in the twentieth century with the ecology movement. All this runs back to the fact that America was colonized in hope, and Australia as punishment.

MB: *Why, as an art critic, did you write a history of Australia?*

RH: I wanted to write about the real world. I remember wishing in the early 'sixties that I could find a subject out of my experience as an Australian, but I couldn't then. Expatriates become expatriates because they want to expunge the memory of their parental culture, set it aside and acquire, as it were, a new parent.

Then, in 1974, I was working on a series of television films about Australian art down in Tasmania at Port Arthur, where Lieutenant Governor George Arthur had built a penitentiary a hundred and forty years before. I thought, "There must be a book that will tell me what the carceral system there meant to the prisoners," but there wasn't. That seemed crazy because the founding of Australia is a very considerable human drama. Living in the time we all live in, with the Gulag being of compelling interest, I wanted to see how these carceral systems that crouch on the world horizon might relate to Australian history—a history that I'm supposed to know but that, in fact, I didn't. England invented the idea for the Gulag in Australia.

I wanted to tell the story from above and below: from the side of the administrators, guards, free settlers, and the English government, and from the side of the convicts. But I wanted to tell the story chiefly in the convicts' own voices. Until recently, Australian historians supposed that those 162,000 people had none; that they were an inarticulate mass. But there are letters, memoirs, firsthand accounts, mostly unconsulted, in archives from the Mitchell Library in Sydney, to the State Paper Office in Dublin. I was astonished late in the preparation of the book to find in the Privy Council Papers in London, forty boxes stuffed with at least six thousand letters from people under sentence of exile to Australia, describing the conditions of their lives, pleading for clemency; letters from their wives and families, their friends and parsons and judges—sometimes even from their victims. Reading these letters was like riding in a glass boat over the submerged part of Georgian England, the one you don't see exhibited in *Treasure Houses of Britain*.

MB: *What are the roots of your interest in Australian history?*

RH: I'd never been told by anybody why we Australians might be the way we are. Australians of my generation were given a pathetically thin diet of information about Australian history. When I was growing up, there was such a curious combination of dependence upon English approbation of our deeds and at the same time a sort of resentment of the Crown; we simultaneously sought English approval and resented Britain's power to give it—a colonial double bind. Why this relationship to England? Why this combination of violence and non-ideological bravery? Australians would go off to fight in foreign wars for England, and fight like bloody knives, yet they weren't doing it out of profound patriotic motives like those supposed to animate, say, Americans when *they* go to war. Also, there is this Australian attitude toward authority: you curse it, you bitch at it, but you also truckle to it. These are some of the uncompleted impulses lying in Australia that I wanted to pursue.

We have a peculiar kind of blank at the center of our sense of national selfhood, if that's the word. It's not like being an American, who is constantly confronted with emblems of Americanness at every level, from the exalted down to kitsch—like having Benjamin Franklin on a package of frankfurters or on a can of beans.

Americans have this collection of patriotic icons in their heads: the Liberty Bell, the Statue of Liberty, blah, blah, blah, and let's not forget George Washington's false teeth and, most recently, President Reagan's colonic polyp. They have every right to be proud of their history. We Australians have never been so sure.

Toward the time of Australia's first centennial, the effort at sublimating and forgetting about the convict origins of the country, getting rid of what we then called the Stain, was such an immense and taxing one, involving such a radical denial of our own history, that we felt we just didn't have very much to be proud of. Consequently, there was a lack of any desirable stereotype other than that afforded by uncorrupted nature. There was a general feeling—which projected itself in the way that history was actually taught—that Australian history began round the 1850s with the invention of the Australian middle class, with the gold rush.

There were two big social cults, the cult of sun and the cult of death. You can still see the cult of sun in the way people disport themselves, in the emphasis on the beaches, youth, Apollonian vitality, sun worship, physicality. The sun blotted out the convict stain, it abolished the shadow. The favorite image of Australia among illustrators around 1888, the time of the first centennial, was Australia the young maiden, staring frankly into the sunrise, not shielding her brow. There'd be some shadows cast behind her, which might conceal a convict or two, but basically the metaphors were the sun and the golden hair.

The cult of death expressed itself in a tremendous proliferation of cenotaphs and war memorials, because it was thought that Australia had in some way come of age with the huge blood sacrifice in the First World War. We lost sixty thousand men—a huge proportion of our little population. It gave us credence as a nation.

> "Americans have this idea of Australians' all being these six-foot-two hatchet-faced heteros like my cousin Bryan Brown"

MB: *I think Americans are fascinated with Australia because you're our Old West at a moment when our actual West has become commodified. Perhaps what Australia signifies is . . .*

RH: . . . is nature unmediated. However, although Americans like to think of us as nature boys, in fact most of us are not.

This is what a movie like *Crocodile Dundee* is all about and why it turns out to be so paradoxically popular: the white noble savage coming from simple Australia into complex New York. The fact is that Australians are not that simple, and maybe New Yorkers aren't that complex. You have this idea of Australians' all being these six-foot-two hatchet-faced heteros like my cousin Bryan Brown. Bryan was, I suppose, the archetype of this before Paul Hogan came along; and to some extent Mel Gibson was, too, except that Mel Gibson is actually American and his role is to be moody rather than superhetero. Nevertheless, everyone wants to have some sort of vision of the way things were. And that vision is us, mate, since noble nature has become increasingly difficult to sustain in America, except in that system of cultural quotation known as national parks.

MB: *Could our mythic Australia be linked to the literary idea of a dichotomy between North and South, the fantasy of the antipodes?*

RH: The working of the antipodes fantasy is that Australia is a mythical place where reside all things in their imagined counterpart. This fantasy about Australia has existed since the idea of a southern continent was first mooted back in the time of Alexander. It is the notion that below the Equator ordinary reality stops and its inverted form takes over. When people actually got to Australia and found these weird animals, they

felt a strong resonance of that idea, the idea of perverse antipodes. The swans were black, and in the winter the trees shed their bark but kept their leaves.

Ideas of antipody and monstrosity were reinforced not only by the facts of Australian nature, but also by the social situations there. The pitching of the convict colony in 1788 was in more than a merely symbolic way the last stand of the *ancien régime*. Although many societies were in some sort of transition toward liberalism—sometimes by slow osmosis and sometimes by revolutionary transformation, as in France and America—in Australia everything that was most authoritarian, most static, most punitive took its stand and institutionalized itself as a state. It was the place to which you sent that which you wanted to sublimate.

MB: *Yes, indeed. But why should we Americans be affected by fantasies of antipody today?*
RH: American impressions of Australia are not affected by the idea of the perverse antipodes. I think that Americans see Australia as innocent—unlike their own culture. America contains its own antipodes, so to speak. It is obsessed with its own visions of contemporary evil. If as the millennium approaches—and the year 2000 is only fourteen years away—people dream a lot about the four last things, death, judgment, heaven, and hell, combined with the rampant imperfections of the world, then the strangest fantasies and toxins will be liberated into the social bloodstream. I think hysteria here will get more powerful, not less, as AD 2000 gets closer; it will get rather alarming.

Americans are nervous about further transformations. Progress has turned out to be rather a myth. Suddenly, events like the explosion of the space shuttle and the meltdown at Chernobyl seem emblematic. Also, America is an intensely religious country, and to an extent, a failed utopia. Americans are a somewhat apocalyptic-minded people, and they become more so as social dreams disintegrate, as the dream of utopia disintegrates.

MB: *Do you think Americans feel that some final catastrophe will write the end to the millennium?*
RH: We all know it could, whether we're American or not. As the millennium ends, reason dreams and monsters are produced. Doubtless the monsters will appear in jogging shorts talking about est. Or they'll preach the transience of this world on TV like Pat Robertson.

MB: *How do we see millenary anxiety in art?*
RH: We see it as postmodernism, a value-free, denatured, decorative quotation of past forms in which you cover your ass with something called irony. It comes from a numbness induced by the thought of a dystopic future combined with an unprecedented oversaturation of usable images.

Our image bank has no parallel in cultural history. We know more about the past than the past did of its past. But our problem is to use this knowledge in some way that makes sense because this mountain of images becomes so daunting that people can't, as it were, tunnel through it and get to the reality on the other side.

Some critics are saying, "Originality is no longer possible." This is an overreaction: it's a very meager role for the visual arts simply to recycle what is given by the mass media. I'm very tired of the art that merely appropriates and represents. Painting is very weak compared with mass media, but there's one thing painting can do, which is resist the tyrannous generalizations of mass media. Painting can direct you toward very specific and felt experience. It returns you to a play of the senses lost in mass media.

MB: *Isn't postmodernism itself a critique of this media glut?*
RH: The way that one rescues oneself from anomie is not by mimicking it or saying for the millionth time that it exists. What's the point of that?

Critics are putting the notion of originality in inverted commas; then, preceding it with the disparaging term *heroic*. The reasoning that goes into such mockery is that we are over-mediated by cultural signs so that, in theory, you can't see a tree for its accumulated representations. But the tree is still there and it is a thing, not a sign. Joyce writes of "an opening flower breaking in full crimson and unfolding and fading to palest rose, leaf by leaf and wave of light by wave of light, flooding all the heavens with its soft flushes, every flush deeper than the other." Couldn't he have been referring to the way in which the eye, upon scrutinizing any sort of object that one takes for granted, begins to take more and more of the nuances with it? Might not this unfolding of reality be the greatest subject of the artist? We don't necessarily know how an eye not overburdened by signs and cultural constructs might see the world, but that's what, I take it, on some level art is about. The challenge for the painter or the writer is to connect you to a world of concreteness on the other side of that screen of media stereotypes. One lives saturated with imagery and hopes to escape into the primary field of experience.

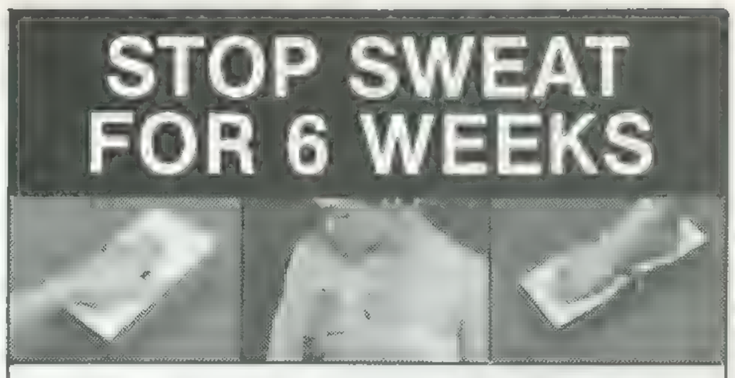
MB: *You talk about the senses, the recovery of vital experience.*
RH: Yes, that's what I value in painting.

MB: *Is it possible that you want unmediated nature in art while you know that that's impossible in Australian or any other life?*
RH: I'm deeply nostalgic for it, and I was predisposed to it by everything in my childhood.

MB: *The Australia of the 'fifties, where you grew up, perhaps placed you between an older culture and what we today call media culture.*
RH: It unfitted me for life in the postmedia cultural environment.

MB: *Tell me what it was like growing up in that older culture.*
RH: The first time that I can remember seeing anything modern was at school when a Jesuit put up little postcards on the school bulletin board. One day I saw an Yves Tanguy and a De Chirico. I was fascinated. I began to read about surrealism. At the same time I lost my Catholic faith. God dropped off the altar for me one day in chapel at school. I was never able to see him again afterward.

People who are not Catholic have difficulty understanding the violently anticlerical side of surrealism, but it made perfect sense to me. I was sixteen then. A lot of kids get into art because of its inherently rebellious character, and so it was with me. It got under my skin. I couldn't get rid of the image of these disgraceful pictures that posed as works of *(Continued on page 254)*



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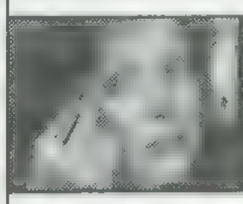

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ROBERT HUGHES

(Continued from page 253)

art. They irritated me into allegiance. That sounds more rational than it was at the time. It was like a burr under the saddle. And I saw being an artist as a means of getting away from parental constraint.

MB: *When did you leave Australia?*
RH: I went to England in '63 and ended up down in Italy. I was just enraptured. It's the classic thing, you know: Childe Harold arrives in Italy with all his antennae out, not knowing what to expect but hell-bent to see everything.

MB: *Did you have any emblematic encounter?*
RH: I can remember vividly the first time I saw Piero della Francesca's frescoes in Arezzo, early in the morning as soon as the church had opened; the apse was flooded with this very soft grey, rather powdery light. Suddenly there it all was: absolute tranquility, unrepeatable, perfect. A lot of moments like that. I hadn't been taught in advance from slides. The whole process became important—getting on the little bike, stopping off on the way, preparing myself for what I was going to see there: this is an impossibly romantic way to talk about it, but it did have the deepest effect upon me, and I still think it is the best way to see great works.

Students today, however, are raised on a diet of slides and so have a thin relationship with the painted surface. They know everything about the painting iconographically, but its actual characteristics as a painting are lost.

The early to mid-'sixties were the last time before mass tourism really hit. When you saw these things you had them to yourself. I belong to the last generation that could go into a museum and spend a day in there without being jostled or ever thinking what the things on view might cost. That's harder for people born after 1950.

The expansion of the art audience doesn't necessarily benefit the individual's contact with the work of art. Looking at art is not a communal, social act, like going to the theater or the movies. If you have twenty people standing in front of a Cézanne, that's going to dilute the experience of looking, which should be one-on-one for as much time as you want to spend.

MB: *Why has the art world gotten so big?*
RH: Because people imagine that art is therapeutic. In this country as in no other, the info about art, particularly modern art, is built into the curriculum. It is considered an essential part of education to a degree that it really isn't in England or France: from little Freddie who gratifies his parents by puttering around with tempera on a piece of brown paper at the age of four—"Ah, our own little Paul Klee!"—all the way up to creativity being next to holiness.

The art world is very, very overcrowded.

> "I'm suspicious of endemic chumminess and have-a-nice-day-ism. I like to be happy, but I'm not sure I like the *culture* of happiness"

There aren't socially agreed-upon major uses for art anymore. There's a huge proletariat of artists from which trends can be condensed more or less at will. All of which helps produce the peculiar, rather phony dynamism of the art market, the intense competitiveness, which entails the very rapid making of reputations and the servicing of a new class of collectors with short historical memories, sometimes no memory at all.

MB: *In what sense is this large population of would-be or hopeful artists being addressed by the art world and art market?*
RH: Most of them are not. Most live on its periphery and get along as best they can. But they see models of terminal stardom because of the success stories in the art world, which can be very big success stories indeed. It's like Frankenstein's castle at the end of the movie. A small elite is up there, and at the bottom are the envious, resentful peasants, brandishing their scythes and waving their torches. And this has filled the art world with *schadenfreude* and jealousy.

MB: *Why has money so invaded and dominated the art market?*
RH: The thing about art is that its price is an index of purely irrational desire and nothing is more manipulable than desire, as all advertising people know. Art today is token of esteem and value. You have a society with a million and a half millionaires—how do they distinguish themselves one from the other? They buy art. There are an awful lot of them, so you need an awful lot of art for them to buy. This means that you have to have a fairly rapid turnover in works of art that can be invested with immediate recognizability and the capacity to confer the prestige that people want. Your *nouveau* collector in his limo, combing the East Village, has a rough kind of heat sensor, which he wears in his hip pocket. If he backs up against a work of art, he can tell whether it's hot or not. At the same time, collectors are all suffering from the dead-end idea that with all that shit there must be a pony—as the notion of the avant-garde reaches an end, the body of culture must be constantly renewing itself. It's a difficult time for artists who are more reflective and less given to eye-catching stylistic devices.

MB: *Can you link this glittery euphoria of the art world to America at large?*
RH: I'm suspicious of endemic chumminess and have-a-nice-day-ism. Although I like to be happy, I'm not sure I like the *culture* of happiness. I don't know whether that's a perversion of the clause in the founding document about life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness or not. There's this vast premium placed upon fully socialized happiness and adjustment, but if you have a fetish of adjustment, then you're also going to have a fetish of maladjustment. I don't wish to be adjusted or not adjusted. I just want to get on with the task of writing, with such few friends as I have and my wife, Victoria. ▽

DAWN STEEL

(Continued from page 211)

LS: *This is where being a good person counts: you returned Melinda's calls!*
DS: No, it was desperation, Liz. She was the only person calling me! I mean, my secretary would give me a phone list with just one message on it. So Melinda says, "There's only one problem with this script. You have to come and read it in front of my mother's house, because the script is a secret. You have to read it in your car and then give it right back to me."

LS: *Wasn't that expecting a lot of you?*
DS: I didn't know it was done any differently! So I'm in my car, a very old, beat-up Fiat, with a tiny little light, reading this script and thinking, "Either I'm crazy, or this movie is fabulous."

LS: *This was "Flashdance."*
DS: Yes. What strikes me now about *Flashdance* is that I was convinced on some subconscious level that that girl was me. She was the girl who didn't fit in, the girl who didn't know anybody, who didn't know how to do the job, but just wanted it so badly that she went for it and got it.

LS: *But you had to go some to convince other people, I'd guess.*
DS: It took a long time. Don Simpson, then head of production, and I went through twenty-seven directors who passed on the material, including Adrian Lyne. I finally said, "I've got to go back to him. I think he's the right director. I've got to try again." Adrian and I had lunch at Le Dôme, which is next door to a fancy lingerie store. I thought to myself, if I can get him into that store and convince him that this is what these girls in *Flashdance* are going to be wearing, maybe I can convince him to do this movie. And I did!

LS: *What was your title on "Flashdance"?*
DS: I had no title. I was the executive in charge; I was not the producer. Now, the good thing is that I get to make fourteen movies a year. The bad news is that I have to give them up to other people. It's like giving up your baby.

LS: *Well, making a movie and having it be a hit must have been pretty incredible.*
DS: It was unexpected. But the fact of the matter is that the instincts of everyone involved with *Flashdance* were in the right place at the right time. And the same with *Footloose.*

LS: *You certainly had your finger on the public's pulse when you decided to make movies for young people. What are your instincts telling you now?*
DS: What I'm attracted to is a good story: *Flashdance* was right at the time; *The Untouchables* is a good idea for 1987. I always had a theory: if you have a great idea, even if you don't do it well, you still have a shot to get the movie open

because it's a great idea and you can sell it. If you have a crummy idea and you do it great, you wind up with *Tender Mercies*, a really well-done movie that *nobody* went to see.

LS: *Let me digress a second. What comes first—the writer, director, concept, story idea?*
DS: The story idea. I don't want to get trapped into saying "high concept" [a single short expression summing up a whole story—such as *Private Benjamin in Outer Space*]. Still, it is the story idea that comes first. It's either right or wrong for me. At Paramount, all of us believe that if you have a good script, you can get the director or star. If you start with a star, you can wind up with these vehicles with stars and crummy scripts. Burt Reynolds has made a lot of those. What I'm trying to say is that we consciously put our emphasis on script development and not on what's called in Hollywood "a package," which is what agents do. A package is two things. Number one, it's much more expensive, because you have to buy your script at a premium. And it's all put together—the star, the script, and the director. What happens if we love the script and the director, but we don't like the star? What happens if you like the actor but don't like the director? You're stuck! We want to do our own.

After *Flashdance* and *Footloose*, I made a turkey called *Thief of Hearts*. Actually, *we* made a turkey. It was mostly me, but what the hell? They take credit for my successes; I may as well give them credit for my failures. Anyway, it taught me a great lesson, because it was a little bit of a package. Here was a script we loved, but the writer was attached to the script as director. He had never directed before. I should have known better. With somebody else this movie would have been hot and sexy. But it was a flop.

Let me give you a perfect example of what I'm talking about. We own a great old movie, *No Man Of Her Own*, made in the early 'fifties at Paramount with Barbara Stanwyck; later there was a French remake called *I Married a Dead Man*. And I get a call from Madonna, who wants to develop it. This girl does her homework! She is really impressive. Anyway, that's a package made by us. We own the underlying material. She's perfect for the part. It wasn't somebody coming to me with this whole thing done.

Another example is *Top Gun*, a good enough script to attract Tom Cruise. But the perfect example in Paramount's history is *Beverly Hills Cop*, which we originally developed for Sly Stallone. He rewrote it, and made it much more dramatic. We wanted a comedy; he wanted a drama. So, the film starred Eddie Murphy. It was completely controlled by us.

LS: *Okay. What happened next?*
DS: You predicted I would become head of production and you were right. You probably *made* it happen by printing it in your column.

LS: *What is that? A self-fulfilling prophecy?*
DS: Whatever, do it again. What actually happened is that the entire Paramount administration had to leave for me to get the job! Then Art Barron, president of Gulf & Western's Entertainment Group, and Frank Mancuso, chairman and CEO, appointed Ned Tanen as the new head of the motion picture group. And they promoted me to president of production. As a result of your column, of course. Tanen's unique in that he delegates completely. So I found myself with a new boss, one who said, "Here, Dawn, go get these movies made. Good-bye."

LS: *With the ridiculous manner in which costs are escalating, getting anything done is hard. Is money still the bottom line?*
DS: No. The script is the bottom line. There's an old line that says, if it's not on the page, it's not on the stage.

LS: *You will go for a lot of money if it's something you believe in?*
DS: Yes, except what's a lot of money? When *Raiders III* comes in, and if Steven Spielberg says it's going to cost umpteen million dollars, we're going to make the movie. However, we try desperately to keep our movies reasonable.

> "I'm so impatient I tried to get my pregnancy done in six months"

LS: *What does power mean in Hollywood?*
DS: Power is the ability to get a movie made.

LS: *And you have it.*
DS: I can say "no" to ideas, to pitches, to packages. I can also say "yes," but one doesn't say yes alone. Movies are made by a team at Paramount. My job is to prepare a potential schedule of films that Ned Tanen and Frank Mancuso and I can agree on.

LS: *When I call you the first female to go to the top, where, some knowledgeable folks may ask, does this leave Sherry Lansing, once head of 20th Century-Fox?*
DS: Well, Sherry opened the doors and I slipped through them. She had the same responsibility at Fox a few years ago that I have now, but they didn't give her the necessary support. She was in a tough position. Now she is an independent producer for us.

LS: *How much money do you make?*
DS: A lot. I'm not going to tell you.

LS: *Why is the management end of movies such a man's game?*
DS: The fact of the matter is, when you look at my production budget each year, you're talking about hundreds of millions of dollars, and most men are not going to want to trust a woman with that kind of responsibility.

LS: *But you overcame the system.*
DS: There are not a lot of women going to take this kind of responsibility and there are not a lot of men going to give it.

LS: *Someone said to me that you were the most powerful woman in the business, and that still some men don't want to do business with you.*
DS: Who? Who? I want to know *who* doesn't want to do business with me!

LS: *It must be hard to laugh sometimes.*
DS: But that's the key. When I teach college classes, and the kids ask, "How do you make it to success?" I say, "humor." If you crack a joke in the middle of a very tense production meeting, then you can relieve everybody's anxiety.

LS: *Also, you might as well laugh as cry. I was at a party at Barbara Walters', and I was talking to Henry Kissinger. When a woman talks to Henry, he's always very flirtatious, funny, and cute. But all of a sudden, Pete Peterson, the former head of Lehman Bros., came up. So we started talking about world affairs. Kissinger totally stopped talking to me, and talked over me to Pete. I asked several questions that I thought were intelligent, but it was like I wasn't there anymore. Henry found this man to focus on, to have his serious conversation with. But it didn't mean he doesn't like me. It meant I was a woman.*
DS: Let's face facts. We didn't grow up in the locker room with these men. They are much more comfortable with each other than they are with us.

LS: *You seem to have adjusted to that.*
DS: I've had no choice, Liz.

LS: *Did deciding to get married in the middle of all of this success, and now to have a baby, present a conflict for you?*
DS: No. Gloria Steinem will kill me, but I don't believe I would have got to the top without Chuck. He cooled me out. He calmed me down. He gave me the security that I needed to feel less anxious in my job.

LS: *And having the baby, is that just sort of a now-or-never thing?*
DS: You're exactly *(Continued on page 256)*

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DAWN STEEL

(Continued from page 255)

right. I'm forty years old, and they tell me if I don't do it now, I'm never going to be able to do it. You ask about being the most powerful woman in Hollywood. Well, I had no control over this. None! Zero! It doesn't matter who I am.

LS: *Are you glad you did it?*
DS: Absolutely. I'm not going to say that it's not going to be difficult, because I am finding out now that my energy has been reduced and I have to go to sleep earlier.

LS: *Is it a conflict to have two moviemakers in your family?*
DS: No. I wouldn't want to deal with a man who felt he was less successful than I am, because it would be too tough on him. And on me. Now the baby is our coproduction, the most important thing we've ever done or ever will do.

LS: *Is it possible to schedule your life?*
DS: I wish I could tell you it was organized, but my job is to put out fires. I am a problem-solver.

Liz, to change the subject a bit, I think I skirted your question about being the most powerful woman in Hollywood. I'm uncomfortable addressing it. I don't know how to.

LS: *I think we all tend to go, "Gee, we're not powerful, we're just terrific girls here."*
DS: That's right. But I have a responsibility to other women because I am in this position. I just want to make sure I honor them. If I turn around and say, "I'm not powerful. I don't have any power," then I'm not dealing with it.

LS: *Do you have any secrets or tricks for cutting through red tape and delays?*
DS: I have a very, very sensitive bullshit indicator, and I need to get to the bottom line quickly.

LS: *You're impatient?*
DS: I am. That's why I tried to get this pregnancy done in six months!

LS: *Is this your ideal life?*
DS: Well, I can't say it's a dream come true, because I never dreamed this big. I'm where I never thought I would be. So what could I not be happy about? I've got a fabulous job. I've got a great husband. I'm going to have a baby.

LS: *There are Armani clothes in your closet . . .*
DS: Not any more. I can't get into them!

LS: *Where does Dawn Steel go from here?*
DS: I don't know. But I do have this odd fantasy: I *still* want to run Bloomingdale's! ▽

FLAUNTING IT

(Continued from page 205)

for me I would rather not think about. But is it all right for all of us, as a society? I have to admit that the profligacy around us makes me uneasy. I was raised to believe that money isn't everything, that it certainly isn't happiness—that rich people can be miserable, and poor people content. I was taught that it is work, not money, that gives meaning to our days and shape to our lives; that a job well done is its own reward; that money gives a man a false sense of his own importance; that the test of a man's mettle is not how much money he has but how he treats people who have less than he; and that the haves are in some way beholden to the have-nots. I still believe all that, and I can't help but wonder whether those precepts will survive this avaricious era intact. I can dimly recall a time when it was more gratifying to abstain from material goods than to indulge in them, when moderation was more becoming than lavish trappings, and when the man with more than enough money felt not proud but fortunate. And I, for one, would be glad to see that time come again. But maybe not just yet. ▽

GETTING HIGH ON IT

(Continued from page 209)

talks—and nothing else really matters. Ironically, most illicit drugs—marijuana, cocaine, heroin—are relatively inexpensive to produce and, if legal, would be equally inexpensive to consume. Their illegality is what renders them costly.

The lure of easy money has helped transform entrepreneurial drug dealing into one of the largest industries in the United States. In California, an agricultural giant, marijuana is the number-one cash crop grown, worth more than $2 billion annually, according to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Meanwhile, cocaine and heroin smuggling has crammed billions of dirty dollars into the coffers of organized criminals from the centuries-old Sicilian Mafia to the newly established Colombian drug families.

The devastating results are everywhere to be seen. Drug users wander the streets in many urban areas, doing whatever is necessary to feed five-hundred-dollar-a-day habits. One 1986 study showed that when tested for drug use at the time of their arrests, 56 percent of street criminals in New York City and Washington, DC, were high. The situation in NYC has become so bad that Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward was reported to say, "I believe the crime problem in America today *is* the drug problem."

The burgeoning drug business has also led to frustration, demoralization, and sometimes temptation among police officers (like those in Ward's scandal-ridden 77th precinct) as drug dealers who have little fear of ever seeing the insides of already overcrowded prisons flash wads of hundred dollar bills. Of the nearly twelve thousand persons arrested for selling drugs in New York City in 1985, for example, only one in six received a prison sentence; the median of those sentences was only two years. Those without a previous felony conviction had less than a one-in-ten chance of going to prison.

Yet drug offenders still clog the courts. There aren't enough judges to convict them or prisons to hold them. As a result, harried court officials hurriedly process plea bargains to clear the calendar for the next batch of dealers. Even those arrested for major drug felonies in New York City stand an almost even chance of going free; in 1985, 40 percent had the charges against them reduced to misdemeanors at arraignment.

Drug abuse in the workplace is equally debilitating. Lost productivity, absenteeism, and higher accident rates owing to drug use cost America's economy more than $30 billion a year, according to some estimates. And that's not counting the tax dollars being spent to stop drug use—in 1986 Congress authorized nearly $2 billion for law-enforcement efforts against drugs as well as for drug treatment and education.

But nowhere has the effect—and the cost—of America's drug binge been felt more strongly than in the sociopolitical arena. Tens of millions of us spend tens of billions of dollars annually for illegal substances. We have become a nation of drug outlaws, openly, regularly flouting the law. The situation is reminiscent of our fourteen-year experiment with the prohibition of alcohol, when organized criminals began dealing in illegal drugs like whiskey and beer, made enormous profits, corrupted public officials, and exerted tremendous political power.

History has shown us the difficulty of effectively legislating individual morality—let alone individual consciousness. Outlawing a commodity, whether alcohol or drugs, eliminates neither the demand for it nor the supply of it. Illicit goods and services—bathtub gin and speakeasies, or sinsemilla marijuana and crack houses—will always be supplied as long as there is sufficient demand for them.

America's intoxication with illegal drugs has led to the strident, sensationalistic, media-fueled and politically driven "War on Drugs"—complete with weekend tours of "Crack Street," calls for the death penalty for dealers, and intrusive urine tests for employees. Another plan is being pushed in quieter circles, however: social observers on both the right and the left say we should simply legalize drugs. Legalize drugs, and eliminate crime. Andrew Weil, M.D., author of *The Natural Mind* and other books on drugs, points out that "Most of the crime associated with drugs has to do with their enormously inflated price, which is a direct consequence of their illegalization, so that people have to get the money to afford them, which often involves committing crimes." Legalize drugs, because interdiction and legislation have proved unable to stop their flow. William F. Buckley, Jr., suggests that Congress play a new role: "What we have now is a drug problem plus a crime problem plus a problem of a huge export of capital to the dopė-producing countries. Congress should study the dramatic alternative, which is legalization followed by a dramatic educational effort in which the services of all civic-minded, and some less than civic-minded, resources are mobilized." Legalize drugs because making them illegal, as happened before with alcohol, has encouraged lawlessness, corrupted our institutions, and placed economic and political power in the hands of true outlaws. Legalize drugs and remove much of the obscene profit that organized crime is making by delivering illegal goods and services to an eager American consumer. Let the free market reign. ▽

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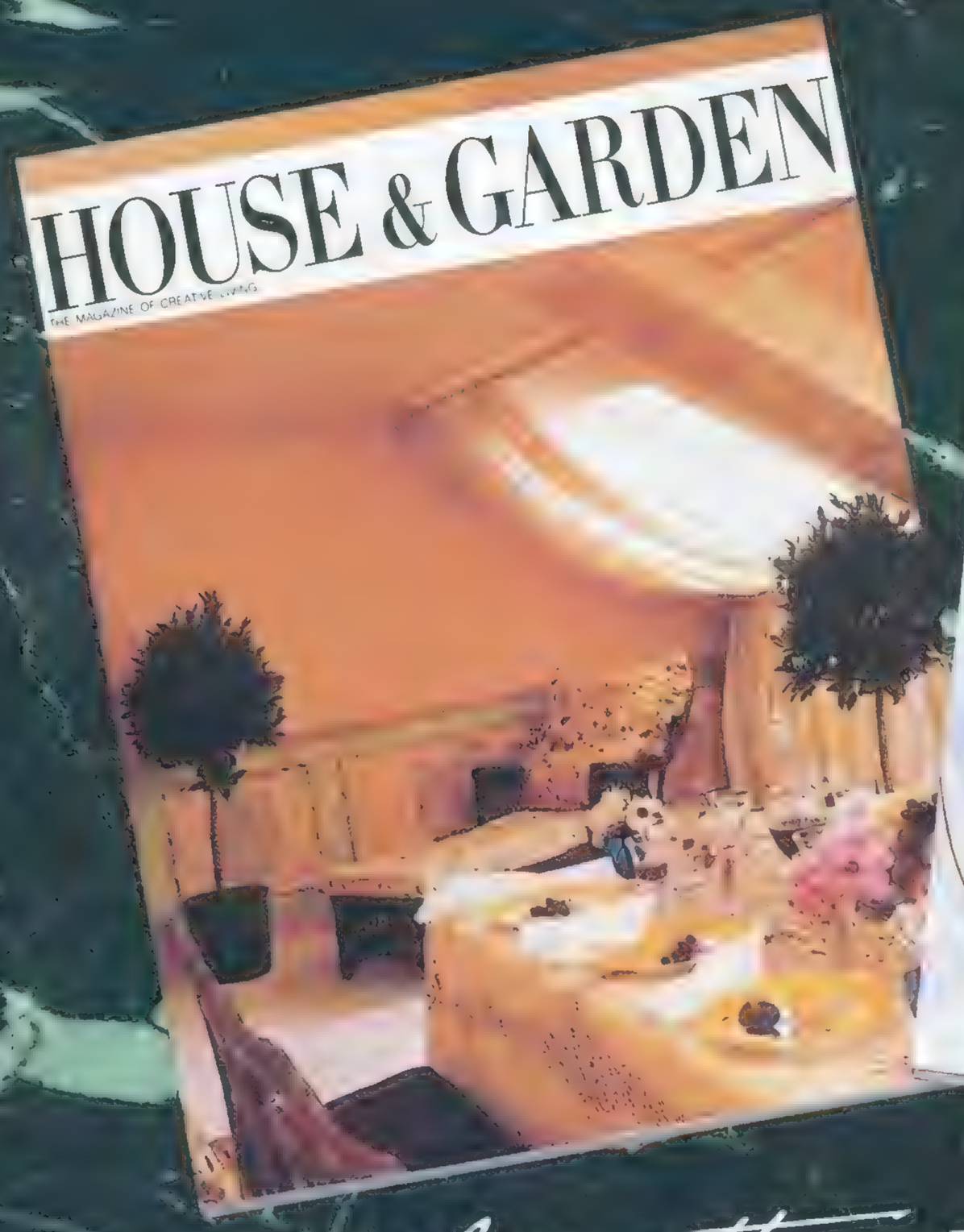

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PSYCHING IT OUT

(Continued from page 209)

psychiatrists have a more realistic view of why money fascinates us so: they are inclined to say that money is the root of all conflict, and never more than right now.

Most of us constantly talk about the things money buys, but we avoid talking about cold figures. (Asking how much a person earns is much more likely to turn heads at a dinner table than an inquiry about sex.) We often think money is a problem in our lives; it is, almost always, just a symptom.

Jay Rohrlich is a New York City psychiatrist whose practice is located on Wall Street. He has positioned his business strategically. Investment bankers, securities brokers, and an otherwise steady stream of paper entrepreneurs—40 percent of them women—arrive at his thirty-sixth-floor waiting room fresh from their deals, cool out with the latest issue of *Manhattan,inc.* (no soothing *National Geographic*s here), then hash out what Dr. Rohrlich refers to as "the single-minded pursuit of money."

"A person's relationship with money," says Dr. Rohrlich, "is one of the windows into his psychological makeup. Many people need to control, need to make people dependent, need to obliterate all sense of personal incompleteness and imperfection—they do this through the acquisition of money."

Consider, for a moment, the transactions that occur over a meal in a restaurant. At a business lunch, the person destined to pick up the check also has the power advantage: he will pace the conversation and decide when the lunch is over. During courtship, when a man picks up the check, he has bought himself a measure of control; the woman, who may or may not welcome such a move, can shift the balance of power by insisting on splitting the check.

Compulsive spenders lose all perspective on the value of money. But, Dr. Rohrlich says, their behavior in part magnifies, sometimes grotesquely, what money means to the rest of us. He uses as an example the case of a twenty-five-year-old stockbroker who was earning about $300,000 a year but was perpetually in debt—to the IRS for $125,000, to banks for another $100,000. Finally he applied to a bank for yet another loan to juggle his debt and was turned down. He became so violent that he had to be removed by a security guard.

> "Luxuries abound; the basics are out of reach"

Although money is a seemingly harmless substance, this man was addicted. He was getting high on spending and on beating his debts. His symptoms were classic: he couldn't control his cravings; he had a physical response when the "abused substance" was refused him; he felt his survival was at stake. "Money was the essential ingredient to his magical transformation from worthlessness to self-respect," says Dr. Rohrlich.

You are what you make. Men have always adhered to this; now, women are applying the same idea to themselves. "In traditional one-earner couples, money was the instrument of control," says Grace Weinstein. "With money comes independence. When a woman starts to earn money, it changes the balance of power in a couple. This is particularly clear when a woman goes back to work in mid-life—and at that point, many marriages break up."

"Within a couple, money is still the metaphor for power. Money, sex, power, it's all the same thing," says Baila Zeitz, Ph.D., a New York area psychologist. "And a woman is still at a power disadvantage; statistically, she makes less.

"A woman's stance traditionally has been, 'if I'm feeling a power struggle, I'll withhold myself sexually.' Now that women contribute financially to marriage, the man is the one who often does the withholding—perhaps by being too busy. There really is less sex out there now.

"Money is frequently the problem that brings a couple to see a psychologist," says Dr. Zeitz. "It's usually not the real problem, which is almost always, 'You're not taking care of my emotional needs.' "

How familiar this all sounds: addictive spending, emotional needs not being met, the struggle to take control of our lives. These issues are all around us—the dark side of our current prosperity.

"The notion that 'I can take care of myself and let the whole world know it' has finally gone too far," Dr. Zeitz says. "More and more of my patients are coming in and saying, 'I have it all, or I'm getting it all, and it's not making any difference.' "

The middle class finds itself in a rather peculiar situation these days. Luxuries abound; necessities—a house, a child's education—seem out of reach. The middle class is told that it's vanishing. To where? And when? Perhaps another round of inflation will do us in. For many women the blow will be divorce, leaving them unable to take care of their families. All of us must plan for the possible failure of the Social Security system and the accelerating cost of health care.

We have spent much of the last decade trying to second-guess this future; the experience has been exhausting and frustrating. Money, it seems, is not enough. The backlash is stirring. ▽

WRITING IT OFF

(Continued from page 207)

was to confine myself to the *allowed* deductions. Every time I bought a sweater instead of carbon paper I felt guilty. My wallet, and that of everyone I knew, was jammed with little receipts for purchases incurred in the line of work or of seeking deductions, whichever exceeded 90 percent of disposable time. It often seemed more important to have the receipt—paid for, in the best case, by check so that a double proof of expenditure could be submitted—than to have tape recorder, batteries, stamps, or *Foreign Affairs* quarterly. It was a race against tax in a slippery mountain of tiny pieces of white paper, a mountain made bigger and more intractable by the advent of taxi receipts, those illegible machine-made chits that regularly put the mileage (3.80) in the place of the fare (4.75) and tend to run a long band of magenta blur along the right edge.

The collection and correct attribution of these infernal confetti took up a great deal of the time of the self-employed, slightly more time than the pursuit of truth and beauty. Indeed, truth and beauty became entirely secondary to the pursuit of receipts. But the receipts provided justification for a life of uncertain direction and unguaranteed results: exactly what Church and Family used to provide before we all got confused.

Now, the certainties of the past are eliminated by a new tax bill. We can no longer justify our activities as reductions in our tax liability—at least not by an excitingly significant percentage, but by an unwieldy 37½ percent this year, and next a bland 28 percent. The new tax bill reduces the top rate. In that it is good. But it eliminates deductions of sales tax and consumer interest, thought by many to be the justification for buying a car. It eliminates deductions for what a tax-reform brochure calls, "Travel as a form of education and for the costs of attending conventions or seminars other than for trade or business purposes"—which deduction was the only reason that one saw American professors enraptured before little-known basilicas in remote parts of southern Italy.

In many sly and cruel ways, the new tax bill forces Americans to come out of the closet and state their pleasure, because it no longer allows us to consider pleasure a business chore. We may all be getting fewer flowers: bouquets, formerly 100 percent deductible, are now only 80 percent deductible. Fewer people will be eager to take us to lunch, and we will think twice about inviting creeps who might be good for business. Actresses can no longer deduct their makeup; conductors may deduct their ties and tails only when their tailor's bill exceeds 2 percent of their adjusted gross income. At worst, people will no longer tussle over restaurant tabs. A way of life is passing, but how dour and unattractive it was.

An eminently wise and reassuring man, Bernard Rosenberg, of Mann Judd Landau, is accountant to writers and performers. He now tells his clients: "You're going to have to do pleasurable things despite the lack of deductibility. Do you want to live just to try to pay the least taxes, or do you want to live to enjoy life?" Mr. Rosenberg does not report how many clients insisted that they preferred deductions.

A miracle may occur with the new tax bill: The restaurants will fill up with people who want to be together, the theaters will fill up with people who want to see the plays, wallets will be full of green bills instead of little white slips. Free choice, love, and harmony will reign, and no dizzy romantic will ever be anyone else's tax deduction again. The IRS gave us rules and now takes the next step in educating our souls: it sets us off on the path of self-realization, of true response to people and events. Thank you, IRS. We would never have done it as long as there was a loophole. ▽

RIDING HIGH

(Continued from page 201)

and her protegées—fighters with such colorful handles as David ("The Choir Boy") Gauvin, Calvin ("Silky Smooth") Grove, and "Choo-Choo" Dixon—one is convinced that she loves and respects the boxers as much as the sport.

Abercrombie herself says she wants "to bring integrity back to the sport, and to give the young men who want to fight an honorable deal and a better life when they retire." Even if promoting has nothing to do with her livelihood, Abercrombie has invested lavishly in it. In 1982 she founded the Houston Boxing Association in hopes that it would become home to a world champion. She built a gym in Houston, and a training camp on her six-thousand-acre ranch in Gonzales, which are both as far from the old grunt-and-groan sweatshops as Mass. General Hospital is from a M*A*S*H* medic tent. The cigar-smoking hangers-on whose job it was to run errands and place bets have been replaced by people like Harvey Levin, Ph.D., a neuropsychologist from the University of Texas, who regularly tests the boxers with the latest high-tech equipment—called magnetic resonance imaging—for any impairment of intellectual ability or memory loss.

Abercrombie engaged Marvin Clein, Ed.D., president of the consulting firm Sports Science Associates, to set up her sports lab. Clein, who tests how individuals perform under stress, also helped design state-of-the-art punching bags, one of which is programmed to register the force of each punch, the other to throw any combination of punches an opponent might offer. Two nutritionists, Larry Stifler, Ph.D., and Steve Silva, plan the meals served in the apartment complex Abercrombie purchased for her fighters, who live there rent free. She also established a trust fund for the boxers to ensure that when they retire from the ring, "they won't end up shining shoes on the Plaza steps or something."

"When Josephine decides to do something," says an old friend, "she sees it through." It was no surprise when her Joe Louis Manley recently took the Junior Welterweight title from Gary Hinton, just as friends hope her heavyweight Tony Tucker will do the same to Michael Spinks this month. And waiting in the wings is Frank Tate, whom Abercrombie discovered at the 1984 Olympics when he took the Middleweight gold.

Josephine Abercrombie has pursued her own life with the Hemingwayesque daring that attracted her to boxers and boxing. She's been married five times (she has two sons), and lived all over the world before returning, like an Englishman from some colonial outpost, to her home, Texas.

Today, Abercrombie loves horse racing and keeps forty horses in Versailles, Kentucky, where she's building a house and stables along Palladian lines. When she's there, she rises at 5:00 A.M. to put her Thoroughbreds through their paces. She enjoys skiing near her home in Vail, Colorado. And at her twenty-seven-thousand-acre ranch in Cambellton, Texas, she rides with the hands, inspecting a breed of cattle she's been developing by crossing Italian Chianina cattle with Angus from Scotland.

Even if Abercrombie is more at home at ball games than at balls, she occasionally appears at charity functions for the Houston Symphony, one of the local museums, or, her favorite, her alma mater Rice University, where she is vice-chairman of the Board of Trustees and chairman of the building and grounds committee. And as down-to-earth as she is, she's prepared to go mogul à mogul with a fellow tycoon. There's a story that tells of her running into Frank Sinatra at one such gala. En route to the airport, she turned to her old pal and said: "Tell me, Frank, which will it be, your jet—or mine?" ▽

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appear in all four of *The Seasons:* a semi-circle containing a pinioned palm; a series of geometric shapes—a circle, square, and triangle—variously grouped in each work; and an indication of weather—rain in spring, bright light in summer, the colors of changing leaves in fall, snow in winter. A tree branch that sprouts in "Spring," has leaves in "Summer," is bared in "Fall," and shrivels in "Winter."

The Four Seasons, a traditional allegory of the Ages of Man from childhood, adolescence, maturity to old age, is a familiar art-historical theme linked to earlier artists such as Poussin and Thomas Cole. It is also the theme of a four-part Japanese screen in the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington, DC, that impressed Johns, who has been involved with Japanese culture since he was stationed in Sendai during the Korean conflict. Other elements are derived from the "Minotaur Moving his House": the ladder, the rope that binds together the artist's possessions, the "stars" that are more like flowers in the sky, the wheel of the cart that becomes a semi-circle at the bottom of each of Johns's paintings, and the framed picture that refers to a different work by Johns in each case. "Spring" depicts the "duck-rabbit," an ambivalent "decoy" image discussed by the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, whose thought profoundly influenced Johns. Another double image, the "beautiful wife/ugly mother-in-law" figure that appears in recent works by Johns, is also seen in "Spring," below a "Rubin's figure" of the British monarchs that Johns has also used before. In the three other paintings, the ceramic cups by the turn-of-the-century American potter George Ohr, which Johns collects, are visible. Each painting contains a puzzle-like piece that depicts a cross-hatch motif that Johns adopted from a detail in the "Resurrection" panel of Grünewald's *Isenheim Altarpiece.*

All these motifs have a special significance for Johns. They represent memories of past thoughts, events, or art works that continue to haunt him. For it is nothing less than his own life cycle, the accumulation of his life's work and thought, that he has chosen to paint. In "Spring," a child's shadow (drawn from the cast shadow of the son of friends) is inset into the central zone occupied by Johns's own shadow. The artist's palm print points toward a zenith, as the child gives birth to the man. Yet an arrow indicates the inevitable trajectory that the palm will follow over the next three seasons, until in "Winter" it points toward the nadir, the grave.

In each painting, the shadow is cast on the flooring of one of Johns's four studios: in "Spring" the pinkish background corresponds to the terra-cotta tile floor of his house in St. Martin; the brick floor in "Summer" of the Stony Point studio; in "Fall," the wooden planks of the vast former savings and loan building in downtown Manhattan where the paintings were finished; and in "Winter," the now removed stones of the courtyard in the East Side townhouse.

Once again, Johns plays with ambivalence, trompe l'oeil, and the creation of self-contradictory illusions. For example, how can the dense pile-up of objects—the profile of Duchamp; the skull with the ominous warning "*chute de glace*" (danger of glacier slide) that reverberates with references to Duchamp's "The Large Glass," cracked by chance; the broken ladder; the tumbling cups; the artist's palm print—occupy the same space? Some forms are overlapped and others are modeled as if they were three dimensional, which complicates the perceptual dilemma. For over twenty years Johns has questioned the relativity of perception from a psychological, emotional, as well as optical point of view. It is a question the Cubists asked with regard to form that Johns amplifies to include time passing, the seasons changing, and the artist's creation, division, fragmentation, and reintegration of the self in the sequence of his own image.

"Fall," the painting Johns has kept for himself, is rich with incident and implication. What, for example, is the meaning of the "silver spoon" that hangs beneath Duchamp's portrait? It is the only object painted with metallic paint. Does it refer to the artist's ancestors, a Southern antebellum dynasty? Or is it an indication of the medals and awards the artist has earned? Even more provocative: Is the curious seahorse in "Summer" a reference to the pregnant horse that Picasso's minotaur carts along? In Picasso's case, the horse is likely to symbolize his companion of the moment, Marie Thérèse Walter, who had recently given birth to their daughter, Maïa. Although Johns himself is childless, he is godfather to several children, including the son of a friend named Maïa. The seahorse is one of the few species in which the male bears the offspring. Human males can give birth only to creative endeavors. In that sense, the cycle of *The Seasons* is also the story of the artist's creation of himself through art.

The presence of the geometric shapes may be read as an allusion to one of Dürer's great prints of the *Four Temperaments*—a subject also popular with earlier artists as a series—in which the figure of Melancholy stares at the instruments and symbols of geometry, the foundation of art. Johns's repetition of the rectangle, circle, and triangle in all four works may be a reference to the melancholic temperament, traditionally identified as that of the artist. Or it may be a way of calling our attention to the strict and formal compositions, the coherence and monumentality of his own work. After all, is not the flag a rectangle *(Continued on page 260)*

JASPER JOHNS

(Continued from page 259)

and the target a circle?

Aligning himself with art-historical tradition, both formally and iconographically, Johns once more goes against the grain by insisting that original art must also represent a continuous link with the past. The novelty of radical rupture, he seems to be saying, will not contribute to greatness as much as reverence for the masters of the past, both Eastern and Western, will. It is difficult to identify any heroic stance in our time, but surely Jasper Johns's determination to make, as Cézanne described it, an "art of the museums" rather than an art for discos, restaurants, or hotel lobbies represents a kind of heroic ambition.

Although the *vanitas* theme of human mortality has become increasingly central to Johns's imagery, the idea of man's physical limitations does not seem to depress him. Indeed, in "Winter," a stick figure of a sprightly snowman, whose twig arms reach out and up in joyful expansiveness, indicates that art may also still be a form of pleasurable play. In the haiku-like poem "The Snow Man," Wallace Stevens describes the silent witness "... who listens in the snow/ And, nothing himself, beholds/Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is."

Art then, for Johns, as for Stevens, is self-creation, transcendence, and resurrection, symbolized by the spirit of the creative child still at play in the snowman, and in the fact that, for the first time, the whole of the human figure rather than its dismembered pieces is represented by the artist in search of coherence, wholeness, and continuity in a fragmented, discontinuous world. ▽

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FASHION INFORMATION

Page 36: Hair and makeup, Prudence Walters. Marie Rivière's dress by Donna Karan New York. **80:** Antron/Lycra suit. $64. Bergdorf Goodman; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Bikini Shop, Encino CA. **98:** Simpson, Merkin: Hair/makeup, James Theadford Weis. **144:** Silk shirt, Giorgio Armani Couture, $650. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. **146:** Jacket also at Claire Dratch, Bethesda MD. Bracelet, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. **147:** Saint Laurent Rive Gauche wool skirt, $530. See stores listed on page 147. **148:** Jacket available Mid-Jan. Top and pants, Calvin Klein. Scarf, Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Watch, Aaron Faber Gallery, NYC. **149:** Rings, Poiray Joailliers, NYC. (212) 772-2400. Manicure, Robbie Leah for Ling Skin Care, Roger Thompson Salon. **150:** Gianfranco Ferre sweater worn backwards. $582. Nan Duskin, Philadelphia and Baltimore; Rich's. **151:** Jacket, $2015. Top, pants and gloves, Claude Montana. **152:** Blouse, skirt, accessories, Gianfranco Ferre. **153**: Donna Karan New York silk tank top, $70. Leather skirt, $730. See stores listed on page 153. Turnout also at Nordstrom, Palo Alto CA. Watches, Aaron Faber Gallery, NYC. Belt, Donna Karan New York. Manicure by Larisa Raizberg. **154:** Panty stockings, $4. Lord & Taylor; The Broadway, Southern California; Frost Bros. **155:** Cotton T-shirt, Patricia Clyne. Turnout also at Dress Circle, Pittsburgh; K. Balliet, Charleston SC; Ecru, Los Angeles. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Manicure by Robbie Leah for Ling Skin Care, Roger Thompson Salon. **156-157:** Glasses, Robert LaRoche of America. Hair, Rodney Martin for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC; makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy, NYC. **158:** Makeup, Laura Mercier for Trish McEvoy, NYC. **161:** Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. **162:** Accessories, Giorgio Armani. **164:** Hat, Giorgio Armani. Shoes, Giorgio Armani. Maraolo, NYC and San Francisco. **165:** Gloves, Giorgio Armani. Shoes, Giorgio Armani. Maraolo, NYC, San Francisco. **166:** *Left:* Linen/spandex/polyester dress. Late February at Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Dayton's; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles; Champagne Taste, Sonoma CA. Shoes, Romeo Gigli by Diego Della Valle. *Right:* Cotton/spandex top and cotton/polyester/spandex skirt, late February at Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Weinstein's, New Orleans; Pompian, Chicago; Jim-Elle, San Francisco; Clubissimo, Canada. Shoes, Romeo Gigli by Diego Della Valle. **167:** *Left:* Linen/spandex/polyester bustier and skirt, late February at Bergdorf Goodman; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Shoes, Romeo Gigli by Diego Della Valle. *Center:* Acetate/cotton/viscose/linen jacket. Linen/spandex/polyester shirt and pants. Late February at Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck, NY; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Gallay, West Hollywood CA; Bacci's, Canada. Shoes, Romeo Gigli by Diego Della Valle. *Right:* Linen/spandex/polyester bustier. Polyester/cotton skirt. Late February at Neiman-Marcus; Gallay, West Hollywood CA; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. To order at Barneys New York. Shoes, Romeo Gigli by Diego Della Valle. **168:** Ferre silk top, $5400 and silk skirt, $1750. Accessories and shoes, Gianfranco Ferre. **169:** Ferre outfit also at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset and Forest Hills NY; Ingenue, Fort Lee NJ.; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia and Baltimore; Ultimo, Chicago; Femina, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA. Accessories, Gianfranco Ferre. **170:** Pants at Gianni Versace Boutiques, Bal Harbour FL; Beverly Hills. Scarf, Gianni Versace Boutiques; Bal Harbour FL; Chicago; Beverly Hills. **171:** Dress available in February. Dim Hosiery. Shoes, Mario Valentino. **172:** Wool/acetate pants. Turnout also at Garfinckel's. Belt and shoes, Krizia. **173:** Accessories and shoes, Complice. **174:** Viscose shirt. Turnout available mid-April. Also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY. Sandals, Moschino. **175:** Turnout also at Bullocks Wilshire; Ira Berg, Ontario Canada. Shoes, Prada. **176:** Turnout also at Krizia at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Krizia at Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles. Shoes, Prada. **177:** Turnout also at Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Shoes, Complice. **178:** Skirt also at Neiman-Marcus. Accessories, Gianni Versace. Dim Hosiery. Shoes, Prada, NYC. **179:** Dress, cotton/nylon/wool. Dim Hosiery. Shoes, Missoni. **180:** Acetate/polyester/silk top and skirt. Accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Dim Hosiery. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. **181:** *Inset:* Chanel earrings. Chanel Boutiques, NYC; Palm Beach; Dallas; Beverly Hills. Large photo: Rayon/spandex, bra and panty. Silk skirt. Dim Hosiery. **182:** Silk jersey shirt. Silk organza skirt. Turnout also at Valentino Boutique, Palm Beach; I. Magnin. Earrings, Julien Anryon. Dim Hosiery. Shoes, Alaia par Diego Della Valle. Barneys New York. **183:** *Left:* Accessories, Karl Lagerfeld. Dim Hosiery. Shoes, Walter Steiger for Karl Lagerfeld. *Right:* Accessories, Karl Lagerfeld. Dim Hosiery. Shoes, Walter Steiger for Karl Lagerfeld. **184:** Azzedine Alaïa rayon/spandex dress. Hood and sunglasses, Azzedine Alaïa. Panty stockings, Pierre Mantoux for Alaïa. Shoes, Alaïa par Diego Della Valle. Late Feb. at Dianne B. Men & Women, NYC. **185:** Azzedine Alaïa rayon/spandex bra. Belt, Azzedine Alaïa. Panty stockings, Pierre Mantoux for Alaïa. Shoes, Alaïa par Diego Della Valle. Late Feb. at Dianne B. Men & Women, NYC. **186:** Turnout, $5500. Nan Duskin, Philadelphia and Baltimore. To order at Liberty House of Hawaii. Earrings, Monies. Henri Bendel; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Scarf, Baar and Beards. **187:** *Left:* Antron/Lycra top. Turnout also at M.A.C., San Francisco. Earrings, Krasne Two. Krasne Two, NYC; Mary McCauley, Ft. Worth TX. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Belt, Ruza Creations, Bonwit Teller; Primrose Lane, Wilton CT; Coco & Coe, Stuart FL. Shoes, Andrea Pfister. Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. *Right:* Earrings, Duffy Franco Contemporary Jewelry, Sointu, NYC; VO Galerie, Washington DC. **188:** Turnout also at I. Magnin. Pocket square at waist, Paul Stuart, NYC. Leg Looks by Burlington. Shoes, Emanuel Ungaro, Paris. **189:** Turnout at Ann Taylor (57th St. only). Also at K. Balliet, Charleston SC; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Earrings, Julien Anryon. Ring, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun; Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Panty stockings, Evan-Picone. Shoes, Emanuel Ungaro, Paris. **190:** Turnout, $3760. To order at Liberty House of Hawaii. Pocket square, Paul Stuart, NYC. Bags, Renaud Pellegrino. Bloomingdale's. Hosiery by Givenchy. Burdines. Shoes, Emanuel Ungaro, Paris. **191:** *Left:* Outfit also at I. Magnin. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Gloves, Fownes. Altman's. Hosiery by Givenchy. Shoes, Emanuel Ungaro, Paris. *Right:* Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. **207:** Beacham: Hair, Barbara Ronci; makeup, Augustina. **210:** Steel: Hair and makeup, Angelica Shubert. **214:** Earrings. Steve Vaubel. Artwear, NYC; Material Possessions, Winnetka IL; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. **215:** Dress also at Bullock's. Sunglasses, Cutler and Gross. Charivari, NYC; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Earrings, Carrie Shigetomi. Soho Fashions, Forest Hills NY; Montaldo's. Bracelets, Janice Savitt for M&J Savitt. Barneys New York; M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak Chicago. To order at Neiman-Marcus. **216:** Dress also at Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Earrings, Carrie Shigetomi. Soho Fashions, Forest Hills NY; Montaldo's. Bracelet, Janis Savitt for M & J Savitt. Barneys New York; Neiman-Marcus; M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. **217:** Earrings, Patricia von Musulin. Barneys New York. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Bally of Switzerland. Lord & Taylor; Macy's, San Francisco. **218-219:** *Large photo:* Earrings, Jondell Enterprises. I. Magnin. Bracelet, Anni & Co. Linda Dresner, NYC; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Shoes, Donna Karan New York. *Inset:* Merino wool jacket. Turnout also at Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Perkins Shearer, Denver. Earrings, Patricia Locke Designer Collection. Jaded, NYC; Terri D., Chicago. **220:** Earrings, Janis Savitt for M & J Savitt. Barney's New York; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Bracelets, Jondell Enterprises. Macy's, Herald Square; Neiman-Marcus. Panty stockings, Christian Dior. Shoes, Donna Karan New York. The Delman Salon at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. **221:** Turnout also at Cookie M., Cleveland OH. Hat, Hat Attack. Charivari, NYC; Handle With Care, Chicago. Earrings and bracelet, see info. page 220. Shoes, Bally of Switzerland. **222:** Turnout also at L.H. Rogers, Salem MA; Adaria, Birmingham MI. Hat, Hat Attack. Charivari, NYC; Handle With Care, Chicago. Earrings, Jondell Enterprises. Belt, Carlos Falchi. To order at Carlos Falchi Boutique, Dallas. Panty stockings, Liz Claiborne. Macy's. Shoes, Esprit. Bloomingdale's. **223:** Turnout also at Nordstrom, Palo Alto CA. Sweater also at Garfinckel's. Earrings, Carrie Shigetomi. Panty stockings, Liz Claiborne. Altman's. Calvin Klein Footwear. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. **224:** Cotton/polyester/Lycra bikini bottom. Sunglasses, Zolkind. Fortunoff, Westbury NY. **225:** Swimsuit also at Belk Lindsey, Orlando FL; Splash & Flash, Newport Beach CA. **227:** Antron/Lycra swimsuit also at Swim 'n Sport Shops, New Orleans LA; Maas Brothers, Tampa FL. **228:** Polyamide/spandex swimsuit also at Tootsies, Houston; Poupee, Palo Alto CA. **229:** Headband comes with outfit. Sunglasses, Zolkind. Fortunoff, Westbury NY. **230:** Nylon/spandex top. Nylon/polyester/spandex bottom. Also at Endless Summer, Short Hills & Paramus NJ; Pilar's Beachwear, San Diego CA. Sunglasses, Fiorucci for Tworoger. Robert Marc Opticians, NYC; Voorthuis Opticians, Washington DC. **231:** Nylon/spandex suit. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

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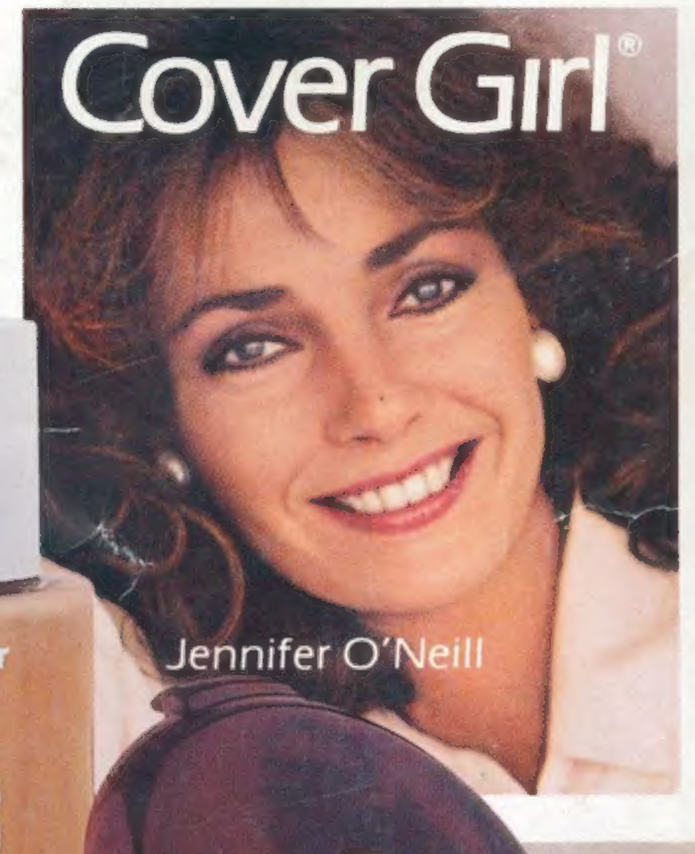

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